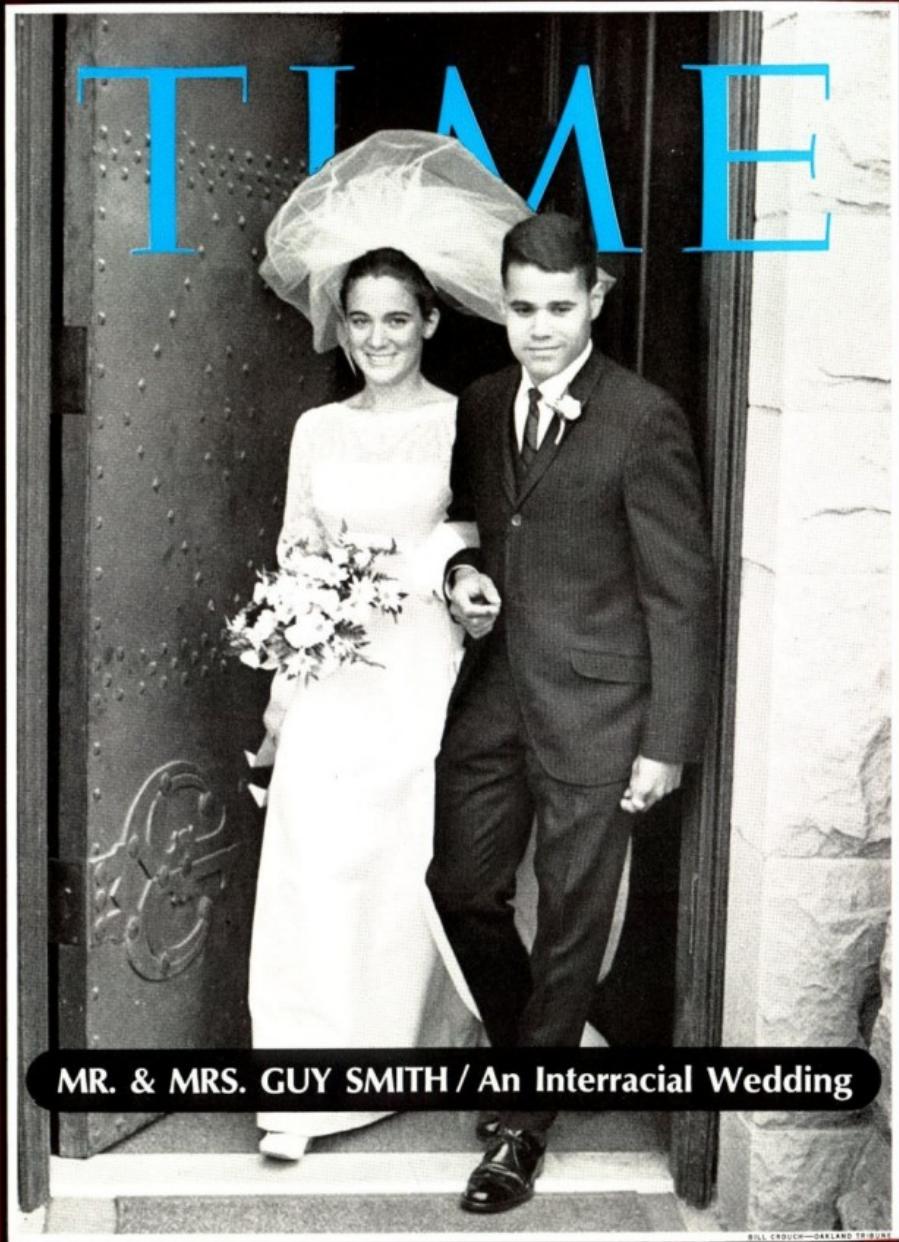


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SEPTEMBER 29, 1967

TIME

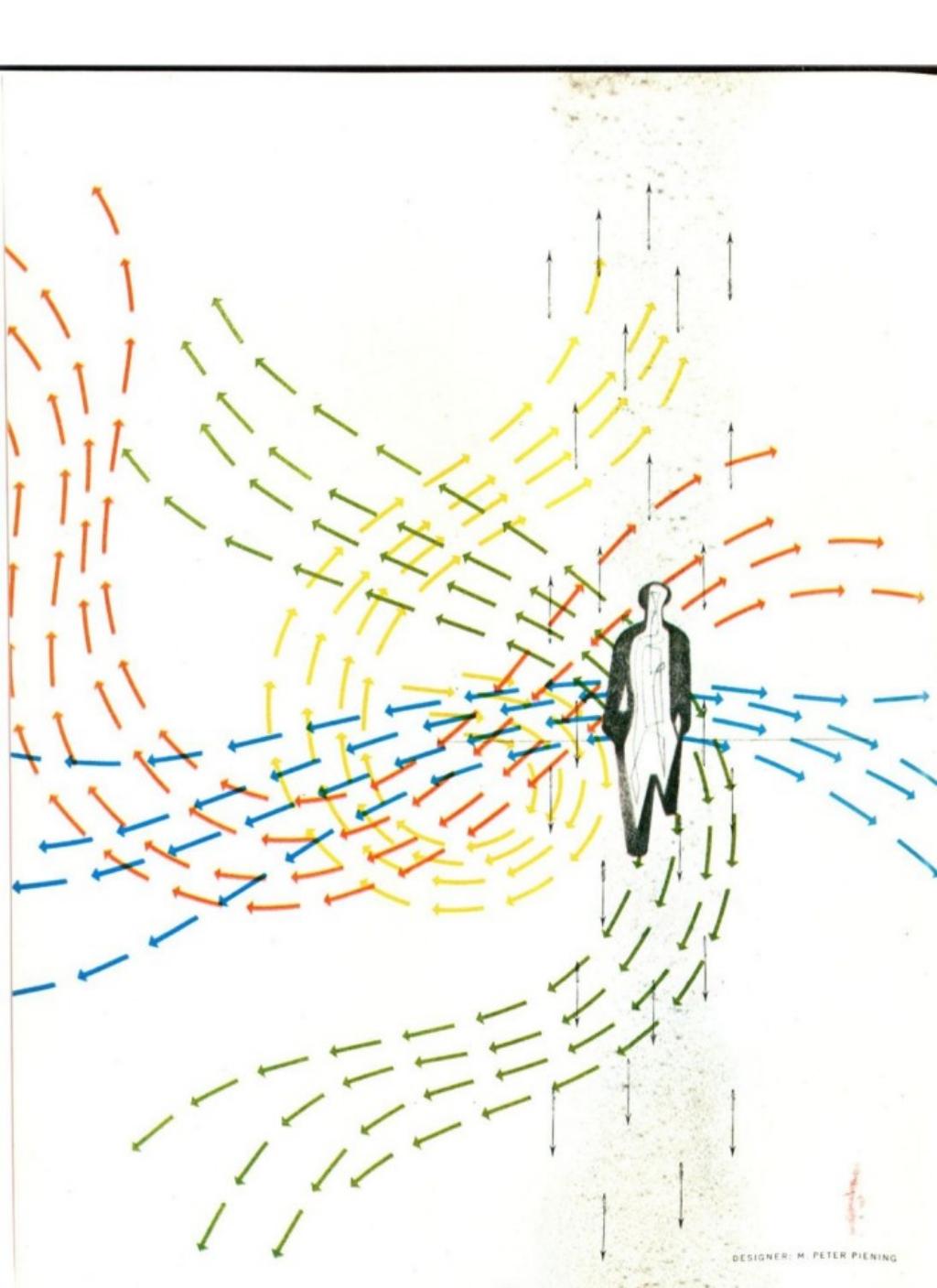


MR. & MRS. GUY SMITH / An Interracial Wedding

BILL CROUCH—OAKLAND TRIBUNE

VOL. 90 NO. 13

ISSUE NO. 447, 1967



DESIGNER: M. PETER PIENING

How Should We Think About Transportation Progress?

by ALAN S. BOYD

Secretary of Transportation

Transportation exists in the United States in a special environment unlike any other in our society. We have evolved a special technique, combining public and private transport investment. One not only complements the other; in some cases, one makes the other possible.

This blending of private and public money has helped the United States produce a national transportation system superior to that of any other country. But a minor drawback of this uniquely American approach is that it tends to obscure the real costs of movement.

Perhaps no freight rate or passenger fare today reflects the actual costs of transportation. Local, state and federal governments—that is, the taxpayer—always bear some part of the burden:

... Almost all of the cars and trucks are privately owned, but the highways and streets are publicly maintained.

... All barges and towboats are private property, but the canals and rivers are kept navigable by the Corps of Engineers.

... All U.S. airlines are competing private enterprises, but major airports are publicly maintained, and the air routes are assigned by a federal agency.

... America's ocean-going vessels are privately owned, except for some military supply ships, but the great harbors and port facilities are a public investment; and the United States Coast Guard maintains maritime law and safety.

... Most railroad rights-of-way originated in federal land grants or other forms of public support at state or local levels.

The dominant pattern is clear. Our nation has agreed, on public policy grounds, to provide the basic route support for each of the emerging transportation technologies. The lump-sum investments required for highways and harbors and canals and jet airports are not only beyond the usual means of private companies; considering other expenditure priorities, they are also at times beyond the means of the U.S. Government.

The total transportation investment in America—by private firms and individuals and by all government jurisdictions

combined—is some \$425 billion. If passenger fares and freight rates and car ownership had to reflect this full cost, there would be significantly less personal travel and freight movement.

Three major elements shape the American transportation environment:

1) *The importance we attach to freedom of movement—personal mobility.* This is a political right as well as a social value, and it supports the reality of a mass market over a vast territory, free of the Old World barriers to travel and commerce.

2) *Our system of private ownership and competitive free enterprise.* This very profound and pervasive approach in our society reinforces our dominant moral and ethical concepts. Though somewhat blurred in the operations of the carriers themselves, it is powerfully displayed by the great users, the shippers, as well as transport equipment manufacturers.

3) *The intervening authority of government—any level of government.* The classic partnership that exists between public and private investment may be viewed as a form of subsidy. But the power to give or withhold a franchise or license, and the power to set operating rules and standards, is a far more fundamental role. Here government is an instrument for the protection of the community's total interests.

The interaction of these forces, in the dimension of time, has produced a complex landscape of transportation institutions. The recent establishment of the Department of Transportation represents a decision to give greater unity and coherence to the Government's role.

We need to give more serious thought to the meaning of transportation in our society. It has become increasingly apparent that in a society such as ours transportation is one of the great choice mechanisms. Like the ballot box and the marketplace, it expresses popular desires. It helps shape our communities and institutions.

No family, for instance, moves to a suburban home as a destructive act. Yet the

effect of a million such decisions may be the relative decline of downtown business districts, congestion on urban highways, relocation of firms, disintegration of central city school systems, air pollution and innumerable other side effects.

Our nation knows a lot about the engineering and economic and efficiency aspects of transportation. Such knowledge has produced the greatest system of air-lines, rail lines, pipelines, highways and waterways in the world.

But we do not have a very good understanding of the social effects of transportation. Most refinements in transport technology have long-lasting consequences which, for our future happiness and perhaps even survival, we had best learn to anticipate. We have hardly begun to sound the depths of the human implications of our transport decisions.

As usual, the hardest part of the problem is how to think about the problem. Popular expectations may be unreasonable, but expert knowledge has its limitations as well. We will have to be cautious in our acceptance of definitive solutions, confidently presented.

What kind of a community do we want, and what kind are we willing to settle for? We must set our own standards in this matter, dealing with transportation as a servant rather than a master.

If we are not able to anticipate all of the ultimate results of our transport investment decisions, that should not be used as an excuse for not making any decisions at all. Important incremental investments are being made daily—even hourly—in private and public sectors. Our mutual responsibility is to insure that in both sectors the social consequences are given adequate consideration.

If we can do this—if we can use the public interest as our consistent measure, though navigating in uncharted waters—our nation may be assured of true progress in transportation.

Alan S. Boyd

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 27

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Rock Hudson leads a satirical salute to "The Hollywood Musical" with assistance from Connie Stevens, Bobby Van and Michele Lee.

ABC WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). A playboy newspaper reporter (Paul Newman) and a standoffish career girl (Joanne Woodward) join hands in *A New Kind of Love* (1963), co-starring Maurice Chevalier.

Thursday, September 28

IRONSIDE (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Police Consultant Robert T. Ironside (Raymond Burr) plays it hot by deliberately covering up a murder in order to smoke out the killers.

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman and Burl Ives in Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (1958).

GOOD COMPANY (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Lee Bailey flies to London to check the haunts of 007 and cross-examine Bondsman Sean Connery and his actress wife Diana Cilento.

Friday, September 29

CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:45 p.m.). Alfred Hitchcock's *North by Northwest* (1959), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason.

OUR ENDANGERED WILDLIFE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The first of eight NBC news specials outlining the *American Profile*. Ed Dodd, conservationist and creator of the *Mark Trail* cartoon strip, narrates this study of the various animals and birds in danger of extinction.

Saturday, September 30

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 2:30-4 p.m.). The tape of the Sept. 28th return match in New York City for the World Middleweight championship between Titleholder Nino Benvenuti and ex-Champion Emile Griffith.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (CBS, 9-10:30 p.m.). Melina Mercouri and her husband Jules Dassin in their catchily-dressed film caricature *Never on Sunday* (1960), the fevered brow from which the current Broadway hit musical, *Ilya Darling*, sprang.

Sunday, October 1

AMERICAN LEAGUE FOOTBALL (NBC, 4:30 p.m., to conclusion). The only national broadcast is the Kansas City Chiefs v. the Oakland Raiders, at Oakland. Two other A.F.L. regional games begin at 2 p.m., and the National Football League has eight regional offerings on CBS.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Part 2 of "The Computer Revolution" deals with the new ways of communication between man and machine, and what the two are likely to accomplish in the near future.

Monday, October 2

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). In the first of a two-part adventure, Napoleon Solo (Robert Vaughn) and Illya Kuryakin (David McCallum) set out

to steal "the thermal prism," a new weapon of mass destruction. Guest stars in "The Prince of Darkness Affair" include Bradford Dillman, Lola Albright, Carol Lynley.

Tuesday, October 3

WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHY WITH HARRY REASONER (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). "The Wyeth Phenomenon" explores the vast popularity among U.S. gallerygoers of Artist Andrew Wyeth.

Times of National Educational Television programs vary. Check local listings for:

LINCOLN CENTER: STAGE 5 "Five Ballets of the Five Senses." Choreographer John Butler joins with Composers Robert Starer, Benjamin Lees, Gunther Schuller, Eric Siday and Folk Singer Leon Bibb to examine in musical and dance terms the five senses. These original works commissioned for television are: *Taste of Sorrow*, *Scent of Flight*, *Touch of Loss*, *Sound of Fear*, *Sight of Beginning*.

MET JOURNAL (on most stations Monday at 9 p.m.). "A Conversation with Svetlana Aliluyeva" is a live interview conducted by Paul Niven on the publication date of her book, *Twenty Letters to a Friend*.

RECORDS

Instrumental

Mozart: FOUR HORN CONCERTOS (RCA Victor). The hearty, lumbering call of a horn against the dancing humor of Mozart's strings make these concertos a cheery hour of music. Mozart himself was struck by the gaiety of the scores, and wrote such teasing cracks in the margins as "Courage!", "Take a Breath Here!", "Thank Heaven, It's Over!" The jokes aside, Alan Civil's well-controlled French horn playing makes the finales anything but welcome.

JOSEF SUK: VIRTUOSO VIOLIN MUSIC (Epic). This is the sort of violin music most often heard in seedy hotel restaurants featuring potted palms and rubbery veal. The pieces themselves are good enough music, but somehow the worst fiddlers choose to scratch and sob out Kreisler's *Caprice Vienna*, Benjamin's *Jamaican Rhumba*, Prokofiev's *FBI in Peace and War* (actually titled *March from "The Love for Three Oranges"*), and the omnipresent *Jeante with the Light Brown Hair*. Czech Virtuoso Josef Suk has a deft touch, but even he invokes an occasional swoop and swoon.

RUBINSTEIN AND THE GUARNERI QUARTET: BRAHMS'S PIANO QUINTET IN F MINOR (RCA Victor). Although Brahms was a piano virtuoso early in his career, his compositions usually require more sensitivity than showmanship. Artur Rubinstein, who is famous for his flashing dexterity, here demonstrates his depth of insight; while the young Guarneri Quartet matches the master in adoring Brahms's introspective and gentle work.

ISAAC STERN: LALO'S SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE and BRUCH'S VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 1 (Columbia). Those 19th century French composers who made their music to Spanish idioms often produced exciting masterpieces—fleshing out the gaunt bones of Spanish rhythms with lovely orchestral

colors. Lalo completed his *Spanish Symphony* in 1873, only two years before Bizet finished *Carmen*, and Lalo's work was an apt augury of that most popular opera. Isaac Stern's violin and Eugene Ormandy's Philadelphia orchestra join in a most pleasing album.

GRANADOS: GOYESCAS, ESCENAS ROMANTICAS, EL PELELE (2 LPs; Epic). Enrique Granados y Campiña named his *Goyescas* after one of his favorite painters, lavishing the color and romanticism of old melodic Spanish fandangos and jotas on his sometimes morbid, more often gay suites. Pianist Alicia de Larrocha displays thorough understanding of her compatriot's music, which Granados later transformed into an opera of the same name. The opera received a mild welcome at the Metropolitan in 1916, only three months before the composer burned to death during a German torpedo attack on his homeward-bound ship.

HEIFETZ: SAINT-SAËNS, SONATA NO. 1 (RCA Victor). As Professor Higgins once observed, Frenchmen don't actually care what they do, only how they pronounce it. And Charles Camille Saint-Saëns is nothing if not French. "The artist who does not feel completely satisfied by elegant lines, by harmonious colors and by a beautiful succession of chords does not understand the art of music," he once declared. Most of his music, including *Sonata No. 1 For Piano and Violin*, is more form than substance. Still, Jascha Heifetz plays it well, and includes satisfying little pieces by four other composers (Sibelius, Wieniawski, Rachmaninoff and Falla) on side 2.

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN: COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC (2 LPs; CBS). This set is worth acquiring as much for Stockhausen's notes on the album cover as for the music itself. Not that the composer writes revealingly about his art ("All the Piano Pieces V-X are characterized by groups of notes around nuclear notes, occurring before, with or after them"). Instead, he spends the space discussing the fascinating food his soloist, Aloys Kontarsky, consumed on the days when the album was being recorded. On the groaning board: jugged deer with *Spätzle*; marrow consomme; steak Tartare; *salmitabocca romana* ("He sent the rice back"); *Mövenpick* ice-cream tart; Halengut Pilzen beer; Cognac; Coca-Cola; Johannisberg wine, and one Bloody Mary. During one recording session, confides Stockhausen, "every movement that Kontarsky made caused his piano stool to creak on the wooden floor," a difficulty that caused a one-and-a-half-hour delay in the recording of Stockhausen's staccato, rather eerie music.

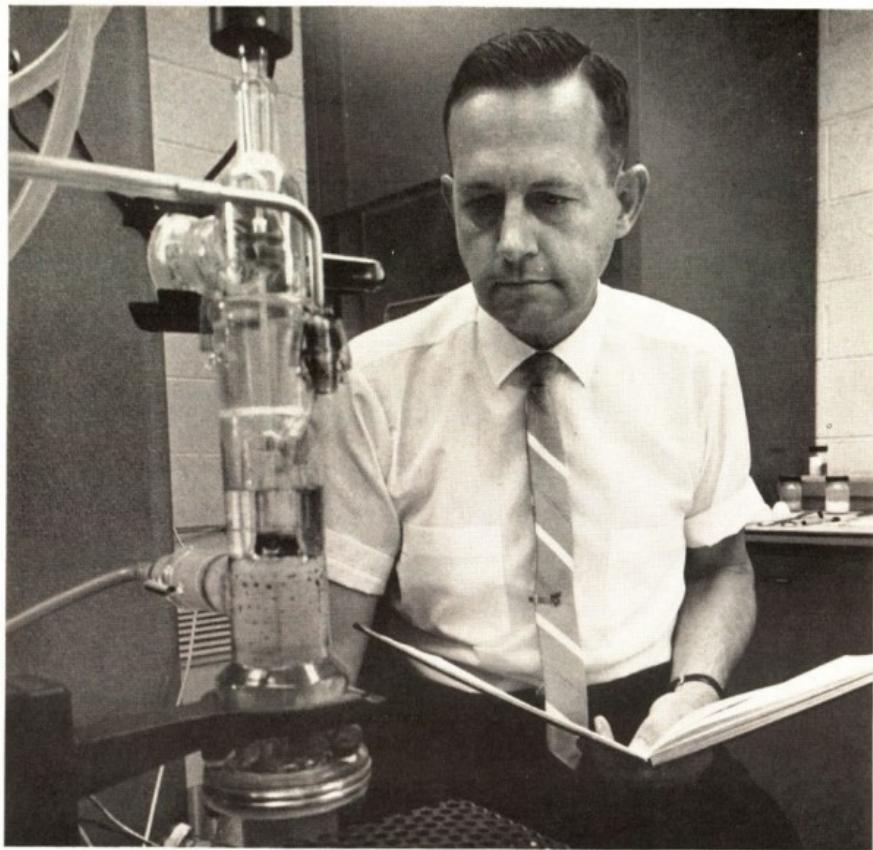
CINEMA

THE CLIMAX. Ugo Tognazzi gives an exquisitely humane performance as a three-family man (one wife, two mistresses, six children) in a bittersweet comedy produced, written and directed by Italy's Pietro Germi.

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS. In this story of a young man beginning his working life as a train dispatcher, Czech Director Jiří Menzel mixes the real and the surreal, ribaldry and pathos, comedy and tragedy, yet keeps the film squarely on the track all the way.

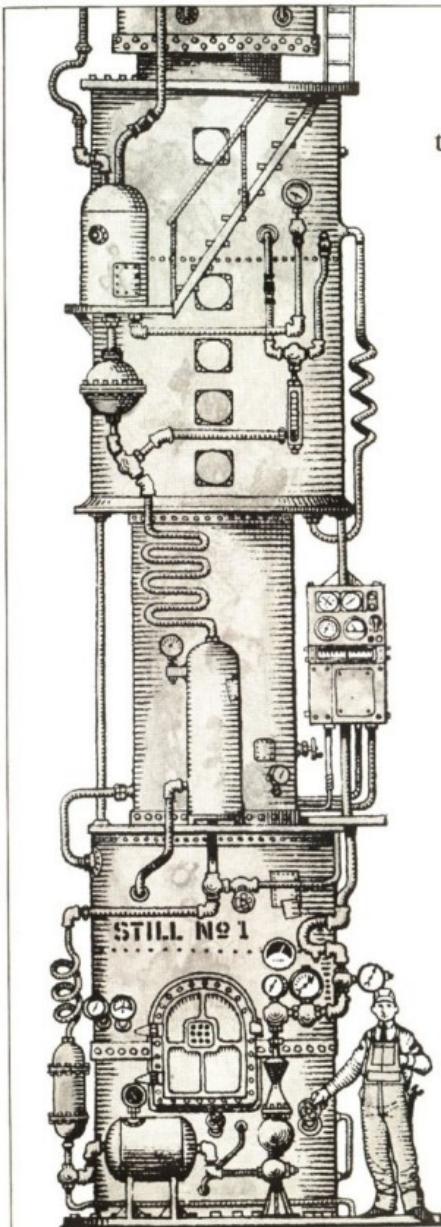
UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE. Sandy Dennis is expert, as always. But it is the kids themselves (recruited from the New York

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THE THIEF OF PARIS. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays a burglar in turn-of-the-century France, manages only to steal the picture, which, because of its disjointedness, just misses being worth the effort.

THE BIG CITY. Satyajit Ray has taken a simple tale of six people living in a Calcutta tenement and fashioned an eloquent testimonial to the courage of ordinary people facing ordinary problems.

BOOKS

Best Reading

YEARS OF WAR, 1941-1945; FROM THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES, by John Morton Blum, uses the detailed personal diaries of F.D.R.'s Treasury Secretary, Henry Morgenthau Jr., to trace the career of that imperious New Dealer from 1941, when he organized a wartime fiscal-fitness program for the U.S. economy, through the 1945 "Morgenthau Plan" for emasculating and dismembering conquered Germany, which cost him his job.

A GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS, by Joyce Carol Oates. This is the season for female discontent: Joyce Carol Oates joins Philip Roth (*When She Was Good*) in portraying a poor girl determined to make good, but fated to go mad. A naturalistic, Dreiserian novel of considerable power.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: THE EVOLUTION OF GENIUS, by Winifred Gerin. This biography of the most prolific and active of

the Brontë sisters plumbs the sources of Charlotte's strength (her realism) and weakness (sentimental romanticism).

THE COLD WAR AS HISTORY, by Louis J. Halle, effectively peels away the emotions of 1945-62 to reveal one of history's most clear-cut conflicts resulting from Great Power misunderstanding.

A HALL OF MIRRORS, by Robert Stone. A first novel about three castoffs of American society who come to rest in New Orleans. Author Stone has achieved a rare combination of humor, despair and mortal wrath.

NEW AMERICAN REVIEW: NUMBER 1, New American Library. A lively blend of the best contemporary avant-garde fiction, nonfiction, poetry and criticism collected in a commendable effort to sell quality in quantity in the paperback market.

GOG, by Andrew Sinclair. A bizarre fable—or parable—about an amnesic giant who makes a bewildering pilgrimage through's history in quest of himself.

DUBLIN: A PORTRAIT, by V. S. Pritchett, with photographs by Evelyn Hofer. This elegant union of literate text and lavish pictures should be staple on Hibernian coffee tables for years to come.

STAUFFENBERG, by Joachim Kramarz. The story of one man who risked his own life in an effort to take Hitler's, and the unlucky chance that caused him to fail.

RANDALL JARRELL, 1914-1965, edited by Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor and Robert Penn Warren. A posthumous appreciation of the poet and critic, written by his friends, most of them eminent writers whom he served as unofficial custodian of artistic conscience.

AN OPERATIONAL NECESSITY, by Gwyn Griffin. Novelist Griffin specializes in dramas that pit military discipline against moral imperative, and this World War II sea story is his best.

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA, by Robert K. Massie. The decline and fall of the Romanov dynasty is told through the personal tragedy of the last, likable heads of the Russian ruling family.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Chosen*, Potok (2)
3. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (7)
4. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold (4)
5. *The Plot*, Wallace (3)
6. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal (6)
7. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (5)
8. *Night Falls on the City*, Gainham (8)
9. *A Second-Hand Life*, Jackson (10)
10. *An Operational Necessity*, Griffin (9)

NONFICTION

1. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (3)
2. *A Modern Priest Looks on His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (2)
3. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (1)
4. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (4)
5. *The Lawyers*, Mayer (7)
6. *Incredible Victory*, Lord (6)
7. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (5)
8. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (9)
9. *Between Parent and Child*, Ginott (10)
10. *Nicholas and Alexandra*, Massie (8)



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LETTERS

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DANA WOLDOW

Haverford, Pa.

Sir: With every album since *Rubber Soul*, the Beatles have been approaching an all-encompassing pop-music nirvana. Pray that they make it before old age and the Establishment catch up with them.

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Sir: You did the Beatles proud with your magnificent cover story on them, but you also did yourself proud by printing the article when you did. Most national magazines rushed out hastily written copy on them when the Beatles burst on the music scene, but you waited until they reached the zenith of their genius before doing a write-up. I am glad you did.

GAIL LYNN LARSEN

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Sir: While the Beatles were still in the heavy rock kick, Simon & Garfunkel were producing great intellect. When the Beatles can produce something like *A Poem on The Underground Wall, or Sounds of Silence*, they will be truly great.

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Newport, R.I.

Washday Blues

Sir: So what if Governor Romney said he was brainwashed [Sept. 15]! The Governor has suffered fierce political attacks

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Whose Priorities?

Sir: You say that the \$25 billion a year spent on Viet Nam could not "be simply redeployed from the prosecution of a war to the pacification of U.S. cities [Sept. 8]." In reality, it could be redeployed; that it probably would not be is a function of the democratic process, not the logistical impossibility of such a transfer. If the transfer were to take place, it would not be an "abdication of responsibility abroad," but rather a long-awaited acceptance of responsibility at home, a responsibility that has heretofore been met with programs meant to pacify dissident elements rather than alleviate problems. Isolationism, of course, is untenable today, and few responsible critics would endorse such a policy, but a thorough reassessment of our responsibilities will show that most of them lie untouched in our urban ghettos.

A. DIDRICK CASTBERG

Chicago

Sir: Useful criticism is necessary and helpful. But naive, ridiculous arguments as "Why should the U.S. engage in a war halfway around the world?" are irrational. Does anyone remember Pearl Harbor, Stalin's abortive promises at Yalta, the Communization of Eastern Europe? Maybe Korea rings a bell.

CHARLES R. BURNS JR.

Columbus, Ohio

Root of the Matter

Sir: The Essay about "The Science & Snare of Statistics" [Sept. 8] reminds me of an observation by Sir Josiah Stamp (1880-1941), himself a player of the game: "The government are very keen on amassing statistics. They collect them, raise them to the nth power, take the cube root and prepare wonderful diagrams. But you must never forget that every one of these figures comes in the first instance from the village watchman, who just puts down what he damn pleases."

THOMAS M. MULVEY

Providence

The Free & the Fettered

Sir: Your Essay on Singles [Sept. 15] was an accurate portrayal. I should know, I run a singles club. Many months ago, when I started this club, I felt that the single life was exciting and that my members were really getting a full measure of life out of it. I am a little older now—and a lot wiser. The single looks for lasting friendships or relationships—but these do not seem to materialize. There is no one who really cares, who is really concerned about him. This kind of realization, I have found, is almost unendurable for some, very depressing for others. I used to think that the family system was passé, but the singles in my club who seem to survive well the emptiness and void are the ones who have strong, close family ties.

The rest are constantly casting about. They are very bored, very depressed. No, the single life is not all that exciting or fun or fulfilling. If it were, the singles would not be joining my club—and hundreds of clubs like mine—in an almost desperate attempt to get out of the single life.

NONA M. AGUILAR

Los Angeles

Sir: As a "swingle" seriously working on becoming a person, I thank you for your analysis. Now that I am aware of all



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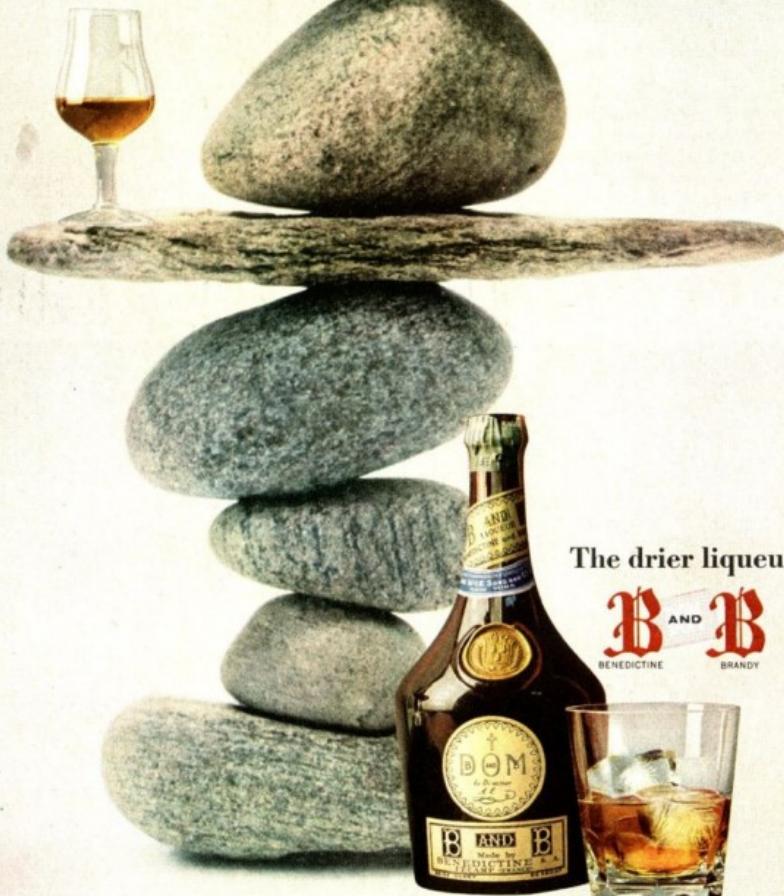
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86 PROOF

those lives of "quiet desperation," I don't feel nearly so alone.

CAROLE E. COLEMAN

San Francisco

Sir: A very perceptive Essay. My only comment is that you fail to mention the inhibiting fear that besets many of the singles who "devoutly wish that they weren't." The fear that we will join the apparently numerous ranks of marrieds who wish, equally devoutly, that they hadn't.

ROGER DAVISSON

Stanford, Calif.

Sir: Being single is like banging your head against a wall; it feels so good when you stop. At 27, I married a widower with four children; at 40, I am the engrossed mother of ten. Conclusion: careers are fulfilling, marriage is absorbing.

PAT SOMERS CRONIN

Chicago

Sir: Your Essay has left me a broken man. I am a 45-year-old bachelor. I write books for a living, reside in a cozy cabin near a rural trout stream, have a wonderful platonic relationship with a divorcee who lives down the road, and enjoy occasional outside dates. For years, I have believed that I was enjoying a state of contentment that is rare on this earth—and that I was presenting an enviable public image. Now, with lightning suddenness, I learn that I am nothing but a psychopath and an object of public pity. Melancholy has gripped me.

RICHARD WHEELER

Pine Grove, Pa.

Time to Ask the Women

Sir: Progress in the management of obstetrical complications has eliminated any scientific justification for therapeutic abortion [Sept. 15]. Physicians worthy of the name dedicate their lives to saving human life and should refuse to destroy unborn babies for social or economic reasons.

ROY J. HEFFERNAN, M.D.

Brookline, Mass.

Sir: Everyone hears points of view from theologians, physicians, and sociologists—why not ask the unwed mother or the wife forced to bear and raise an unwanted child? Of course the "disease of an unwanted pregnancy is not fatal," but the side and aftereffects are heartbreaking. It's ridiculous for men to make rulings on abortions—they don't know what it is to carry or bear a child. They've been sowing their seed for years, and women will always have to do the reaping unless birth control is available to anyone who desires it.

ALISON S. WARD

Frederick, Md.

Long in the Tongue

Sir: I believe a clarification is in order on my views regarding the Ch'u Silk Manuscript [Sept. 1]. It is the long-tongued wooden figures of Ch'u culture (not the drawings in the manuscript) that provide the best Chinese evidence of a motif that is widespread in the Pacific area (Borneo-Sumatra, New Guinea, New Zealand, British Columbia, Mesoamerica). Long-tongued images do occur in the art of certain South American cultures, including that of the probably Chinese-influenced Chavin civilization, but none of these South American art forms show any special relationships with Ch'u culture, still less with the figures in the Ch'u manuscript. As regards cultural evolution, my

point was that since the Chinese and above-mentioned Pacific Basin societies developed along radically divergent lines, the striking similarities that appear in their art styles are more likely to be due to contact than to convergent evolution.

DOUGLAS FRASER

Department of Art History
and Archaeology
Columbia University

First Four

Sir: Your article "Delayed Christening" [Sept. 8], concerning features on the moon's far side, seems to imply a difference of opinion between scientists of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. at recent meetings of the International Astronomical Union in Prague. It is true that the U.S.S.R. arrived with a list of possible names. So did the U.S.A. But neither list was formally presented. After consideration of the basic problem of rules and procedures, as president of the Lunar Commission, I proposed deferral of formal naming until the next meeting of the IAU, three years hence; Dr. A. Mikhailov, director of Pulkovo Observatory in Leningrad, seconded the proposal, which passed unanimously. The new commission president, Dr. A. Dolloff of France, appointed a new working group on lunar nomenclature, consisting of Dr. Mikhailov, Dr. M. Minnaert, distinguished Dutch astrophysicist, and myself as chairman. At an early date I shall propose naming features for the four astronauts, three Americans and one Russian, who lost their lives in accidents connected with space research.

DONALD H. MENZEL

Harvard College Observatory
Cambridge, Mass.

Straight Down the Pike

Sir: If this be heresy? Heresy, indeed! When I think of the Right Rev. James A. Pike [Sept. 15], I am reminded of what my professor of theology used to tell us before our exams. "Don't be afraid of committing heresy 'cause none of you birds is smart enough to be a heretic." Alongside the great, classical heretics against whom the first four ecumenical church councils were convened, Bishop Pike's warmed-over 19th century rationalism compares to that pop artist's oversized Brillo boxes stacked next to Goya's *Disasters of War*, or Picasso's *Guernica*, or Grünewald's Isenheim altarpiece. Pop theology, sir, heresy, no, because the Rt. Rev. Mr. Pike is simply not intelligent enough.

THE REV. (FR.) DAVID CLEMONS

Vicar
St. Andrew's Episcopal Mission
Broken Arrow, Okla.

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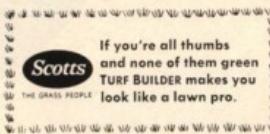
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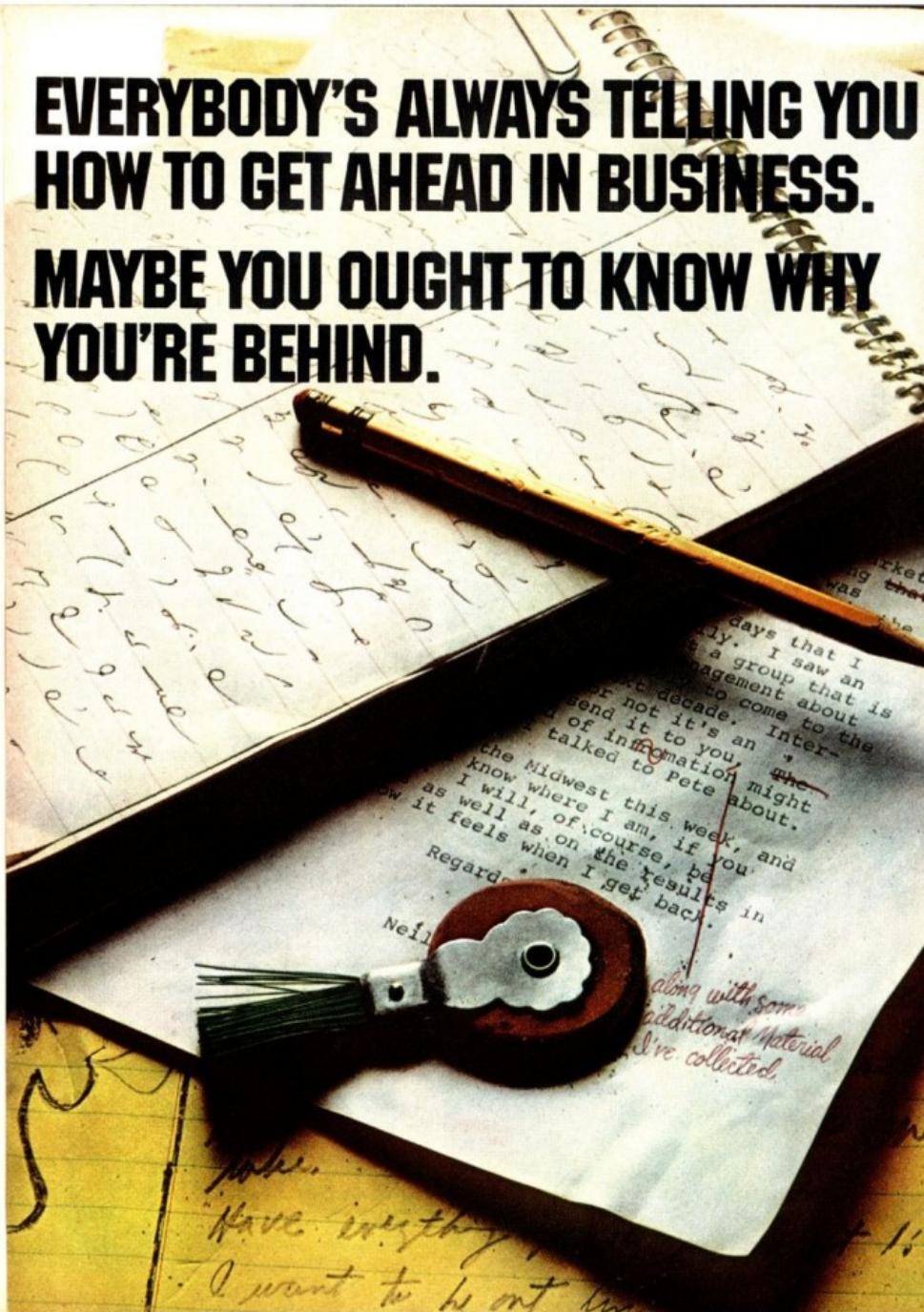


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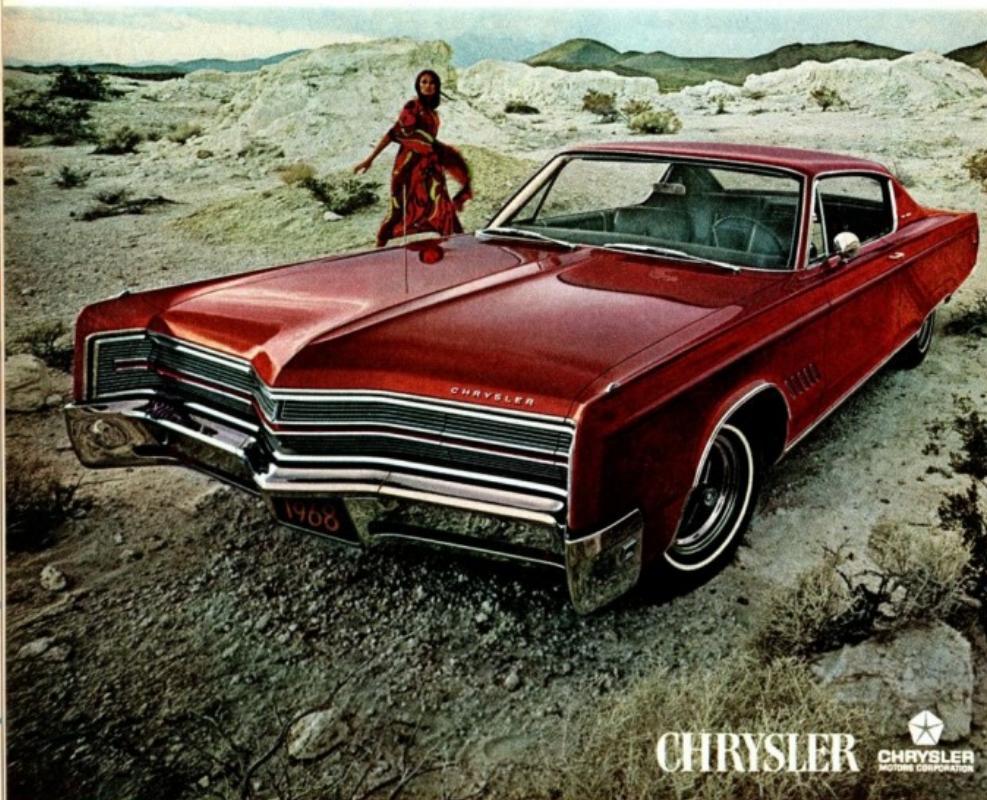
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 29, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 13

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Chill Winds on the East River

U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg's speech before the 22nd United Nations General Assembly last week proved something of a disappointment to those who for no particular reason expected it to outline a dramatic U.S. initiative on Viet Nam. There were no new proposals for Hanoi to mull, no offers of bold concessions by Washington. The speech was notable nonetheless for its carefully conciliatory tone, its two-score

hensible even to diplomats, he asked: "Does North Viet Nam conceive that the cessation of bombing would or should lead to any other results than meaningful negotiations under circumstances which would not disadvantage either side?"

Soap Bubble. With considerably more clarity, Goldberg posed another question to "those governments which support Hanoi's cause"—principally the Soviet Union. "If the U.S. were to take the first step and order a prior cessation of the bombing," he asked, "what would they then do or refrain from doing, and how would they then use their influence and power?" The Russians, however, quickly made it clear that they had no intention of either reducing their aid to the North or trying to persuade Hanoi to come to terms.

Replying to Goldberg next day, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko dismissed the U.S. suggestion as a "soap bubble," announced a step-up in aid to Hanoi, branded Washington a "barbarous" aggressor, and demanded nothing less than an American pullout from Viet Nam as the price for peace. Gromyko's intransigent tone made it obvious even to Secretary-General U Thant that the U.N. is not likely to be the arena in which the Viet Nam impasse will finally be broken.

Microstates. If Gromyko's polemics recalled the cold war at its chilly worst, another event on the East River indicated that some things have changed. For the first time in the U.N.'s history, a Communist was elected President of the General Assembly: Cornelius Manescu, 51, the silver-haired, athletic Foreign Minister of Rumania. Manescu was acceptable to the West because he is a symbol of Rumania's diplomatic drive toward a large degree of independence from the Soviet Union. Despite Moscow's displeasure, he signed the treaty establishing relations with West Germany, has widened Rumania's cultural and economic contacts with Western Europe, and has helped keep his country's communications channels with Red China relatively free of static. The East bloc accepted him because, for all his prickly independence, he remains a

* When this sentence was put into French and cabled to Paris by Agence France-Presse, Paris wired back: "Please give us a clearer translation." Replied New York: "If the French is unclear, it is because the English is unclear."

stauch Marxist who believes that the Communist countries must play a more important role in current international diplomacy.

Another change noted as the U.N.'s 122 members met was in the General Assembly's composition. In the past seven years, 39 new nations have joined up. Most are poor, small and politically immature; a 1966 entry, the Maldives Islands, has fewer than 100,000 citizens, compared with neighboring India's 495 million. About two-thirds of them are African, whose main interest has been

MENNETT STICK



GOLDBERG ADDRESSING U.N.

Hardly the place to break the impasse. references to peace, negotiations and the like, and its effort to present a thorough and thoroughly honest summary of the U.S. position.

Goldberg made it clear that Washington is willing to enter negotiations with Hanoi at any time without any conditions. Despite insistent reports from foreign officials that Hanoi is ready to talk as soon as the U.S. quits bombing the North, Goldberg noted that the Johnson Administration has repeatedly "sought such a message directly from Hanoi without success." What the U.S. wants, he said, is some assurance that a bombing pause would in fact lead to negotiations, and would not be used to hurt South Viet Nam's military position. In a rhetorical question whose wording proved practically incompre-



GENERAL ASSEMBLY PRESIDENT MANESCU

But some things have changed.

in railing against colonialism. They have diluted the strength of the General Assembly, distorted its real political interests, and made it more difficult for it to reach decisions.

In what was for him an unusually realistic statement, Secretary-General U Thant worriedly declared that "the line must be drawn somewhere" on membership. In future, he suggested, newly independent "microstates" should be offered associate membership without a vote. But that would hardly solve the U.N.'s problem, for a slew of microstates are already members with full voting rights. There is scant likelihood that any of them would voluntarily agree to a system of weighted voting more in keeping with the realities of power.



HARRY ASHMORE
Saga of diplomatic dilettantism.

THE WAR

The Perils of Probing

When the Viet Nam war finally ends, the history of the myriad unofficial attempts to end it will make a fascinating study in well-intentioned futility. Scores of private peacemakers have visited Hanoi—Italian ex-mayors and Mexican philosophers, French diplomats and Canadian clerics, professors and politicians—and practically all have gone away with tantalizingly vague reports of a brand new peace feeler. Scores of others have worked up their own formulas for peace and reacted bitterly when nobody seemed interested in buying them. Last week two more episodes in this strange saga of diplomatic dilettantism came to light.

Dancing Dreams. One incident involved Harry Ashmore, former executive editor of the Arkansas Gazette and now executive vice president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, who spent nine days last January visiting North Viet Nam with Miami News Editor Bill Baggs. In a 15,000-word article in the center's bimonthly magazine, Ashmore claimed that North Viet Nam's President Ho Chi Minh took a "deliberately conciliatory" line during a two-hour talk and "seemed prepared to consider a specific proposal based on mutual de-escalation." But Ashmore claimed that a subsequent attempt to explore this opening with a letter to Ho from himself and Baggs was "effectively and brutally canceled" by a tough-worded message from Lyndon Johnson that reached Hanoi ahead of theirs. The Administration, said Ashmore, was guilty of "crude duplicity" and "double-dealing."

Actually, Ashmore's letter, written with help from top State Department officials and William Fulbright, was not markedly different from Johnson's. It advised Hanoi that there could be no U.S. bombing pause without "some reciprocal restraint" on its part. The President's letter, more direct and

official, called for similar reciprocity.

Johnson's letter, explained Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy, was the result of secret contacts between U.S. and North Vietnamese officials that began in Moscow in January 1967. By early February, when both the Johnson and Ashmore letters were written, it was obvious that Hanoi was not interested in talks, no matter how pleasant Ho had been during his brief chat with Ashmore and Baggs. North Vietnamese diplomats in Moscow went so far as to return U.S. messages unopened to underscore their lack of interest. "Mr. Ashmore yields to an understandable feeling that his own channel was the center of the stage," said Bundy. "It was not. It was a very, very small part of the total picture." Other State Department officials suggested acidly that Ashmore left Hanoi with dreams of Nobel Peace Prize dancing in his skull, and was disappointed to discover that he was not, after all, going to be the man to break the log jam.

Waiting Game. The second episode centered on General Lauris Norstad, retired Supreme Allied Commander in Europe and now president of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. Norstad disclosed that last March he tried, through an intermediary, to sell President Johnson on a highly unorthodox peace plan. It called for the U.S. to announce an unconditional bombing pause. After that, the President himself would fly to Geneva and hole up in a hotel room to await representatives from the other side—presumably including agents from Red China and the Viet Cong.

What if nobody turned up? "If I were President," said Norstad, "I would get down on my knees three times a day and pray" for somebody to appear. But if nothing happened after a week, he added, "the President would have to stand up and say, 'This is not leading anywhere and I'm going back to Washington to get on with the business of running my country.'" Having proved his good faith, said Norstad, the President would then be able to increase the pressure on Hanoi without qualms.

Despite Norstad's earnestness, not to mention mild support from former NATO Secretaries-General Paul-Henri Spaak and Dirk Stikker, the plan got nowhere. It would not have been easy for Americans to accept the picture of their President sitting around a Swiss chalet waiting for anybody—or nobody.

DEFENSE

The Missing Card

Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara's announcement that the U.S. will build a "thin" anti-ballistic-missile shield against a possible Chinese attack (TIME, Sept. 22) came under attack itself last week as proposing both far too little and much too much.

The Administration had had the option to build no ABM system at all, or to construct either the thin shield, aimed at blunting a strike from Peking, or a

"thick" shield, designed to cope with an all-out onslaught from Moscow. As usual, Lyndon Johnson staked out the middle ground, and, as usual, he and McNamara came under crossfire from both flanks.

McNamara had long been a precise and persistent opponent of any ABM system, chiefly on the ground that in the lethal game of nuclear deterrence, the best defense is a powerful offense. But when the Russians started deploying an ABM network—however thin—around Moscow and other cities, the Administration came under heavy pressure to follow suit. The reason for the U.S. decision, McNamara told 500 United Press International editors in San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel, was the threat that Red China would probably be able to strike the U.S. with nuclear-tipped intercontinental ballistic missiles by the mid-1970s. "It would be insane and suicidal for her to do so, but one can conceive conditions under which China might miscalculate," he said. For that reason, construction of the minimal ABM shield will begin before the end of the year.

Spartan System. The project will involve more than 1,000 contractors and will take five or six years to complete, at a cost of \$1 billion a year. The Army, which will have operational responsibility for the system, makes no apologies for the amount of time involved. "Some of the people on the Hill think that all you have to do with a missile site is plug in for water and electricity as you do at a trailer park," said one officer. The fact is, said another, that "the ABM requires a more complicated system than that needed to land a man on the moon."

Indeed it does. The forward line of defense will consist of five or six "perimeter acquisition radar sites" (PARS) along the northern U.S. border to identify and track incoming ICBMs. The radar sites will send information back to missile-site radar (MSR) equipment

WALTER BENNETT



RHODE ISLAND'S PASTORE
Don't make it tempting.

at 14 or so areas where long-range Spartan missiles will be poised to intercept enemy vehicles as much as 400 miles from their targets. Each Spartan battery will protect an elliptical area of the nation—in Pentagonese, a “footprint.” Present plans call for batteries in each of the overlapping footprints, others in Alaska and Hawaii.

Each site will also have batteries of short-range Sprint missiles, designed to intercept, at ranges of up to 25 miles, any ICBMs that escape the clouds of X rays and neutrons laid down by the Spartans. In addition, five or six independent Sprint batteries will be deployed to protect the long-range radar sites and Minutemen in the U.S. North-

The system, said France's top nuclear strategist, retired General Pierre Gallois, is “absolutely useless” except as “a sop to the U.S. hawks, with the 1968 election in the offing.”

Simon Ramo, former chief scientist for the Air Force's ICBM program and now vice chairman of the industrial conglomerate TRW Inc., warned that the system might cost as much as \$4 billion more than is estimated, and could be bypassed by smuggling nuclear weapons into the U.S.

Perhaps the most cogent objection was that there would be intense pressure to turn the thin shield into a thick one, prompting the Russians to do the same. Said the London Times: “Fred-

One fear voiced by the proponents of an all-out ABM defense is that if the Russians get a big enough jump on the U.S., they may be tempted to launch a pre-emptive war. During hearings last January, General Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, pointed out that a thick ABM shield would “introduce uncertainties which would inhibit Soviet leaders from concluding that the U.S. could not survive a Soviet first strike or that the U.S. would not pre-empt under any circumstance.”

A Mad Momentum. McNamara does have some powerful defenders. The Air Force favors a thin defense and greater reliance on offensive missiles and bombers. One expert at California's Rand

U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO



U.S. SPRINT

After the first footprints, perhaps a race to reasonableness.

west. Though the number has not yet been determined, each Spartan site may have as many as 50 missiles.

A Terrible Bagatelle. The Administration was worried that its announcement would diminish the chances of negotiating a nuclear nonproliferation treaty, but that fear—initially at least—seemed unfounded. In Geneva, where Soviet and American diplomats have come to terms on everything but an inspection clause, Russian officials offered no adverse comments. In Washington, Italy's President Giuseppe Saragat quickly welcomed the U.S. decision on the ABM. None of the other NATO nations raised serious objections; in fact, Secretary-General Manlio Brosio said the organization has been discussing an ABM cloak for itself.

The chief congressional critic of the ABM system, Arkansas' William Fulbright, protested that the U.S. decision would cause “a breakdown in negotiations” with the Russians. On the specific question of limiting ABM deployment, however, Moscow never really allowed talks to get started. Other critics complained that the possibility of a Chinese attack was “just an excuse,” and that the thin ABM net was really aimed at two other targets—the Russians and the Administration's domestic critics.

erick the Great once advised his generals to ‘sacrifice the bagatelle and pursue the essential.’ Mr. McNamara has bowed to pressure to ignore this advice. The ABM is not essential, but it is a bagatelle of a terrible dimension.”

Men as Well as Minutemen. Chief proponents of the thick defense include the Army, members of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee (particularly such Democratic Senators as Rhode Island's John Pastore, New Mexico's Clinton Anderson and Washington's Henry Jackson), and such Republicans as Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan and the G.O.P. congressional leadership. “The main threat is from Russia, not China,” said one top-ranking Army general, “and you protect against your main threat.”

The thick-system advocates argue that the U.S. must protect cities as well as silos, men as well as Minutemen. They point out that with a thin defense, a Soviet sneak attack would claim at least 120 million American lives; with a thick defense shielding the 50 largest cities, the losses would be cut to 30 million. McNamara argues, however, that if the Russians were confronted with a heavy defense, they would simply step up warhead production—and casualties would zoom right up to 120 million again.

Congress pointed out that the ABM decision was not so much defensive, since “there can be no perfect defense against nuclear missiles,” but diplomatic—and a sound move. “At the top power levels, you have to have the cards to play,” he said. “We were missing a card. This is it.” Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield opposes a thick defense as too likely to touch off a new spiral in the arms race. But he approves of the thin defense because it “may prove to be a prelude to negotiations seeking to prevent a race which would cost the U.S. and Russia \$40 billion each.”

In his San Francisco speech, McNamara made much the same point. “There is a kind of mad momentum intrinsic to the development of all new nuclear weaponry,” he said. Urging talks between Moscow and Washington on the ABM issue, he warned that a breakdown in negotiations would set both countries off “on a foolish andreckless course.” Concluded McNamara: “What the world requires in its 22nd year of the Atomic Age is not a new race towards armament. What the world requires is a new race towards reasonableness. We had better all run that race. Not merely we the administrators, but we the people.”



RUSSIAN COUNTERPART GRIFFON

ARMED FORCES

Mac's Other War

Viet Nam was once—unfairly—called "McNamara's war." Today, in addition to directing the Asian conflict, the Secretary of Defense is conducting a little-noticed, highly effective domestic offensive that fully merits his imprimatur. Robert McNamara's other war is an uncompromising campaign to eradicate discrimination against the nation's 300,000 Negro servicemen in off-base housing throughout the nation.

Begun only four months ago on a pilot basis in Maryland and Washington, the program already has been responsible for more than trebling—from 15,000 to 47,500—the number of housing units open to all races. That is only the beginning. With the President's backing, McNamara has now set his sights on wiping out the discrimination that exists in 33% of the 900,000 housing units within a 3.5-mile radius of the nation's 305 major military posts in 46 states.

Successful Simplicity. As his field commander, McNamara has chosen husky Brigadier General William Ekman, 54, a bayonet-hard combat officer who led parachute assaults during World War II and was an original leader of the Green Berets. Though he has never previously grappled with civil rights or the law, Missouri-born Ekman (West Point, '38) knows how to face down segregationist landlords. "He looks on his new job as another battle," says a friend.

The program's success has resulted from its simplicity. Whenever Ekman has proof that a landlord will not accommodate Negroes, white servicemen are forbidden to lease or rent from the property owner. Since most landlords around military bases depend almost exclusively on military occupants, Ekman's decree leaves them with little choice between integration or bankruptcy. But, says Ekman, "first we try to use persuasion. I point out that a lot of

the combat leaders are Negroes. If they have to live 20 or 30 miles from the base, it is uneconomic and very bad for morale. If the landlords still don't integrate, they begin losing money—and not too slowly."

Wooing & Warning. In Washington and Maryland, where 56% of rental housing was closed to Negro servicemen—despite fair housing laws—Ekman won by ceaselessly wooing and warning reluctant landlords. By letter, telephone or in person, he approached 1,700 owners or managers. He found that many of them were segregationists only for economic reasons. "What they would most like," argues Ekman, "is a law that would force them to open up." That way, of course, no landlord would be fearful of losing white renters to rival apartment owners. Without such a law, Ekman can only counter-weight landlords' misgivings about accommodating Negroes with the certainty that they will lose all their military business by refusing to do so.

Since the program has been successful in Washington and Maryland, McNamara and Ekman have chosen California as their next prime target. There, 102,000 servicemen live off base, and 32% of the housing near bases is segregated. At the same time, property owners in other states also will begin to feel pressure from Ekman's office. The lesson of Maryland is already rubbing off on landlords. "Every week thousands of voluntary units are turned in," exults Ekman.

Newman's Navy

When he tried to enlist in the Navy two years ago, John Michael Newman flunked the educational tests. A high school dropout, he joined the Job Corps instead, studied so hard that he was finally able to pass the service exams. Last week John Newman, now 18, became the seventh of civilian Carpenter Kirby Newman's nine sons to enter the Navy—making the Newman family the

first in the memory of naval officials to have seven brothers on active duty at the same time. Idaho communities celebrated "Newman Day"; John's home town of Twin Falls proudly proclaimed itself the "Home of the Newman Navy"; and Secretary of the Navy Paul R. Ignatius sent a telegram expressing his and President Johnson's pleasure at John's induction. Asked if he would like to be stationed with one of his brothers, John replied: "No, I'm going out on my own." That was just as well, since brothers may not serve together on any naval vessel in combat.*

Changing the Guard

"America," declared South Carolina's Representative Mendel Rivers, "is too young to die! Meet your challenge! The tocsin sounds, your country calls. We will walk this road together. Tell us your story, and I give you my word you will not bear this cross alone."

The cross, as the 89th annual conference of the National Guard Association needed no reminding, was a burden of criticism unparalleled in the Guard's 331-year history. And Mendel Rivers' philippic, which was extreme even for the highly emotional chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, brought an enthusiastic ovation from some 1,100 delegates assembled in Washington last week.

Resistance to Change. What its defenders did their best to ignore was the National Guard's sorry performance during the summer riots in Newark and Detroit. In both cities, several deaths were attributed to unnecessary gunfire from Guardsmen. The regular Army generals who commanded the Michigan contingent reported that that state's Guardsmen were trigger-happy, scary and undisciplined. In the wake of the Detroit upheaval, the President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders also found that Negro representation in the Army Guard is minuscule (1.15% nationwide v. 10.6% in the Army in Viet Nam), officer quality below par, and riot training perfunctory.

The Pentagon, which has been trying to reorganize and reorient the Guard for nearly a decade, moved swiftly to upgrade it. The New Jersey Guard was allowed to go above its official strength level so that more Negroes could be recruited; in four weeks, 106 Negroes have been enlisted, and 130 more are being processed. State units were ordered to raise minimum time spent on riot-control training from six to 32 hours a year, with added courses for officers. Another plan for improving efficiency through a realignment of many units was given an added push, despite the opposition of many Governors, who resist any change in the present setup, which tends to make the Guard a strict-



* The order was issued after the five Sullivan brothers of Waterloo, Iowa, were lost aboard the torpedoed light cruiser U.S.S. *Juno*. By coincidence, Captain Wes Gebert, who presided at John's induction, was on a nearby ship and saw the *Juno* go down.



NATIONAL GUARDSMEN TRAINING FOR RIOT CONTROL AT FORT MEADE, MD.
Requirement for undreamed-of skills in both jobs.

ly local and highly political implement of the statehouse.

Unanswered Questions. Actually, Guard competence varies greatly from state to state and even from unit to unit. Some Guard units this summer performed more than creditably in the troublesome task of quelling rioters, and 1,300 Texas Guardsmen worked night and day last week in protecting the populace against the ravages of Hurricane Beulah. Yet its overall performance in Newark and Detroit poses timely questions about its fundamental purpose that no amount of speechmaking can hide.

Can it, for instance, perform both as a backup to the nation's regular armed forces and as a kind of superstate police force—when both jobs require sophisticated skills and equipment undreamed of even a decade ago? To equip both Guard and Reserve units for modern battlefield conditions would cost no less than \$10 billion. Should Guard units be brought more tightly under federal control, so that officers, who now are often deeply involved in state politics, have to meet uniform standards of competence? So far, Congress has resisted any suggestion that it look into these and other Guard problems, but the summer's riots—if nothing else—may finally force it to examine one of its most sacred icons.

CITIES

Rents & Rats

It is clear by now that the 90th Congress is in no mood to attack the urban crisis. Thus the 90th probably reached its high-water mark last week on aid to the beleaguered cities: the Senate gave President Johnson most of the money he requested for model cities and rent supplements, while the House of Representatives reversed itself to give belated approval to a two-year, \$40 million riot-control measure.

The model-cities and rent-supplement bills are, in fact, the heart of the Administration's cities program. Model

cities would concentrate money in selected, hard-core poverty areas, forcing municipal governments to look at a poor neighborhood's problems in their totality. Recognizing that new housing will do little good if everything else in a neighborhood yell's poverty, the bill would also provide for the upgrading of schools and such amenities as more frequent garbage collection. Though the Senate cut \$125 million from Johnson's request, it still provided \$300 million more (for a total of \$537 million) than the House, where a revived rural Republican-Southern Democratic coalition is the main roadblock to greater aid for the cities.

Grudging Approval. Rent supplements, for which the Senate last week provided the full \$40 million Johnson asked, had been killed entirely by the House. Already in limited operation, the program subsidizes part of the rent of poor families (they must pay 25% of their income) in private projects and represents an imaginative approach toward meeting the acute shortage of low-rent housing. Business support persuaded several Senate Republicans, including Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, to vote for the program, and may change a few votes in the House when the measure is returned from a Senate-House conference committee.

If the grudging approval the House gave the rent-control bill is any indication, however, both model cities and rent supplements are still in serious trouble: the House may simply refuse to split the difference with the more generous Senate, as is the usual custom. Deeply embarrassed by editorial reaction to the loutish ribaldry that accompanied the vote against the rat bill in July, some Republicans realized that they had bought themselves a huge political liability—who wants to be for rats and against children?—and welcomed a recount. But there is little indication that the House has, in fact, changed its mind on helping the cities. "There is no change in the House of

Representatives' attitude," said G.O.P. Minority Leader Gerald Ford. "The House Republicans are going to continue to insist on substantial savings in all domestic programs."

Flowing Again

Only a few days after the nation's life insurance industry pledged \$1 billion for investment in the ghettos, the Prudential Insurance Co. announced that ground will be broken in riot-scarred Newark next month for the first of the industry-sponsored projects. The \$4,500,000 cooperative will house 1,000 people and be completed within a year, compared with at least 2½ years for most projects financed by the Federal Government. "For nearly a generation," said Paul Ylvisaker, New Jersey's commissioner of community affairs, "the flow of private mortgage money into the cities has dried up. We're now beginning to see it flow again. This is what the public sector has been waiting for."

NEW YORK

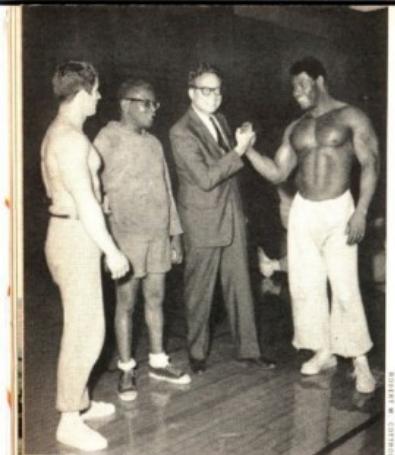
Adam's Vacuum

Once he was Harlem's favorite leader, preacher and rogue. They winked at his womanizing and junketeering, packed the Abyssinian Baptist Church every Sunday to hear his baritone homilies. But seven months after the U.S. House of Representatives refused to seat him because of abuses of office, Adam Clayton Powell is beginning to become just a flamboyant memory to the 431,000 people he no longer represents.

Powell has not been home for nearly a year, fearing that he will be clapped into jail on contempt charges springing from his failure to pay a libel judgment to a Harlem widow. Although the faithful overwhelmingly endorsed him yet again in a special election last April to fill the House seat vacated by his exclusion, Powell remained ensconced on Bimini with his former secretary Corinne Huff. Two weeks ago, he did interrupt his endless summer long enough to spirit himself into Washington for an hour's testimony before a federal grand jury looking into his possible misdeeds.

Meantime, and until the courts decide whether Powell's exclusion from the House is constitutional, Harlem remains a district without a Congressman. For months, Republican Theodore Kupferman, representing Manhattan's Silk Stocking district, has been fielding problems from Powell's old constituents. But now the petitions from Harlem have been reduced to a trickle (only one all summer), and Kupferman observes, "What they're doing is proving that they don't need a Congressman."

To solve their troubles with the Government—most concern welfare and Social Security payments—Harlem's residents are appealing to state and city agencies. Only rarely do they write to the luxurious four-room suite that Powell used to occupy in the new Rayburn



KUPFERMAN AT HARLEM Y.M.C.A.
Wondering who's needed now.

House Office Building in Washington. Two secretaries, a tiny remnant of the staff that Powell once commanded as a Congressman and chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, remain in the office to answer mail.

In Harlem, a bus driver remarked last week, "It's fine with me if Adam stays out of Washington because then we're not going to pay our taxes. No taxation without representation." But one Harlem Democrat saw Adam's vacuum differently: "He's been away from the people too long. He should come back and fight like a man. There are plenty of other good men around."

REPUBLICANS

Rocky's Rise

For a while last week it looked as if the G.O.P.'s Big Rs might all appear together at a conference on Medicaid in San Francisco. But the prospect was too political to please. When Nelson Rockefeller learned that George Romney had been the only other Governor to accept Ronald Reagan's invitation, he hastily canceled out. "I'm not a candidate," Rocky insisted. "I didn't want any misunderstanding." Reagan opened the conference, then flew on to other business before Romney arrived, fresh from his tour of ghettos in the Midwest. Finally, the non-candidates and their wives arranged to get together for a "nonpolitical" lunch at the Reagans' home in Pacific Palisades.

Rockefeller, the man who wasn't there, still will not go away. As Romney slipped down the polls, Rocky shined up. The Gallup poll indicated that the New York Governor would beat President Johnson, 48% to 46%, in an immediate election. In a Lou Harris survey, Rocky took over as L.B.J.'s strongest potential challenger (just trailing, 43% to 44%), while Romney fell to fourth. In a poll of California's Re-

publican state legislators, 31% said that they personally hoped Rockefeller would get the nomination in 1968.

"It's Socialism." Also in California, Don Muchmore's State Poll calculated that Rocky leads L.B.J. 50% to 38%, Romney leads the President 45% to 42%, and Senator Charles Percy, now likely to be Illinois' favorite son, ties L.B.J. at 42%. However, Mervin Field's California Poll reported that the voters there preferred only one Republican to Lyndon Johnson, and that is Nelson Rockefeller. Field's figures had Rocky beating L.B.J. 52% to 36%.

Back on the East Coast, Reagan's daughter Maureen stumped New Jersey last week, stirring echoes from Goldwater days. She says she is providing information on "how to win elections." Her line of attack: "What we have in America is not new; it's socialism." This seems to be Maureen's version of "the Spice," which her father delivered for Goldwater. It didn't win that election, but it did Reagan a lot of good.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Back to the Land?

While George Romney went a-slumming, the White House turned a shrewd distaff eye upon the countryside. Accompanied by a Cabinet-rank coterie, the President's wife last week took off on a four-day, seven-state Midwest trek to brough a new Johnsonian quest: Can the U.S. slow the hegira to the cities, haul the hamlets out of hibernation, and reverse the overwhelming demographic thrust of the century?

Almost certainly not. Already 70% of America's population lives on 1.3% of its land. A tide of unskilled rural migrants floods the crowded ghettos, choking the cities' power to provide jobs, housing, education, transportation, police protection, or even breathable air. Another 100 million souls will join the population by the year 2000, leading the Administration to see an impending social holocaust so dire that, as Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman put it, it will make "last summer a pink tea party compared with what's ahead."

Coming Alive. Nonetheless, Lady Bird caroled a hopeful counterpoint as she zipped through the farms and villages of the American heartland. Noting that 71 million Americans still live in communities of 10,000 or less, she declared that "in many of these towns, the streets are coming alive with commerce and industry, old problems are being solved in new ways, and the arts are flourishing." To show just how commerce, industry and the arts are faring these days in the national heartland

* Reminiscent about 1964 on educational TV, Goldwater confided: "We had every cable of every television company and every radio company marked up in the loft of the Cow Palace. If anybody got a little too obnoxious to us, they could always have cable trouble." Next day on ABC Barry explained that it was all a joke. "There never was any thought of cutting lines," he said.



LADY BIRD IN HANNIBAL, MO.
Caroling a hopeful counterpart.

was one important purpose of her trip.

Another purpose was to let Lady Bird do some "nonpolitical" stumping, at which she is adept. The phrase "my husband" sprinkled her talks. Bands played, banners puffed, and swarming crowds were as giddy as if they were seeing a presidential parade. In a sense, they were. In Quincy, Ill., she took a towboat down the Mississippi, preparing herself for a visit to Mark Twain's hometown of Hannibal, Mo., by rereading his work. On the boat she ate Mississippi catfish and sang along with Bing Crosby's old banjoist. In Hannibal, she was met by youngsters costumed as Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher, plus virtually the whole town. The welcome was so hyper-American hearty that a White House aide wished Pollster Lou Harris were along, particularly when little girls at one gathering warbled:

*We love you, Lady Bird,
Yes, we do.*

*We love you, Lady Bird,
And we'll be true.*

Aeschylus, Athens & Ice Cream. In Montevideo, Minn., Lady Bird visited an old-folks home and an urban-renewal project. In nearby Waverly, Mrs. Hubert Humphrey showed her a bookmobile and armchair and fed her homemade ice cream on the lawn. In Minneapolis—which hardly qualifies as a village—she suffered nobly through Tyrone Guthrie's *The House of Atreus*, a 3½-hour version of Aeschylus' *Orestes* trilogy. In Columbus, Ind., "the Athens of the Prairie," she listened to the American National Opera Company and praised the striking small-town, big-name architecture (including work by such distinguished designers as I. M. Pei and the late Eero Saarinen). At Ironwood, Mich., she dedicated a park. At Avoca and Spring Green, Wis., she toured a dairy farm and chatted with the widow of Frank Lloyd Wright. In Madison, after spending the night with

Republican Governor and Mrs. Warren Knowles, she talked to 3,000 youngsters attending the World Youth Forum of the World Food Exposition. Then she flew back to Washington.

Before her tour ended, the chairman of the President's Commission on Rural Poverty, Kentucky Governor Edward T. Breathitt, had announced in New York that this group is preparing a report on ways to make rural areas and small towns attractive enough to reduce the annual exodus of some 600,000 Americans to the cities.

Lady Bird's carefully selected sampling of the joys of rural life may be atypical of life in most crossroads communities around the country. Even so, 200 small towns have disappeared in the past 20 years, and they will almost certainly be depopulated at an even greater rate for years to come. If Lady Bird had no instant panacea for the vanishing America, she at least gave it a heart-plucking epitaph: "Here lies fresh air, a place to play, friendly neighbors. It was great while it lasted."

DISASTERS

Essa v. Beulah

When hurricanes spin in to raze the land with their multifingered of atmospheric energy, death tolls are often high. The great Galveston blow of 1900 took 7,000 lives; a "killer hurricane" that struck Florida and the West Indies in 1928 left 4,000 dead in its wake. In India, where the whirling warm-water storms are called "cyclones," 11,000 Bengalis perished in a 1942 assault. Last week, as Hurricane Beulah—the third most powerful blow ever to hit Texas—slammed into the populous Rio Grande Valley and coursed its crushing way inland, only ten deaths were reported—one of them a 15-year-old girl surfer swept from her board while braving Beulah's mountainous waves.

The low death toll was largely attributable to the technology of mid-century America. Thanks to a covey of "Hurricane Hunter" aircraft and a hatbox-shaped, 320-lb. weather satellite called Essa (for the Commerce Department's Environmental Science Services Administration), Beulah's every move was tracked and reported round the clock by radio, thus permitting more than 150,000 Texans to dodge the big storm's flailing fist. Watching from a polar orbit 865 miles above the earth, Essa's twin TV cameras gave the Texas Gulf Coast twelve days' advance warning on her course. In the Caribbean and Mexico, where Beulah rampaged for two weeks before striking Texas, the storm took about 40 lives—in part because of inadequate radio warning. By the time she had deteriorated into a gusty rainstorm over south Texas at week's end, Beulah had wrought up to \$1 billion in damage.

Angry Hornets. Beulah's freshest fury was expended on the dun-colored delta of the Rio Grande and the tiny

ports that dot the Gulf Coast. Port Isabel (pop. 4,000), a shrimp-fishing village, was smashed by 150 m.p.h. winds; only a lighthouse and a newly built brick bank were left undamaged, along with Captain G. D. Kennedy, who with his wife and his handmade 60-ft. shrimp boat rode out the storm with diesel engines and good seamanship.

Beulah's eye, packing the power of 150 hydrogen bombs in its screaming winds, passed just offshore of Brownsville (pop. 53,000), piling scores of shrimpers, each costing from \$35,000 to \$50,000, into hull-shattered heaps of as many as 25 boats each. Gusts up to 109 m.p.h. threw horizontal sheets of rain so fast that, to one observer, they sounded "like a million angry hornets." Plywood shutters, hammered hastily into place on the shop windows of Brownsville's main drag, were shucked off like orange skins; power lines cracked with bullwhip viciousness.

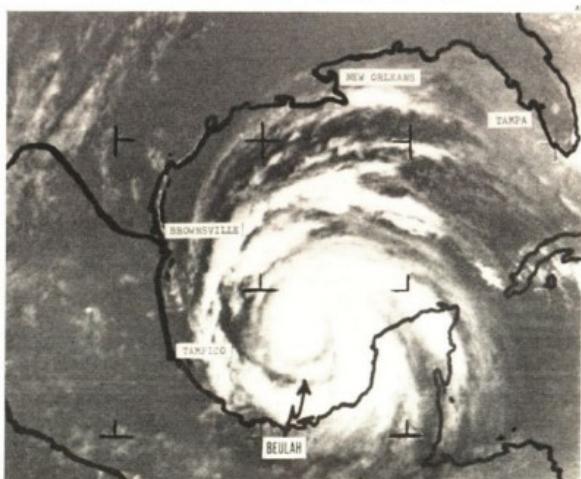
Owing to the instant drop in barometric pressure, windows popped like overblown balloons. Crushed marble roofs provided Beulah with ready ammunition, and car windows throughout the town looked as if they had been sprayed by machine-gun fire. Freeway signs spun through the air like giant razor blades. As the storm passed on, the stench of oil from the ruptured tanks of sunken boats saturated the air.

Along Beulah's track, the air was equally saturated with the steady outpouring of radio information—much of it from hams—reporting the hurricane's moves and the need for instant aid. "They need another boat down behind the cotton shed on East Main . . . Any one with a wrecker is asked to report to the sheriff's office; he'll be needing

you soon." With all roads south of San Antonio impassable and telephone poles uprooted all down the line, the ubiquitous transistor finally proved itself more than a medium for music. Beulah also knocked out power in many communities, and water taps ran dry while gallons cascaded from the sky. Throughout the area, Texas braggadocio never flagged. One Laundromat in Brownsville boasted a sign that read: "Come on, Beulah, we'll dry you out."

Out of Fuel. The state suffered grievous losses nonetheless. Hardest hit were the rich citrus and pepper orchards that stretch from the Gulf on up the Rio Grande and provide Texas with \$75 million a year in harvest. This year's crop was to have been the best in seven years; fully 70% of the Lower Valley harvest was wiped out, along with thousands of young trees that will take up to five years to replace. The worst losers are the thousands of Latin American fieldworkers whose fall jobs are gone with the wind.

Moving out onto the barren prairies of the vast King Ranch, Beulah's 250-mile front spun off a hundred snarling tornadoes—one eviscerating the town of Sweet Home, another killing three persons in Palacios. Then, deprived of the warm water that fuels her vast heat engine, Beulah degenerated into a mammoth rainstorm, causing the worst floods in the Rio Grande basin in 34 years. As Texans sloshed out from under Beulah's deluge at week's end, competing with diamondback rattlesnakes for the high ground, they could only look skyward in thanks that more lives had not been lost. Their gaze was fixed somewhere short of the Deity, on cartwheeling, camera-eyed Essa.



SATELLITE PHOTO OF HURRICANE NEARING TEXAS GULF COAST
Not much of a killer, thanks to a hatbox on high.

RACES

A Marriage of Enlightenment

[See Cover]

"This is a family matter," the father of the bride insisted. "It's going to be handled in a family way." And Dean Rusk made it stick. A hermetic shroud of secrecy effectively surrounded the advance preparations, and when he escorted Margaret Elizabeth Rusk down the aisle of Stanford University's Memorial Church, the assembly of 60 was limited to personal friends and kin. The shortened Episcopal service took barely a dozen minutes. Then the white-gowned bride, smiling fetchingly and seemingly relaxed, emerged with her equally poised husband, Guy Gibson Smith.

They posed indulgently for photogra-

white animosity has reached a violent crescendo in the land, two young people and their parents showed that separateness is far from the sum total of race relations in the U.S.—that to the marriage of true minds, color should be no impediment. Indrawn as usual, Rusk pronounced himself "very pleased." Clarence Smith, Guy's father, said simply: "Two people in love."

It was not quite that simple. Guy, 22, and Peggy, 18, took on more than the double risk of a young and mixed marriage when they exchanged rings and vows. The wedding bells rang also for Dean Rusk. Protocol makes the Secretary of State No. 1 in the President's Cabinet, and Lyndon Johnson has made him No. 1 in presidential esteem and trust. Anything that affects Rusk personally affects the Administration politically. Thus there was credibility to the speculation that Rusk, when informing Johnson of the wedding, offered to resign if the White House considered that necessary.

There was never any prospect that Johnson would accept such an offer, because of his great reliance on Rusk, because Rusk's resignation over his daughter's choice of a husband would be a major political disaster for the Administration, and because there is little likelihood that the President would find the marriage embarrassing. (In any event, as of this week Rusk has outlasted all but six of his predecessors.) But the mere fact that the hint of resignation was reported, and allowed to go undenied by both Rusk and the White House, underscored the kind of pressure that the new Mr. and Mrs. Smith knowingly accepted.

Equal Treatment. Mixed unions are hardly strange to Americans, going back to John Rolfe's marriage to Pocahontas in 1614. In the same era, colonial elders became so concerned about the num-

ber of marriages between white indentured women and Negroes that they began writing laws to prohibit them. Abolitionist Frederick Douglass, son of a Negro mother and white father, who became the nation's Minister to Haiti in 1889, divorced a Negro and later married a white woman, explaining blithely that he "wanted to be fair to both races." Negro-white miscegenation, in fact, had a brief vogue after the Civil War and then declined until the post-World War II period, when gradual loosening of racial sanctions chipped further at the taboo.

Many of the prominent Negroes who have taken white spouses have come from the laissez-faire world of show business: Lena Horne, Pearl Bailey, Paul Robeson, Eartha Kitt, Harry Belafonte and Sammy Davis Jr. Some civil rights activists, such as James Farmer, former chief of CORE, and the late Walter White, the N.A.A.C.P.'s longtime executive secretary, went the same route. Massachusetts' Senator Edward Brooke

has an Italian wife, but the wedding was long ago and far away from public view; by the time it became noteworthy, Negro Brooke, rather than his Caucasian spouse, had led the family into the Establishment.

Bug in the Brain. The Smith-Rusk marriage is like none of these; it resembles more closely the 1953 wedding of another Margaret known as Peggy, the daughter of Sir Stafford Cripps, Britain's one-time Chancellor of the Exchequer. His Peggy wed Joseph Apiahi, son of an Ashanti chief and now a legal adviser to the Ghanaian government. Britain took it without hysteria.

Peggy Rusk, like Peggy Cripps, brought as her dowry a famous name (but not much else; the Russks are not wealthy). No hippie or swinger, the Russks' blonde daughter is an attractive, serious-minded student of simple tastes who won a D.A.R. prize for academic and citizenship excellence in the ninth grade. Precisely because of her sobriety and wholesome appearance, almost any parents could visualize her as their own young daughter plunging into intermarriage. "This," Sociologist Gunnar Myrdal (*An American Dilemma*) said a few years ago, "is a kind of bug in the white man's brain—that the Negro is anxious to marry his daughter."

Despite the white man's bug, the marriage did not unleash the kind of storm that it would have stirred only a few years ago.

In this may lie its ultimate social significance. In Washington, a few Democrats muttered privately about political damage next year, and the feeling of shock was obvious, but apprehension was scattered and not taken very seriously. Some Southerners who support Rusk on Viet Nam policy and generally admire him were privately indignant, and at least some of his enemies thought they smelled his undoing. "How could she have done it to him?" was a common reaction in Dixie. On the floors of the House and Senate, however, silence was the rule. Indeed, there had been a far greater outcry over Justice William Douglas' successive (albeit intraracial) marriages than over the Smith-Rusk wedding, which, after all, only indirectly involved a high public official and had been handled with notable grace and discretion.

"Stand Down, Honkey." The State Department received a few hundred nasty letters and calls, just as here and there around the country the kooks and bigots relieved themselves of excess bile at Rusk's expense. An American Nazi Party captain in El Monte, Calif., declared: "I'd probably kill any of my children before I'd let them do such a thing." His reaction was echoed by a respectable businessman lunching at the Westmoreland Country Club in Glenview, Ill.: "If I were Rusk, I'd be inclined to shoot the guy." A grande dame at the Orlando Country Club in Florida gloated: "It will serve the old goat right to have nigger grandbabies."

And there was the inevitable round



PEGGY & GUY AT RECEPTION

Benchmark in a troubled history.

phers, Guy bussing Peggy's cheek on demand. One cameraman complained that he had dropped his film. "Anyone else lose his film?" asked Guy, as sprightly as the yellow rose in his lapel. He kissed Peggy three more times for retakes. As the wedding party took off for a reception at a friend's home, the pictures and wire stories raced across the country to land on front pages nearly everywhere. Family matter or no, the wedding was social history rather than society-page fare. Dean Rusk, Secretary of State of the U.S., native of Cherokee County, Ga., and grandson of two Confederate soldiers, had given his only daughter's hand to a Negro.

Resignation Offer. As recently as 1948, California law would have made the union a criminal offense in the state. Until last June, when the U.S. Supreme Court killed Virginia's miscegenation law, 16 states still banned interracial marriage. More to the point, and more poignant, in a year when black-



RUSKS OUTSIDE STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH

More worried about age than color.

of tasteless gossip and sick jokes. "Do you know what Smith said to Rusk at the altar?" runs one gibe. "Awright, now stand down, honkey!" In New York, Black Power Agitator Lincoln Lynch denounced Rusk as a "subconscious racist" and added, only half in jest: "I wonder to what lengths Dean Rusk has to go in order to gain support for his and Johnson's war in Viet Nam." Studs Terkel, a Chicago writer and radio commentator, had nothing against the wedding, but as an Administration detractor could not resist a crack: "L.B.J. is at work again. The next thing you know, we'll be reading that the bombing of China was led by a Negro." And a Boston psychiatrist detected L.B.J.'s heavy hand of consensus behind it all. The next Cabinet bride, he said, will exchange vows with "a Navy officer who is half Jewish and half Italian with kin in New York and California. The ceremony will take place in a helicopter over Haiphong."

Campus Calm. Literary Critic Dwight Macdonald, an indefatigable adversary of current foreign policy, had to admit: "Well, I guess it restores my faith in Dean Rusk—there's something good in everyone." Editor in Chief Chris Friedrichs of the Columbia College Daily Spectator detected little campus excitement over the wedding. But he observed that it was an embarrassment to liberals: "They had all these negative feelings toward Rusk, but now they have this charming story to contend with."

With some vocal exceptions, students generally took the marriage more calmly than did their elders. Even at the University of Texas in Austin, Lloyd Doggett, president of the student body, seemed to speak for the majority when he said: "Everybody has a right to

marry whom he wants." Joel Connally, a Notre Dame junior, thought: "Everyone will stare at them. But I think they can make a go of it. They had the guts to take the biggest step." A participant in a Grinnell College seminar reported: "Everybody thought it was wonderful."

A graduate student at the University of Miami confessed that he was "just a little relieved to see the bridegroom is so white. I guess it would have been different if he had been a real black buck." Certainly elements of old-style racism tinged the reaction, especially in the South. Many standpatters have argued that the Kennedy and Johnson administrations have wanted nothing so much as the "mongrelization of the races." To them, the Rusks are knowing agents of this conspiracy. Yet the response was muted almost everywhere. Although sex is the most emotional racial bugaboo, an Atlanta advertising man pointed out that last week's cries of anguish were far fewer and quieter than in 1963, when Charlayne Hunter, who had helped integrate the University of Georgia, married the son of a prominent white Georgia family. Many parents in all parts of the country, projecting themselves into a situation of a Negro Montague or a white Capulet, could fear for their children's happiness. But they also had to realize that young Americans today are determined to set their own life styles, regardless of parental dictates.

"Affair of State." Most newspapers, North and South, played the story heavily but straight. Front-page pictures and reports were the rule, and most headlines reported the bridegroom's race. But editorials on the subject were scarce, although the Richmond News Leader called mixed marriages "eccentric" and said that "anything that diminishes his [Rusk's] personal acceptability is an affair of state." New York Post Columnist Harriet Van Horne was sympathetic, commenting that "the intimate joys and sorrows of public figures must



CLARENCE SMITH ARRIVING AT CHURCH

inevitably become the common gossip of the marketplace."

Negro leaders tended toward restraint. Some of the extreme militants, who actively oppose interracial romance, nattered a bit. Many others, such as Martin Luther King, preferred to view the match as a personal affair. "Individuals marry," said King, "not races." The Rev. James Woodruff of St. Anselm's Episcopal Chapel in Nashville, Tenn., observed: "Most people were surprised. They feel she was a pretty lucky girl to get such a promising young man. I feel that way too." At the A. Philip Randolph Institute in New York City, headquarters of the intellectual Bayard Rustin, the comment for publication was "mazel tov." Institute staffers also parodied more militant Negroes by remarking: "Tokenism again! She only married one Negro."

Some prominent Negroes saw the wedding as an event of major social import. James Meredith proclaimed it "perhaps the most significant thing to date in Government to affect in a favorable way the racial situation in the United States." "To me," said John Johnson, publisher of *Ebony*, "the marriage is a measure of America's maturity, and it might help us in the eyes of the world." Judge Vaino Spencer, a Los Angeles municipal court judge who viewed the marriage both as a Negro and a woman, observed: "That two young, attractive, well-educated people, both from such nice families, should be able to marry today with their parents present is a very special thing. It shows a tremendous change in attitude on the part of people from both groups."

Critical Cherokee. Not as far as Peggy's parents were concerned. Dean Rusk left the South, physically and otherwise, more than 30 years ago. His wife Virginia is from Seattle. Rusk has consistently stood up for civil rights, even while an Army captain in World War II, when he broke the color line at an officers' mess by bringing an OSS officer

BILL CROUCH—OAKLAND TRIBUNE



MRS. SMITH
Separateness is far from the sum total.



PEGGY AT WOODROW WILSON HIGH IN 1965
Fazed neither by rank nor by hazards.

named Ralph Bunche to dine with him. Although his official role seldom requires it, he vigorously defends the legitimate aspirations of the Negro.

Peggy went to integrated public schools in Washington, though many of her father's colleagues live either in the white suburbs or else send their children to private schools. Rusk's older son, David, 26, is a militant civil rights activist and staff member of the Urban League in Washington who has known his new brother-in-law for three years and calls him "a very fine fellow." (A second son, Richard, 21, attends Cornell University.) But there was a shortage of Rusks at the wedding. Dean Rusk's brother Parks, an Atlanta-Miami public relations man, Brother Roger and their sister Mary preferred to not talk about it. Said Parks's secretary: "He's very upset about it. None of the Rusk family attended, you know." Neither did any Smiths, except for the bridegroom's parents. Mrs. Rusk's clan turned up in force.

In North Georgia's Cherokee County (pop. 25,700), where many of Rusk's relatives still live, the reaction was tempered but unmistakably negative. "As far as I'm concerned," said Cousin Harold Rusk, 51, a feed and poultry dealer, "I'd rather people marry somebody of their own race." "But," he added, "that's their business." Cousin Ernest Stone, owner of a service station, was more emphatic: "I think he should've done something about it, not let it get this far. He should've prevented it." With the characteristic concern for manners over morals that typifies many Southerners, some Cherokee residents were more disturbed over Rusk's rejection of the role of the indignant father than the fact of the marriage. "In

the eyes of Georgians," said a local newspaper publisher, "he did a bad thing when he walked down the aisle and gave her away." Said another cousin: "It sounds as if it was all done with his knowledge."

No Routine Outrages. It was. The couple met four years ago, and their dating became steadier as time went by. Guy, a handsome, high-browed, square-jawed young man, visited the Rusk house frequently, escorted Peggy to an occasional football game, took her bowling, and made no secret of his existence. Little notice was taken of the teen-age romance, however, outside their circle of family and friends. For one thing, Rusk has always assiduously shielded his family from publicity. For another, Guy's complexion and features made many casual acquaintances think that he was perhaps Mediterranean rather than a Negro.

Neither did Guy suffer most of the routine affronts that face a Negro growing up in the U.S. His father, Clarence L. Smith, is now a \$10,900-a-year civilian analyst of military penal procedures at the Pentagon. His mother, Artenia Gibson Smith, of American Indian and Negro descent, has been a teacher and counselor in Washington's public schools for the past 33 years. The Smiths took pains to insulate their only child from the abrasions of ghetto life.

Sweaty Hands & a Prize. Comfortably settled in an integrated Northeast Washington neighborhood, the Smiths enrolled their only child in the progressive Georgetown Day School, established in 1945 with the aim of forestalling any sense of racial separateness in children's minds. Guy was in a minority, but not by all that much: 30 of Georgetown Day's 100 pupils were Negroes.

"At first," recalls one teacher, "he was a wild boy. He threw his desk around sometimes. But then he settled down. He's really sweet, with a natural, outgoing personality." So outgoing that by the ninth grade he was elected president of his class, of the student council, and was earning straight As.

The protective parental umbrella over Guy began to shred when, at 14, he left Georgetown Day and enrolled at Hawthorne, another progressive private school, located in the now reconstructed slum of Southwest Washington. Though not the first Negro to enter Hawthorne, Guy was the first to stay there, and eventually won a prize for being the best all-round student. Soon, though, he realized that he was a Negro, and some of what that meant. In an annual school forum on race relations, he shocked his white friends by saying: "Whenever I'm in a room with mostly white students, my hands begin to sweat."

Incongruously, Guy became fairly conservative among white students who were almost exclusively liberal Democrats. He was tagged "the Great Dissenter" for so often taking the opposition viewpoint in class discussions on

almost any subject. But if he developed an independent political attitude at Hawthorne, he also discovered an independent attitude toward himself. Says Alexander Orr, who founded the school with his wife: "He was solid, happy, and proud to be a Negro."

Confident Goat. Probably nothing kept him happier than Navajo, the rebellious cutting horse owned by a stable Guy patronized. Clarence Smith remembers that Guy had always been "horse-happy." "I have a saddleback," says the father, "from crawling around and playing horse for him when he was a tiny squirt." When Guy found that he was one of the few riders who could manage the stubborn pinto, ownership became the only way out. Clarence Smith bought Guy the horse, and it became, in the father's words, an "only brother" to Guy, and later the "common denominator" between Guy and Peggy. At 13, Guy would hurry off from Georgetown Day at 3 p.m. each day to ride in Rock Creek Park. With Navajo he entered horse shows and won ribbons. And it was through the pinto that, at 18, he met his bride-to-be, then only 14 years old.

Guy Smith had frequently dated white girls in high school, but, say his parents, he had never been serious about any of them. Then, in Rock Creek Park, he met Peggy and began riding with her, she on a rented horse at first. Then she began riding Navajo as much as he, and won jumping prizes on Guy's horse.

His love for the pinto in part determined his decision to attend Washington's Georgetown University, just a ten-minute walk from the park stables. As a freshman, he expatiated on an assigned



GUY (LEFT) CLOWNING AT HAWTHORNE IN 1963
Solid, happy, and proud to be a Negro.

English essay subject: "Status Symbols," "Success is the true status symbol," he wrote. To Guy, Navajo was the highest symbol, and he owned it.

Guy did well at Georgetown, though not brilliantly, earning A's in his history major, B's and C's in most of his other subjects. One summer, when he was not cantering through the park with Peggy and Navajo, he worked as a counselor in a Southwest Washington playground, supervising Negro children. "And that's the kind of thing," says Principal Orr, "that Guy wants to do when he gets out of the service—something that involves him with people."

In fact, he may decide to make military service—the most integrated segment of American society—his career. Guy won an ROTC commission at Georgetown, ranking among the top six officers in the cadet corps, and is now waiting to enter Army helicopter school, for which he volunteered. He will probably go to Viet Nam after completing the course, and will do at least a five-year hitch in the service. In the interim, he is working as a data processor at NASA's Ames Research Center near Stanford, where Peggy is now a sophomore.

She has been a hyperactive student. Besides having a variety of part-time jobs, including baby-sitting and house cleaning, she works on the Stanford Daily and helps run the university's International Center. Peggy has had to sit through interminable and often emotional discussions of Viet Nam and hear her father's policies attacked. She is as cool an opponent in these sessions as she is at bridge, which she plays with skill and determination. Guy moved to California, after graduating from Georgetown last June, to be near Peggy, who was taking summer courses at the university. They have already shipped their aging, somewhat flabby pinto Cupid to the Coast.

Telling, Not Asking. Peggy impresses her teachers and fellow students as eminently levelheaded, fazed neither by her father's rank nor by the social hazards of having had a steady Negro beau. At Woodrow Wilson High School in Northwest Washington, she edited the yearbook and made the honors category every year. By last fall, when she was ready to enter Stanford, she and Guy were informally engaged. She wore no engagement ring, but brought Guy around the State Department's seventh floor so that her father's secretaries could meet the fellow she had talked about so often. Guy never formally asked the Rusks for her hand. When Peggy and Guy decided last winter to marry, they simply told their parents about it. Said a Stanford classmate: "She was very mature about it. She knew that bigotry was something they would have to face, but something she was willing to endure."

Peggy also confided in one of her high school teachers, who recalls: "It was a carefully thought-out decision. Mrs. Rusk discussed the courtship with

the teacher and, according to the confidante, "never asked me to try to discourage Peggy and never showed any sign of disapproval." While Rusk was understandably troubled about the problems of a mixed marriage, he seemed even more concerned about Peggy's youth. The United Church of Christ minister who performed the ceremony, University Chaplain B. Davie Napier, detected no family hostility to the match. He discussed the problems of intermarriage with Peggy and Guy, found them well aware of the risks. As to their tender ages, Napier said: "Peggy, for her years, is amazing. She has a kind of maturity, a solidity, going way beyond her years. And Guy, he's one of the loosest, calmest, easiest fellows—of any race." Guy's mother concurs,



HOLDING HANDS LAST SUMMER
Cupid was a pinto.

Discussing his future with her son, she found him thinking, but not worrying, about its complications. He wants to have children and once remarked: "Don't worry, I can educate them in Switzerland if I have to." Says Clarence Smith: "If anybody can make this work, Guy and Peggy can."

The Brother-in-Law Gambit. The secrecy and lack of pomp at the ceremony gave rise to the inevitable rumors that the Rusks were trying to downplay the marriage. It was held in California because a Washington wedding would have increased the political ramifications and made it more difficult to keep the guest list unofficial. Moreover, a Washington bash would certainly have increased pressures on the young couple. Jack Foisie, a Los Angeles Times foreign correspondent and brother of Mrs. Rusk, explained to the press that the families wanted "to give the

kids a break on the takeoff, because they're going to have enough problems." Not incidentally, the parents were set on eluding the antiwar pickets who dog Rusk's every appearance.

A simple cover was devised. Rusk went to California early in the week, accompanied only by security men, to brief a group of businessmen in Beverly Hills on the war. He then went up to the Bay Area ostensibly to see Brother-in-Law Foisie, who had returned from his post in Bangkok for medical treatment. At the campus church, the wedding roster read Smith-Foisie rather than Smith-Rusk. Although perhaps 200 people in California and Washington knew of the wedding, the essential details were not known until hours before the wedding. One of the few hitches occurred just before Rusk was to enter the church from a dimly lit side room. Maid of Honor Anne Kogler's hem came unstitched, and as Chaplain Napier's wife groped to thread a needle, Rusk obligingly lit paper matches and—not for the first time—risked burning his fingers.

That night the Secretary of State was back in Washington, advising both his own aides and the White House that he did not want any official statements—or unofficial ones for that matter—to be put out about the wedding. Next day he was meeting with visiting Latin American foreign ministers, imperturbably puffing his usual Lark. His daughter and new son-in-law were off on a long-weekend honeymoon in Southern California. Peggy was due back at Stanford and Guy at his job this week, both with a little history-making behind them.

Colliding Color Blurs. How much history? No one could say, least of all the principals. Historian Arnold Toynbee once mused that world peace could come from only two sources: world government or racial amalgamation. Which will take longer remains to be seen, and some experts predict a ten-century wait before the colors blend in the U.S. alone (*see Essay*).

Clearly, Peggy and Guy Smith's example will not hasten that day by any appreciable degree. It is unlikely that they care. Nonetheless, their marriage will doubtless be long remembered as a benchmark in the troubled history of race relations in the U.S.

The father of the groom, for one, believes that the fact Peggy and Guy could marry with some prospect for happiness "is an outgrowth of 20th century enlightenment. There is a oneness in the world and a general feeling of equality of man." Even after the bitter summer of 1967, in which black and white collided so often and recklessly, the brave and happy marriage of Peggy Rusk and Guy Smith was a reminder to Americans that the blurred, contending forces of violence are made up after all of individuals capable of the closest human union, regardless of politics, shibboleths and chauvinism—black or white.

THE WORLD

LATIN AMERICA

Elusive Guerrilla

In the 30 months since Castro's long-time second-in-command, Che Guevara, disappeared from sight, the question of his whereabouts has haunted Latin America. He has been reported executed by Castro, killed in the Dominican Republic's 1965 civil war and fostering guerrilla warfare in half a dozen Latin American countries. Last week the Bolivian government presented "proof" that Che is, or at least was, in Bolivia, leading a Cuban-trained band of 60 guerrillas who have been operating in the country's remote southwestern jungles since March.

The evidence, Bolivia said, was cap-



"GUEVARA" IN CAPTURED BOLIVIAN PHOTO

As many questions of why as of where.

tured last month when an army patrol discovered the guerrillas' main base on a 2,500-acre farm north of Camiri. Though the guerrillas managed to escape from the raid, they left behind a roll of undeveloped film, a book described as Che's "war diary" and 21 forged passports from seven Latin American countries. The Bolivians found the evidence so impressive that President René Barrientos himself showed it off in La Paz, while his foreign minister presented it in Washington, where the Organization of American States was opening a meeting to consider new action against Cuba.

Remarkable Transformation. Two of the passports, both Uruguayan, show a jowly, balding man with heavy tortoise-shell glasses and a fringe of grey around his temples—not at all like the dashing, bearded Che of old. Then from the film came pictures of the same man in the guerrilla jungle camps. Gradually, in sequential frames of the film, a transformation occurs. He abandons

the glasses, dons a rakish cap, sprouts a beard. Over a period of weeks he begins to look remarkably like Che when he came out of Cuba's Sierra Maestra with Castro in 1959. The one element that makes the pictures current is a woman at his side; she was an Argentine guerrilla companion nicknamed Tania killed only three weeks ago in a skirmish with the Bolivian army.

From the passports, the government also took thumbprints and compared them with the prints from Che's military records in Argentina. They matched. Carrying the names of Adolfo Mena and Ramon Benitez Fernandez, the two passports show that Che—if it was he—came to Bolivia briefly in 1963, returned for a few days last Oc-

tober, and came back again last March. The government claims that he went directly to the farm, which had been bought by a Castro front man. Setting up headquarters in some caves on the ranch, the guerrillas laid in large supplies of food and ammunition, even added a small shoe factory since, as Che wrote in his handbook on *Guerrilla Warfare*, "Good shoes are more important to a guerrilla than food or his rifle." To clinch their case, the Bolivians produced the "war diary"; the handwriting in it is similar to that used in Che's farewell letter to Castro, which was published in Havana's *Bohemia* two years ago.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

The Rule of Personalism

A year after the last U.S. troops pulled out of the Dominican Republic, the country's chief domestic product is still *holas*—rumors. A few weeks ago they flew as thickly as fat Dominican mosquitoes when President Joaquín Balaguer sacked the top men in his air force, national police and military staff. Though Balaguer likes to juggle the top ranks occasionally as a regular matter, word of widespread plots and intrigue spread through Santo Domingo. When asked about it at a press conference, the sober little President allowed himself a rare smile. "In this country," he said, "there have been conspiracies against the government since the founding of the republic."

Balaguer's easy, confident answer demonstrated not only how well his 14-month government has taken hold, but also that most rumors of plots in Santo Domingo these days are, in fact, just rumors. The tiny country, which occupies two-thirds of an island, still faces serious problems and is living from month to month. Even so, it is more stable, united and optimistic than at any time since Dictator Rafael Trujillo was gunned down by assassins in 1961.

Twelve-Hour Day. Balaguer runs the Dominican Republic in the grand old Latin tradition of *personalismo*, dealing directly and personally with problems, people—and enemies. No sooner had he taken office after last year's elections than he packed General Elias Wessin y Wessin, leader of the army's ultra right, off to New York as the country's alternate delegate to the U.N.; fiery Leftist Juan Bosch, in turn, went into "voluntary" exile in Spain. In the name of "national unity," Balaguer appointed members of Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party as his ministers of industry and finance, balancing them off with right-wing appointments to other offices. Support for Bosch's party has so eroded that when Bosch called from Europe for "popular dictatorship" this summer, there was hardly a ripple of response. For their part, the Communists have split into six factions, and are too busy fighting among themselves to declare all-out war on Balaguer.

Balaguer consults regularly with his ministers, but allows them little independent action. "Nothing gets done,"



TIME COVER (1960)



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says Santiago Food Processor Jimmy Pastoriza, "that Balaguer does not approve personally—which means, of course, that some things do not get done." Balaguer works a twelve-hour day, then continues talking to visitors at his home. As the country's most peripatetic leader since Trujillo, he also likes to helicopter out into the countryside for chats with peasants.

He has encouraging news for them. The government's operating budget has gone from a \$30 million annual deficit to a slight surplus this year. Fruit and vegetable exports have doubled. Housing starts are up 60%, the capital flight has halted, and new investment is trickling in. All this is creating jobs and easing the country's massive unemployment, which still stands at 30%—a good sign that, despite its accomplishments, Balaguer's regime has plenty of problems left to grapple with.

Russia

Service, Please

A Soviet housewife in Kiev, blessed with a private bathroom, discovered one morning that the toilet was clogged. She immediately informed the janitor, who told her that it was necessary to apply to the apartment house "block committee." A member of the committee instructed her to fill out a form and take it to the area repair center for her district. Getting this far consumed most of one day. Early the next day, the housewife appeared at the repair center. There she had to wait in line for two hours before she reached the comrade who allocated plumbers for her district. He studied his calendar, looked up and said: "We can have a plumber at your apartment within a month."

This tale of delay is not uncommon in the Soviet Union, which long regarded service jobs as demeaning and accorded them low status and pay. In a classless society, a plumber, a waiter or a barber was thought to lack self-respect because he had to cater to others. The result, not surprisingly, has been a severe shortage of trained people in the whole range of service occupations.

Now the government has moved to remedy the situation. It has just set up a three-year crash program to train more people for service jobs, promised them more pay and a set of new titles of the kind previously reserved for tractor drivers and steel workers. Examples of some of them: "Master First Class" in plumbing or "Master Higher Class" in hotel management.

Queues at Dawn. Even so, it will take quite a while to bring relief to the long-neglected Russian consumer. Women who seek the services of the top hairdressing shops in Moscow must queue up at dawn if they expect to get in. Moscow's new glass-steel "skyscrapers" (of modest height) became functionless in last summer's heat as broken air conditioners remained unfixed.



FRANCISCO PEREIRA

Presidential travel can be such a bother in Latin America, what with getting permission from the national congress, arranging the very elaborate Latin protocol, and laying all those wreaths. Then, of course, there is always the chance that the army just might pull a coup during one's absence. Last week Colombian President Carlos Lleras Restrepo and Venezuelan President Raúl Leoni neatly solved the whole problem. They wanted to visit with each other in order to sign

a new treaty promoting regional economic and political cooperation, but who would go to the other? The solution: as other Presidents occasionally have done in Latin America, they met in the center of a bridge spanning a river along their border. The two Presidents went even further: after exchanging warm *abrazos* while toeing the border, they ate lunch at a table set on the bridge's precise center—all without either leader leaving his own country.

"They stand idle," says Soviet Humorist Boris Egorov without much humor, "because no one understands how they were built or how to operate them. There are no repairmen or instruction books." As for the Russian lucky enough to own a car, he can forget about mechanics if it breaks down; there are so few of them that the state requires anyone wanting a driver's license to be able to take apart the engine and make basic repairs himself.

These are minor woes compared with the ones that the government will face when the new Tolyatti Fiat plant in the Middle Volga region is completed in 1969. Right now there are only about 1,000,000 cars in Russia, and only 75,000 in Moscow, a city of 6,500,000 people. Moscow has only eight filling stations and Leningrad just three. Yet the Fiat plant, for which the Italians are providing equipment and technical advice, will produce some 600,000 cars a year by the early 1970s—more than triple the present Soviet output. Mechanics of the Soviet Union, multiply!

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

A Nervous Reaction

"I believe that the citizen is extinct in our country. We are joined by the most despicable of ties: a common frustration. I see a return to the bad old days as a permanent danger. Why can't we live where we want? What use is it that we have been given the publishing house and the journals? Behind all this is the threat that they will take it back if we are unruly."

Novelist Ludvík Vaculík, who shot a recent congress of the Czech Writers' Union with these angry words, was

proved right sooner than he thought; he was forthwith fired from his post as an alternate member of the union's central committee and roundly denounced by the government. Czechoslovakia's Communist regime, which for a time was Eastern Europe's most tolerant in permitting liberalization to flourish, has recently returned to a pattern of repression. It is preparing not only to discipline Czechoslovakia's "unruly" writers, but also to take back a good deal of what it has conceded in other fields as well. In one of his harshest speeches in years, President Antonín Novotný recently warned that the party would not tolerate "the spread of liberalism, pacifism, recklessness and frivolity."

Toughening Up. Last week Novotný's regime moved to take away some of the prerogatives that it had granted Czechoslovakian industries earlier this year. By giving factory managers the power to reinvest their profits—rather than having the government do it—and by allowing prices for wholesale goods to rise, the regime had hoped to encourage more efficient investment and make the economy more responsive to consumer demand. But prices soared far above the anticipated levels, and industry made profits a bit too easily. The economy thus suffered, and the regime got scared at what it had wrought. Now it has restored many of the restrictions.

Oddly enough, while the government has lately gone all out to attract tourists to Czechoslovakia, it has detained more than 60 Western tourists in the past year, many of them for minor traffic violations or petty smuggling charges. It has yet to explain the mysterious death of Charles Jordan, vice chairman

of the American Joint Distribution Committee, whose body was found in the Vltava River in August. Another sign of a less permissive policy: Czech border guards have opened fire on fugitives from Communism, in the past two months killing two and wounding three others who were trying to cross the border into Austria.

Bell-Bottom Trousers. The 14 million Czechs, who thought that the recent reforms might eventually better their standard of living, are not likely to take the new repression lying down. Once one of the more submissive Communist peoples, the Czechs are now among the most demanding and least obedient. To other Communists, their capital of Prague has become the swinging city of Eastern Europe, where miniskirts are modish, teen-agers dance to a Western beat and long hair flows from the scalps of young men in flowery sport shirts and bell-bottom trousers.

The regime seems nervous and uncertain about just where to bend and where to bristle, and the result is an unevenness in both the progress and the retrogression. Because of censorship, Czechs never get to see some of the best movies turned out by their talented directors; among the films that have not yet been screened in Czechoslovakia are Vrba Chytlová's audacious *Daisies* (TIME, June 23) and Antonín Masa's *Hotel for Foreigners*. Few Czechs have been permitted out of the country to see their highly touted pavilion at Expo 67 in Montreal.

This month the regime surprised everyone when it permitted the journal *Literární Noviny* to pay tribute to Thomas Masaryk, Czechoslovakia's first President, on the 30th anniversary of his death; to the Communists, Masaryk had previously been an imperson. The party has been far less gracious toward writers like Ladislav Mňáčko, author of the novel *The Taste of Power*. It took away Mňáčko's Czechoslovakian citizenship when he dared to go to Israel in protest against the government's pro-Arab policy in the recent Middle Eastern war.

The party's cultural watchdog, Jiří Hendrych, warned the restless writers last week that the regime cannot be indifferent to "attempts to abuse the ideological and creative movement on the cultural front." What that means is that when the Central Committee of the Communist Party convenes next week, it will probably take away some more of the privileges that Czechoslovakia's writers have recently gained.

THE WAR

Digging Out the V.C.

Riding in 430 helicopters, they came to South Viet Nam as the lethal, leap-frogging heralds and exemplars of a new concept of air mobility in waging ground war. It was just after President Johnson had announced a massive U.S. buildup in mid-1965, and the 18,000 men of the U.S. 1st Cavalry (Airmobile)



AIR CAV CHOPPERS ZEROING IN ON BINH DINH HAMLET
Destroying what it took the enemy 20 years to build.

(bile) were given a single vital mission. Their job was to swoop down out of the skies on the enemy's big main-force units wherever they could be found, engage them in battle and then whirl back to the landing pads of the Air Cav "golf course" at An Khe in the Central Highlands to await the next alarm. Brilliantly executed, the assignment helped to turn the tide against the Communists. The Air Cav carried out 53 major leap-and-strike operations in 52 weeks ranging from the Ia Drang Valley near Cambodia to the coastal plains of the South China Sea, killing 5,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong soldiers and capturing another 1,200.

Lately the Air Cav has had a different and less dramatic mission—but one that may be even more important. In the populous, rice-rich and Viet Cong-ridden province of Binh Dinh on the South China Sea, midway between Saigon and Danang, it is fighting what the Pentagon calls "the intermediate war." That is the layer of the war that lies between the glamorous big-unit battles and the paddy-level process of pacification, and combines a little of both. Its aim: to root the Viet Cong headmen, tax collectors and policemen out of the Binh Dinh villages that they have so long owned.

Denying Food & Taxes. In a typical operation in the intermediate war, an Air Cav company quietly surrounds a village in the predawn hours, throwing a cordon around its sleeping inhabitants. At dawn, they tighten the noose, moving into the village and taking watchful control. They do nothing else unless, as often happens, a Viet Cong among the villagers foolishly tries to escape the net. Next, in flurries a giant Chinook helicopter carrying a contingent of Vietnamese National Police armed with burp guns and long metal rods. The policemen question and search the villagers, poke the ground with their rods in search of holes hiding Viet Cong or

arms. They usually flush out both, and load them into the Chinook. With that, the police and the Cavalrymen withdraw. Usually within two hours the village is alone and tranquil again—minus its Viet Cong.

The V.C. can, of course, try to come back again; but then so may the Air Cav. Some hard-core villages have received the Air Cav's cordon-and-search treatment no fewer than eleven times. In one three-month stretch recently, the Air Cav conducted 276 such operations—screening 48,470 people, searching 16,111 houses, capturing 789 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong and killing 70. In the process, the Air Cav is denying food, taxes, recruits and intelligence to the main-force Communist units hiding in the hills above Binh Dinh, and destroying an infrastructure that the Communists have painstakingly built up among the peasants for 20 years.

Novel Harassment. The Air Cav's quick reflexes are still always ready to respond to major ground action when heliborne muscle is needed, or to tangle with any main-force units that dare come out and fight in Binh Dinh. Since few any longer do, the division is using its airpower to harass the Viet Cong in other novel ways. One is Operation Snatch, which is employed whenever a roving Air Cav chopper spots a suspiciously large group of people in the countryside. The Cavalrymen immediately dive down to pick up a few suspects for questioning, a tactic that discourages the Viet Cong from moving around amid the protective coloration of groups of harvesters or peasants on their way to market.

The Air Cav's switch in roles is only part of a gradual change in the use of U.S. Army units throughout Viet Nam. The U.S. 199th Brigade has been circling Saigon since December in an exclusively security operation named "Fairfax," which is designed to keep the Viet Cong from building up strength

too near the capital. The brigade's search partners are not police but Vietnamese Rangers, working in completely integrated "supercompanies" made up of one U.S. and one Vietnamese company. The U.S. 9th Division is also involved in intermediate warfare, working closely with the ARVN's 25th Division in Long An province in the Delta. All told, some 50% of U.S. forces in Viet Nam are now engaged in "operations in support of the security structure"—digging the Viet Cong out of the countryside where most of the Vietnamese people live and where ultimately the war must be won or lost.

Cost of Commitment

The U.S. military command in Saigon announced last week that 6,721 American fighting men have died thus far in Viet Nam in 1967, a total greater by 77 than all the battle deaths of Americans in the previous six years of the conflict. The year's wounded have reached 45,705—again more than half the total wounded (83,433) since Jan. 1, 1961. The casualties this year reflect the cost of the much greater commitment of U.S. ground forces to the war and the fierce fighting and constant shelling of U.S. Marines along the Demilitarized Zone.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Unrequited Love

The letter of protest was much milder than most of the antiwar mail that enters the White House each week, but it had its own special kick. "Viet Cong terrorism is real," it said. "So are the innocent victims of U.S. bombing, strafing and shelling." It went on to describe the war in Viet Nam as "an overwhelming atrocity." What made the letter unusual was that it was signed by 49 members of the International Voluntary Service, a private Peace Corps-like organization whose 170 staffers in Viet Nam exemplify the best of the U.S.'s outgoing altruism (TIME, April 17). With it came the resignation of four top I.V.S. officials.

The I.V.S. dropout was led by Donald Luce, 33, an agricultural expert from East Calais, Vt., and the director of the I.V.S. team in Viet Nam. It developed only after months of soul-searching and internal maneuvering with the official U.S. AID superstructure in Saigon. Luce and his colleagues objected primarily to the "over-Americanization" of the war effort since mid-1965, felt that air and artillery strikes in Viet Cong country, by creating more refugees, were only prolonging the war and destroying the fabric of Vietnamese society. "Protesters usually put emphasis on napalm and other so-called atrocities," said Luce. "Destroying the family structure is the most dangerous thing. Look at the kids around bars who ask for Salem's to smoke."

Anxious to avoid being tagged as ex-

tremists, Luce and the other I.V.S. protesters made sure that no newcomers from the New Left would sign their petition: all the signers were longtime (up to ten years) veterans of the Viet Nam scene. All felt that the American pacification effort, coupled with the harsh tactics necessary in a guerrilla war, have proved counterproductive to the U.S. aim of granting freedom of choice and opportunity to the Vietnamese. Massachusetts-born Hope Harmeling, 24, who teaches English for the I.V.S. in Saigon, touched another source of frustration by admitting that her view was "colored by not getting the response from Vietnamese that I had hoped for. Yes, like unrequited love."

U.S. mission officials were offended by the "rude, crude manner" in which the protest was lodged: the New York Times front-page it before President Johnson even saw the letter. They pointed out that 26 other voluntary agencies are serving in Viet Nam without protest, and that less than a third of the I.V.S. personnel signed the letter to President Johnson. I.V.S. Director Arthur Z. Gardiner accepted Luce's resignation with regret, then made plans to head for Saigon to select replacements for the foursome from the staff in the field.

CHINA

Lurid Tales from Canton

What makes China so inscrutable these days is not the mystery of events so much as their exaggeration. Rhetoric and hyperbole are built into Chinese grammar, and the Chinese by nature are prone to overstatement. None practice verbal inflation with greater verve than the South Chinese, whose

largest city, Canton, has for the past two months been the main arena of struggle between those promoting Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution and those opposing it. Cantonese wall posters and the tales of travelers coming out to nearby Hong Kong have painted a lurid portrait of a city racked by the clash of arms and awash in internecine blood.

Street fights between warring Red Guards have left, so the stories go, dozens of bodies, stripped and sometimes skinned, dangling from lampposts and trees or rotting in the gutters. Such tortures as gouging out eyes and cutting off ears are supposedly commonplace. Prisoners have been released from jail to roam the city, shooting and pillaging. Ordinary Cantonese have formed vigilante committees to protect their neighborhoods, and pillboxes and gun emplacements are being built on street corners. In an attempt to quell the anarchy, Peking is reported to have sent 100,000 People's Liberation Army troops into Canton, but the story that comes out is that they soon were at war with anti-Mao local troops and blasting away with mortars, artillery and tanks. Last week one traveler reaching Hong Kong described how some 200 Maoists were wiped out in a single stroke when anti-Maoists blew up a Cultural Revolution headquarters.

Restraining Both Sides. Many of the Canton tales seem beyond belief—and they probably are. Reliable eyewitnesses are scarcer than dragon's teeth, and, unaccountably, no one has come out of China with a single picture documenting the mass scenes of violence, bodies hanging from trees and tanks firing in the streets. In fact, a Japanese journalist who recently spent a night or two

PETER KROFF



VIEW OF CANTON FROM FAIR BUILDING (MAY 1965)
Portraits in blood that no one seems to see.

in Canton neither saw violence nor heard shooting. The total number of deaths and the luridness of detail seem to grow as they are passed from traveler to traveler.

There is no doubt that a serious political struggle for control of Canton is going on, but probably not in the violent terms in which it has recently been depicted to the outside world. Undoubtedly there have been deaths in the past several months, but probably a few hundred rather than many thousands. Heavy weapons probably have been seen moving through the streets on occasion, but U.S. intelligence experts believe that they have rarely, if ever, been employed. Peking has sent several divisions of troops to Canton to keep order, but the best intelligence estimates are that they have carefully avoided choosing sides, and are using their presence to restrain both sides.

Last week the army units seemed to be succeeding in their task, and the purple reports of disorder gradually trailed off. The reason may well be that Canton's semiannual trade fair is due to begin in two weeks. Japanese China watchers are convinced that it will open to its foreign visitors more or less on schedule, shoving them a fairly tranquil city.

BRITAIN

Bad News for Wilson

Britons are disenchanted with Prime Minister Harold Wilson, whose Labor government is plagued by, among other things, rising unemployment and a foreign-trade deficit. Two weeks ago, the Gallup poll found that Wilson's administration was the most unpopular British government since World War II. Last week the Daily Mail's National Opinion Poll reported that if elections were held today, Ted Heath's Conservatives would win by a 100-seat landslide. The results of two by-elections supported that statement. In the university town of Cambridge, the Tories recaptured a

THE TIMES, LONDON



PRIME MINISTER WILSON
Pilloried in the polls.

swing seat from Labor with a massive majority. In the London working-class district of Walthamstow West, once the constituency of former Prime Minister Clement Attlee, the Tory candidate won in a narrow upset. It was the first time that Labor had lost there since 1938.

TUNISIA

The Art of Plain Talk

When Tunisian students passed a blistering condemnation of U.S. policy in Viet Nam last month, President Habib Bourguiba decided to give them a cooling little lecture himself. His message, rare in the Arab world for its espousal of U.S. views: "If the Vietnamese guerrillas could contain the American Army, China would not hesitate to unleash its masses on South Viet Nam, Asia and even Russia." Later, Bourguiba described his fellow Arabs' belligerence against Israel as "vain obstinacy" and Gamal Abdel Nasser's closing of the Gulf of Aqaba as "a monumental miscalculation." He has also shocked Moslems by recommending birth control and the end of the Ramadan fast. In fact, Bourguiba habitually does something that is exceedingly rare in his part of the world: he talks straight.

He also does a good deal more than talk. His actions, like his speeches, are based on a philosophy of political and economic realism that he unabashedly calls "Bourguibism." Bourguibism is shaped by the belief, he explains in the Cartesian style that he acquired in elite French schools, that "no domain of terrestrial life must escape man's power of reason." Ever since the French left him to rule Tunisia in 1956, Bourguiba has been trying to apply reason to nation building. He has not always succeeded, but there are increasing signs of more success than failure.

Kicking the Tradition. Under the paternalistic rule of *le Père*, as his countrymen call him, youngsters everywhere now flock to new secular schools that have replaced the dreary old Koranic institutions. Young Tunisian women wear mini-djebbas that are the scandal of the mullahs, and bikinis among the scantiest on the Mediterranean. But Bourguiba is kicking more than tradition into the North African dust.

He is building dams and plants, drilling for water (oil has just been discovered) and razing *gourbis* (mud shacks) in the casbah. He is pushing Israeli-style tree planting to restore the forests that legend says once covered ancient Carthage and promoting a new fishing industry that has already spawned four shipyards and 16 canneries. He has also encouraged tourism, which perked up four years ago when northern Europeans began discovering Tunisia's unspoiled beaches, its jasmine-scented Arab towns and the antiquities that date back to Hannibal's time.

As Bourguiba's admiring silent part-



BOURGUIBA & YOUNG CONSTITUENT
Immune to red bugs.

ner, the U.S. gives more per capita assistance to Tunisia (pop. 4,460,000) than to any other African state. This fiscal year American aid will reach \$62 million—mostly in Food for Peace. Though politically pro-West, Bourguiba also welcomes Communist aid: the Russians are building Tunisia's first institute of technology, and the Bulgarians financed a gleaming new 70,000-seat sport stadium outside Tunis. Bourguiba has not been so lucky with all Communists. After he allowed four Chinese sports instructors in to teach young Tunisians pingpong, he discovered that they had opened a campaign to spread Mao-thought; now Tunisia is on the verge of breaking relations with Peking.

The Ladies' Man. The Tunisians need all the help they can get. Their economy has been temporarily crippled by drought and tough foreign competition in phosphates, their chief export. Ever pragmatic, Bourguiba is taking the bitter pill prescribed by the bankers and sharply limiting spending. Still, it may be a few years before Tunisia is able to resume growth of 6% a year.

At 64, Bourguiba is still Tunisia's most popular man and the particular darling of Tunisian women, who revere him as their emancipator. By giving the doctrinaire radicals of his own Destourian Socialist Party just enough socialism, he has managed to curb most serious political opposition. Some students would like to push Tunisia off its moderate track and further to the left, but they do not worry Bourguiba. "We have been rendered immune against the Red bug," says his Economics Minister, Ahmed ben Salah. "When we see a student turning Communist, we send him to the Soviet Union for a cure. They always return 100% Tunisian."

Presenting The Losers

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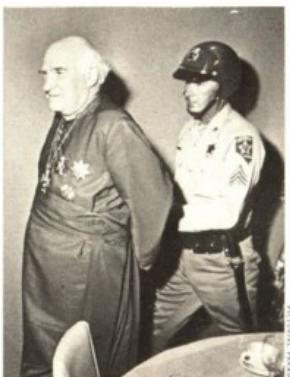
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

PEOPLE

From the photo, it looked as if the **Archbishop of Canterbury**, 62, were being hustled off to the pokey—and in Las Vegas yet. Well, not quite. The Most Reverend and Right Honorable Arthur Michael Ramsey, stopping off for a day en route to an Episcopal conference in Seattle, was merely getting a V.I.P.'s reception, Nevada-style. His Grace drew a crowd of 8,000 businessmen, politicians and high-rollers to the Convention Center for a talk on Christian unity. Las Vegas responded with a luncheon for 600, at which the Archbishop was observed guffawing at Comedian Danny Thomas. "Some of the jokes I understood," said His Grace gracefully, "and others I didn't."

There was little chance that the item would have made the Moscow papers four years ago, when Nikita Khrushchev was in power and Son-in-Law **Aleksei Adzhubei** was editor of *Izvestia*. But now Adzhubei, 43, is just a features editor on the magazine *Soviet Union*, and the Russian press was only too willing to note that he had been charged with reckless driving for running down a woman as she pushed her baby carriage across the street. Adzhubei could have been jailed for ten years if mother or child had been seriously injured. The woman did suffer a concussion, but the child was unhurt, and Adzhubei was let off with a small dose of humiliation and a public apology.

It started out like one more straightforward, publicity triumph for India's **Reita Faria**, 23, the reigning Miss World. Reita called a press conference



CANTERBURY & LAS VEGAS SHERIFF
Repent, ye high-rollers.

in London to announce her efflorescence as a dress designer; a few days later, under the crest of Irvine Sellers' House of Fashion, she modeled ten outfitts that she said she had nimble-thimbed herself. Hold on, yelped Sellers Designer Jane Fox, 22. "I did the sketches, cut the material, had the patterns and samples cut. Reita Faria couldn't tell sack from silk." Well, said dauntless Reita, "the ideas and the influence were mine." Whose sari now?

New York's Fordham University wanted headliner for its liberal arts program, and it picked a winner. For a \$30,000 salary, plus \$70,000 for research assistants, the adventurous Roman Catholic university got Canada's self-styled Mind-Massager **Marshall McLuhan**, 56, to come down for a year's guest professorship. In his very first lecture, McLuhan told his 178 students that the Viet Nam war is "an all-out educational effort" and that TV is "an X-ray machine." The one student who tried to take notes dissolved in utter confusion. But the rest were turned on—to say nothing of the reporters at a press conference where McLuhan went on about orchestra conductors ("janitors") and the separation of church and state ("outlived its usefulness"). "It was a good show," said campus Editor George Thomas. "He performed wonderfully for the press."

Britain's bookies had made Sir Winston Churchill the favorite at 3 to 1; Prince Charles and Princess Margaret were the second choices at 4 to 1. Not even Queen Elizabeth II (a 14 to 1 choice), who was to christen the ship, knew the name until launching day. Then, told the secret at last, the Queen stepped onto the platform at the bow of Britain's new, 58,000-ton luxury liner

er and proclaimed: "I name this ship *Queen Elizabeth II*, and may God bless all who sail in her."

It was the dandiest bunch of lobbyists anyone ever laid eyes on—a five-man Arkansas jug band appearing before a Senate subcommittee on behalf of Green Thumb, a Government project that gives old folks jobs beautifying Arkansas roadsides. As the jug band sawed away, someone passed out Green Thumb hard hats (worn as protection against falling tree branches). One of the hats wound up atop that dour Arkansan **John McClellan**, 71. Without a change in his grim expression, McClellan stood up and began dancing a jig to the *Arkansas Traveler*, all the while slapping at the hat to keep it in place. Before long it was too much even for Stoneface. "He's actually smiling," said an aide, and so he was.

"What we wanted to know," explained an admiral with London's Ogilvy & Mather, "was whether the average girl's tastes were way out and nouveau, or whether they were more traditional and sophisticated." So the agency polled a sampling of London's young ladies. Which of twelve women would the girls most want to look like? Twiggy, who figured to be an odds-on favorite, finished a very flat tenth. In front of her were a couple of more familiar matrons: Brigitte Bardot and Elizabeth Taylor. Ahead of them came Jacqueline Kennedy. At the top by a wide margin: Britain's favorite model, **Jean Shrimpton**, 24, who pointed unerringly to her advantage over the likes of the Twig: "I'm not so thin."



MODEL SHRIMPTON
There is nothing like a dame.



REITA IN HER FASHION
Whose sari now?

RACE & ABILITY

OF all animals, man is the most unpredictable. Toynbee notwithstanding, history makes an uncertain prophet: the same circumstances, involving different times and different men, can lead to war or peace, love or hate, fraternity or murder. The same hereditary material, pooled by the same man and woman in the act of reproduction, can produce children who do not much resemble either their parents or one another. Even identical twins, issuing from the same egg, can vary; for instance, they never possess identical fingerprints or dispositions.

Classifications may not exist in nature, but order does. And the observable differences among men, as broadly varied as the species, have long challenged the orderly human mind to catalogue them—to find a way, in short, to subdivide the fascinating and unruly diversity of humankind. Within the diversity may lurk patterns, and the patterns may aid man's understanding of himself and his differences.

This prospect has endlessly occupied—and eluded—the inquiring human mind. If the species could be sensibly subdivided into races, then the races could be measured one against another, could be assigned proper places in the hierarchy of mankind. Cultural and geographical isolation, occurring over numberless millennia, could conceivably have bred peoples of widely differing physical and intellectual capacity. And taking Western technological man as the norm, it could be possible, given the right tools, to compare his performance against those of all the other human varieties.

What Eyes Can See

The problem is far more complicated than that, as any scientist who has tried merely to determine the biological races has discovered. Among the first to try was the German zoologist Johann Friedrich Blumenbach in 1775. On the basis of physical characteristics, he saw five human subspecies or races—a term possibly deriving from the Arabic *rás* (beginning). Blumenbach divided humans into races that he called Caucasian (white), Mongolian (yellow), Ethiopian (black), American (copper) and Malay (brown).

In Blumenbach's century, other naturalists and philosophers disputed his arbitrary racial census; with equal arbitrariness, it has been reduced and expanded many times in the 192 years since. Sorting men into groups according to their differences may seem a simple task. But even now, anthropologists argue heatedly on how to do it. They have partitioned the human species into anywhere from two to 200 races; some anthropologists maintain that humanity cannot or should not be subdivided into races at all. The debate does not particularly concern the great majority of non-experts. Man's eyes tell him that the species comes in three predominant skin shades, which are chromatically though imperfectly described as white, yellow and black. From much the same evidence, three major divisions are frequently deduced: Caucasian, Mongolian and Negroid.

Not every human being fits neatly into one of those three categories, but most of them do. The system is at least workable, all the more so because the physical disparities in man are not limited to the color of his skin. The so-called Mongolian race, for example, can also be distinguished by the epicanthic fold that gives some Asian peoples, among them the Japanese and the Chinese, a slant-eyed look. Evolutionary hypothesis has traced this feature to its probable source. The predominant theory is that it developed from a mutation—a random change in the elaborate chemistry of human chromosomes, which govern man's biological evolution. For arctic and desert-dwelling people, subjected to blinding blizzards of snow or sand, the eye fold had definite survival value: it increased the eyes' protection against such hazards. Thus the trait endured.

The dark skin that usually, though not invariably, char-

acterizes members of the Negroid race may also be a protective device. If man was first born in tropical Africa, as some anthropologists now suggest, then it is possible that his skin, whatever color it may have been to begin with, took on added pigment—again, starting with chance mutation—as a screen against harmful radiation from the sun. It is a fact that Negroes seldom have skin cancer, though its incidence is rising noticeably in the white population of the U.S. The same pigment, by filtering solar radiation, impedes synthesis of vitamin D, which prevents rickets and is manufactured from the sun's rays by the body. As early man migrated out of the tropical sun—into the green jungle, north to less torrid zones—light skin thereupon conferred an advantage by admitting more vitamin D-producing sunlight. And the lottery of evolution, patiently awaiting the appropriate mutation, then fixed this advantage into place. Thus, over the centuries, environmental factors were producing genetic changes.

Man's extended tropical sojourn appears to have generated other useful or once useful adaptations more frequently found in dark-skinned peoples. A hereditary blood condition known as the sickle-cell trait, which grants resistance to certain types of malaria, is only now beginning to wane among U.S. Negroes, who no longer have any need of it. The Negro's woolly black hair once provided insulation against the heat of the blazing tropical sun; his thick lips, by exposing more mucous membrane, may have increased the body's evaporative cooling powers in torrid climates; his characteristically long legs and lean frame were once distinctly helpful to some prehistoric race of hunters.

The list of apparently Negroid characteristics can be extended, since dark-skinned persons come in so many shapes and sizes, from the storklike Watussi, to the Pygmies of Central Africa. Generally, Negro skull capacity—affecting the size of the brain—runs about 50 cc. below that of whites. However, before any large conclusions are drawn from that, another fact must be considered: on the average, the skull capacity of modern whites is some 150 cc. smaller than that of Neanderthal man, who lived 50,000 years ago. Some anthropologists go so far as to say that the Negro's attributes, coupled with the ordeal of slavery, have produced in him a physically superior race—a theory that gains strength from the Negro's extraordinary ability in athletics. The strongest African blacks were selected as the best slave material; only the hardiest of these survived ocean transport in slave ships; only the sturdiest of back and spirit endured slavery's arduous, degrading yoke.

Bitter Division

It is on the issue of racial superiority, physical and mental, that all of mankind bitterly divides. Such value judgments are largely subjective and lack any solid scientific foundation, but that has never stopped men from making them. The Negro, who reached the U.S. in bonds, has ever since been classified in some quarters as a member of an intellectually inferior race. The attitude is not without historical precedent. Segregationists of the U.S. South often quote the *Book of Genesis* 9:25, which relates that Canaan, the son of Ham—whose skin was believed to be black—is accursed throughout time: "A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." The 18th century Scottish philosopher David Hume suspected "Negroes to be naturally inferior to the whites." Several U.S. Presidents, among them Jefferson and Lincoln, shared the same opinion, at least for a while. As long as the two races lived together, said Lincoln in 1858, "there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race." Washington unreflectively accepted slavery as an institution simply be-

cause it was there, but before dying he drew up a will emancipating his slaves. The late Albert Schweitzer, who devoted his life and medical skill to African Negroes, went to his grave believing that "the Negro is a child, and with children nothing can be done without the use of authority."

The theory of racial inferiority lurks at the edges of current anthropological thought. In his book *The Origin of Races*, Anthropologist Carleton S. Coon suggests that *Homo sapiens*—modern man—evolved not once but five times, in five different places. The last to attain the fully human estate, says Coon, was the Negro—a conjecture that, if accepted, explains why Negro cultures in Africa lag behind the West's and why the Negro is not yet the white man's intellectual peer. According to Coon, he simply has not had enough time. Approaching the subject from closer range, University of Chicago Physiologist Dwight Ingle writes: "America is trying to build the Great Society by applying only palliative methods for the correction of cultural handicaps and ignoring possible biological bases of incompetence, indolence and irresponsibility."

Open Possibility

Few members of the scientific community agree with these points of view, preferring instead merely to keep open the possibility that the races of man can be intellectually ranked. To Curt Stern, a geneticist at the University of California at Berkeley, it seems unreasonable to conclude that "because there is no evidence of inherent inequalities, the situation couldn't exist." Says University of Colorado Anthropologist John Greenway: "I would not want to say that an Australian Aborigine is dumber than I am, because there is no way to tell. In their noncompetitive society there is no way to make any tests and hence no way to make comparisons. We don't know what the differences are between different racial groups and there is a strong prejudice against finding out. Suppose you made a study to determine if there are differences between the brains of whites and Negroes and proved it?" Nobel Laureate William Shockley, a solid-state physicist, drew outraged reaction from the scientific community when he charged that "inverted liberalism" raises taboos against research into man's genetic intellectual differences and "paralyzes the ability to doubt."

A scientist who is closer to the pertinent field put it in less provocative terms. "The idea that human races differ in adaptively significant traits is emotionally repugnant to some people," wrote Geneticist Theodosius Dobzhansky in *Mankind Evolving*. "Any inquiry into this matter is felt to be dangerous, lest it vindicate race prejudice." Undeniably, racial prejudice is social or cultural in origin rather than biological, and it is understandable that anthropologists, who hesitate to make value judgments on the basis of biological fact, would hesitate also to enter what is fundamentally a sociological—and highly emotional—controversy. Anthropologist Morton Fried says that "participation in a 'debate' over racial differences in intelligence, ability or achievement potential is not participation in a scientific debate at all. It means lifting in the public eye the status of studies otherwise discredited and rejected by science." Interpreted one way, such studies apparently suggest that the U.S. Negro is inferior to the U.S. white. On IQ tests, he generally averages 15 to 20 points lower. The results of World War I alpha intelligence tests have frequently been cited as evidence of the Negro's mental inferiority, since the Negro soldier invariably ranked below the white soldier on a state-by-state basis. But the same test results can be used in another way to demonstrate that Negroes are smarter than whites. On the alpha tests, for instance, Negro soldiers from the Northern states of Ohio outscored whites from eleven Southern states. Beyond this, it could be inferred from the tests that Northern whites are superior to Southern whites, because they almost always did better.

Most psychologists have now abandoned the notion that intelligence can be accurately tested; it is difficult even to define the terms. Einstein once confessed to Anthropologist Ashley Montagu that in the Australian Aborigine's society,

he would rightfully be regarded as an intellectual idiot who could neither track a wallaby nor throw a boomerang. As Anthropologist Stanley Garn has dryly noted, if the Aborigine drafted an IQ test, all of Western civilization would presumably flunk it. "It is possible that some of the behavioral differences between human groups may be genetically determined," says University of Michigan Anthropologist Ernst Goldschmidt. "These may include differences in intelligence, but such differences may equally be due to cultural determinants. The question simply remains open." Harvard Psychologist Thomas Pettigrew points out that "while the intelligence test means of the two races are still divergent, the range of performance—from the most retarded idiot to the most brilliant genius—is much the same in the two groups. Some Negro children achieve IQs into the gifted range (130 or over) and right up to the testable limit of 200." For three years running, the highest scholastic achievement among Australian state schools was registered by one composed exclusively of Aboriginal children.

Those who resist making value comparisons among groups do so on two grounds. The first is that science as yet lacks valid tools to sort mankind into biological races. The second is that even if science possessed such tools, the racial divisions could not conceivably be used to grade human worth. So meager is man's understanding of the complicated biochemistry of evolution and of the nonhereditary influences of cultural environment that no one can confidently assign that portion of intelligence with which man was born and that part he acquired. If heredity bestows his capacity to learn, culture decides what he will learn—in some cases, how much he will be permitted to learn. The handicaps under which the U.S. Negro has existed since he arrived in chains are cruelly reflected in his group achievement.

Environment & Culture

Physical differences are variations on the universal human theme. All men are different. But all men are also alike; the similarities outnumber the differences, says Morton Fried, on the order of 95 to 5. During man's nomadic residence on earth, a continuum reaching back 2,000,000 years, he has indiscriminately mingled with his own kind, thoroughly scrambling his genes. It may be possible one day to unscramble the human genetic omelet. Until then, group distinctions decreeing one race's superiority over another must necessarily be made on nonbiological lines. With only a few dissenting votes, the world of anthropology has swung in this direction. "The peoples of the world today," concluded delegates to a world meeting of ethnologists and anthropologists in 1964, "appear to possess equal biological potentialities for attaining any civilizational level. Differences in the achievements of different peoples must be attributed solely to their cultural history."

It seems probable that before society solves the thorny problem of race prejudice, advancing science—or even the continuing evolution of the human species—will beat society to it. The world's population is already three-fifths colored—that is, other than white. Geneticists Bentley Glass and Ching Chun Li predict that within ten centuries or so, at the present rate of exchange, the U.S. Negro will be genetically indistinguishable from the U.S. white. In far less time than that, says Stanford University Geneticist Joshua Lederberg, science will have learned enough about the genetic code to tamper with it—to insert into the human chromosomes artificial chemical commands capable of determining anything from skin color to musical aptitude.

Until the world accepts the proposition that the universality of mankind outweighs the differences, speculation about the meaning of the diversity will continue. The human physical variety is self-evident, so is the wide spectrum of human achievement. It is well-established that the controlling factors are cultural and environmental. Nothing that man has discovered about himself so far provides any sound scientific foundation for the conclusion that one race is innately superior to any other. No one knows. And the men of tomorrow, looking back, may wonder why anyone was ever concerned with such comparisons.

MUSIC

OPERA

Transcontinental Bang

Opera companies of all sizes and ages chattered to life across the country last week like firecrackers on a string. Manhattan's two companies faced off across Lincoln Center Plaza with year-old productions: the Metropolitan with its comfy, old-fashioned *Traviata* and the New York City Opera with Beni Montresor's fairy-tale setting of *The Magic Flute*. In neither case was the performance on much more than a ho-hum level; in fact, Spanish Soprano Montserrat Caballé's first Met Violetta seemed an almost deliberate throwback to the bad old days when singers were meant to be heard but not seen.

Both companies held back on real novelty until later in the week, and here the New York City Opera moved decidedly ahead. In an attempt to give French opera more of a play, the Met revived and refurbished Charles Gounod's hopelessly languid *Roméo et Juliette*—an opera that only illustrates the composer's remarkable capacity for turning great poetry into sentimental salon entertainment. Furthermore, the performance was sadly deficient in the French accent, both in words and music. Franco Corelli nearly strangled on every attempt to produce the pure Gallic B-flat, while all of Soprano Mirella Freni's undeniable charm was defeated by the pallid music she was asked to sing. New Director Paul-Emile Deiber grouped his singers around Rolfe Gérard's workday sets in a series of static tableaux that had little to do with Shakespeare, Gounod, or anything in that vast area in between.

Lights, Blots, Sets at Sea. The City Opera's new *Coq d'Or* offered a lot more to see and hear. Designers Ming Cho Lee and José Varona filled the New York State Theater stage with a zany array of colors and shapes, set off from time to time by flickering strobe lights and blots from offstage brass players. Soprano Beverly Sills and Bass-Baritone Norman Treigle curved their pliant voices brilliantly around the sinuous Rimsky-Korsakov melodies, and the results restored to life a witty, fantastic and unduly neglected score.

The West Coast's two major companies meanwhile survived a pair of backstage cliffhangers and got their seasons smoothly under way. The sets for Seattle's *Otello* had somehow gone onto the wrong ship from Italy, and were put in place only 30 minutes before curtain time. San Francisco Opera Soprano Régine Crespin was forced out of the first-night *Gioconda* with a throat infection, and Substitute Leyla Gencer (who in past Coast seasons has filled in for Callas and Tebaldi) had to learn one of opera's cruellest roles in less than two weeks.



BEVERLY SILLS IN "COQ D'OR"
A masterpiece restored.

Sex, Horror, Fruit Punch. In Indianapolis, where the short-lived Metropolitan Opera National Company began its career in 1965, Sarah Caldwell's new touring American National Company made its debut before less-than-full but enthusiastic houses. As with her own Opera Company of Boston, Caldwell's repertory and productions ingeniously blend tradition and novelty: a crisp and neatly paced opening-night *Falstaff*, with British Baritone Peter Glossop in the title role; and two widely differentiated sex-and-horror shows, *Tosca* and *Lulu*, mounted with a media



GENCER IN "LA GIOCONDA"
A cruelty absorbed.

mélange of motion pictures, stage sets and photomontage. Set up with a \$350,000 grant from the National Council on the Arts, and with approximately the same amount in the kitty from private donations, Caldwell's company is now only about halfway along to meeting its first year's budget, but that is some distance, at least.

And in Kansas City, the small, struggling, ten-year-old Lyric Theater was guided by Director Russell Patterson through an attractive and agreeable opening-night *Masked Ball* in a refurbished movie theater, and piled its 825 loyal patrons with free fruit punch during intermission. Patterson's company imports no stars, grows its own from inside the ranks and scrapes along from year to year on a near-subsistence level. It, too, is a valid and important part of the American operatic explosion.

ORCHESTRAS

Bucharest Battle

On paper, it looked like a shoo-in for the East. The Moscow Philharmonic, one of Europe's best, had come to Bucharest to play in the triennial Georges Enesco Festival with a repertory of surefire, splashy Russian music. On hand as challenger was the parvenu Los Angeles Philharmonic on a State Department-sponsored visit. To stack the cards even further, festival officials told Conductor Zubin Mehta that he must remove the scheduled Tchaikovsky *Fourth* from his program; Russian music, Mehta was informed, belonged to Russian orchestras. With concerts by the two ensembles scheduled only 24 hours apart, observers watched for signs of Rumanian cultural partisanship.

The signs came. The mercurial Rumanians, whose Latin origins may have instilled a certain coolness toward Slavic influences, swept the box office clean of tickets for the Californians' two concerts. The black market became so brisk that scalpers were buying from each other, and at one concert, 600 crashers forced their way in. The next night the Russians played; there were enough empty spaces in the hall to drive a tractor around in, and the crowd dwindled further at intermission. It wasn't that Conductor Kiril Kondrashin had given a poor concert; it was just that the exuberance of Mehta, his orchestra, and Negro Pianist André Watts's performance of a Liszt concerto were a hard act to follow.

Cheers, floral tributes and demands for encores greeted the Angelinos' two concerts, not the least because Mehta had complimented the audiences by conducting one of Enesco's *Romanian Rhapsodies* from memory, while Kondrashin had used a printed score. At the top, anyway, the fray was friendly. The two conductors met, joked, and talked about politics. Said the vanquished Kondrashin to the victorious Mehta after the Californians' debut: "Maestro, it was beautiful."



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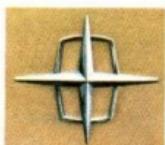
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DOUGLAS
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RELIGION

CHRISTIANITY

The Underground Church

Bowing his head over the bottle of Saint-Emilion and a sliced loaf of whole-wheat bread on the living-room table, the priest prayerfully recalled the Last Supper: "And so we remember what Jesus said to his disciples, 'Take and eat, for this is my body.'" The consecration completed, the 24 men and women in the room kissed each other on the cheek or shook hands, as a sign of peace. While a guitar plunked softly in the background, the worshippers shared the bread and wine and sang a hymn from the *Mass for Young Americans* by Folk Composer Ray Repp:

*Sons of God, hear his Holy Word!
Gather 'round the table of the Lord!
Eat his Body, drink his Blood,
And we'll sing a song of loves;
Allelu, allelu, allelu, allelu!*

Simple and sincere, the informal Eucharist was identical to countless others celebrated by the Christian Layman's Experimental Organization, a group of thoughtful Roman Catholics in New Jersey, who gather regularly to study, pray and worship. How long they will remain Catholics in good standing is now problematical: this month Bishop George W. Ahr of Trenton stripped the organization's priest-adviser, Father George Hafner, of his right to say Mass and hear confessions, and threatened him with excommunication for conducting illegal worship services. Hafner has vowed to carry on as spiritual guide to CLEO. Says Hafner: "Something as good as this for these people should not be stopped by legal action."

Making Masses. Although CLEO has lately basked in the unaccustomed glare of publicity, it is typical of countless secret and semisecret organizations in the U.S. that together add up to what Episcopal Nightclub Chaplain Malcolm Boyd calls an "underground church." Much like CLEO, the underground churches consist of dedicated, intellectual Christians who meet in each other's homes to study the Bible, discuss contemporary issues and worship together at informal, often improvised Masses of their own making.

Chaplain Boyd attributes the growth of these cells to a feeling widespread among believers that to find true Christianity and meaningful social involvement they must go beyond traditional churches, which are controlled by "bishops with price tags all over their bodies." Jesuit Sociologist Rocco Caporale of the University of California sees the underground church as a return to the personalized "mystery dimension" of early Christianity and a reaction to the massive, corporate impersonality of institutionalized parishes.

Because of the slow pace of renewal since the ending of the Second Vatican Council, the underground church movement seems to be strongest among



FATHER HAFNER AT CLEO EUCHARIST
Putting a little Vatican II into Vacuum II.

Roman Catholics—although most cells ecumenically include Protestants, Jews and even atheists. A few operate with quasi-official approval. On Chicago's South Side, for example, 40 members of St. Philip Neri Catholic Church, including one of its assistant pastors, form the nucleus of an underground congregation called Vatican 23. Why the name? Explains Robert Keeley, 29, a schoolteacher: "The church was supposed to be carrying out the spirit of Vatican II, instead all we got was Vacuum II." The cell conducts its own baptisms—the whole contingent turning out to sing hymns over the baby—and meets every other Tuesday night in one of its members' homes for prayer and religious discussion.

Reason for Secrecy. More often than not, underground churches are as clandestine as spy rings, have neither a name nor a formal organization, limit membership to a trusted few. In this sense, at least, they resemble the cells of the zealous Catholic lay organization Opus Dei (TIME, May 12). A major reason for so much secrecy is that the interfaith membership includes renewal-minded priests and nuns who fear the wrath of their bishops for taking part in illegal services.⁶ Nonetheless, many of these clerics regard the services at underground churches as far more meaningful than Catholicism's official liturgy. Says one nun who belongs to an underground cell in California: "When one member looked up from prayer one evening and said, 'We're all friends,' I knew we had something new and very rich in community here."

Sociologist Caporale, who reports

⁶ Last week, Patrick Cardinal O'Boyle, Archbishop of Washington, D.C., cracked down on an underground cell called "The People" for celebrating informal worship services without ecclesiastical supervision.

that similar underground churches are rising in Europe and Latin America, argues that a major weakness of the movement is its introverted quality: unless the cells maintain some connection with the official church, they may turn into infibred holiness clubs. Publisher Donald Thorman of the National Catholic Reporter, however, is convinced that the movement will not soon disappear, largely because so many clerics have become involved. "There have been innumerable unofficial movements within the church before," he says, "but they came and went rapidly because they lacked the unifying factor of a priesthood and a liturgy of their own." He suggests that the underground cell might well become an attractive middle road between unacceptable institutionalized traditionalism and abandonment of the faith.

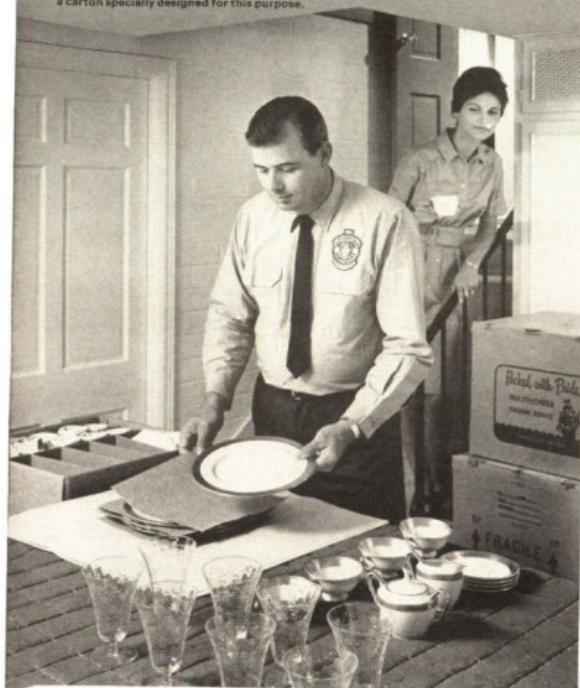
EPISCOPALIANS

How to Carry Out a Conviction

As much as any other U.S. denomination, the Episcopal Church has made clear its belief that racism and inequality are among the great social evils of the age. Precisely how to implement that conviction proved to be a major issue at the opening sessions of the church's triennial General Convention in Seattle last week. In his opening state-of-the-church address, Presiding Bishop John E. Hines declared that the racial crisis "can be as fatal to the well-being of this nation as anything short of a nuclear holocaust" and proposed that the church spend \$3 million a year in poverty programs for urban ghettos. Hines also invited other faiths to join Episcopalian in a "full-scale mobilization of our resources."

Hines's proposal gained immediate support from the Episcopal Society for

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ROBERT W. KELLEY



BISHOP HINES ACCEPTING OFFERING
Big order to swallow.

Cultural and Racial Unity, a militantly anti-segregationist pressure group that includes 55 bishops among its members. Episcopalians saw some possible pitfalls in their bishop's poverty campaign. "This money is to be given with no strings attached, and that's a big order for some to swallow," said California's progressive Bishop C. Kilmer Myers, who supports the proposal but thinks it will have trouble being approved. The Rev. James Brice Clark of Nebraska asked: "Why should the church put money into poverty projects when there are federal projects covering the same ground?" There were also questions about whether the church is capable of such extravagant altruism, since 1967 national receipts are running \$500,000 below expectations.

Apart from the poverty question, delegates to the convention seemed ready and willing to innovate. In other actions last week they:

► Adopted a proposed constitutional amendment paving the way for acceptance of women delegates in the House of Deputies by 1973.

► Allowed the Right Rev. James A. Pike to speak in sessions of the House of Bishops, a privilege not accorded to a resigned bishop. Pike, who is expected to have a few things to say when the House takes up the question of heresy trials (TIME, Aug. 25), was undisturbed by the fact that he will not be allowed to vote. "I don't care about that," he said airily, "because we don't decide many things around here by a single vote."

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MODERN LIVING

THE JOB

Corporate Nomads

As any young executive in a big, national corporation quickly learns, it is almost impossible to succeed in business without really moving. Companies have found that there is no more challenging way to broaden a promising man's horizon or give him an opportunity to grow. These days, the rate at which they are shuffling their young executives about the country is positively dizzying.

On the way to becoming assistant secretary to Humble Oil & Refining Co., Charles Goodyear, 33, has moved six times in eleven years. Until he landed in the head office in Houston a year ago, his nine-year-old son had never finished a single grade in the same school in which he began it. Johnson Wax moved Ed Furey, 30, from Racine, Wis., to New York to Chicago, where he is regional office and warehouse manager, all in the past ten months—and Furey's son went through kindergarten in three different schools as a consequence. Last year Union Carbide moved 1,200 of its executives, compared with 600 only five years ago.

Like *New Year's*. Since each change brings with it a promotion—or a promise of one—corporate nomads tend to be cheerful movers. Their children, at least until they become teen-agers, prove highly flexible. Wives, too, for the most part, enter into the arrangement with zest. Gloria Bradfield, 30, wife of a Crown Zellerbach sales-training supervisor, has moved her household ten times in the past nine years. During that time, the Bradfields have bought one house, built two others, and had three

children. "We're not as eager to move as we once were," says Mrs. Bradfield, but she still sees virtues in the nomadic life. "It's sort of like New Year's," she explains, "getting a chance to start all over again. I'd hate to get in a rut."

A fatalistic sense of humor also helps. IBM executives like to joke that their corporate initials stand for "I've Been Moved." "We're in the business of landscaping for other people," cracks Frank Allston, who has moved six times while working for General Electric's press-relations department. "We seed lawns and plant shrubbery—and then another family takes the house." Adds another constant mover: "There are three ways of assuring you'll be transferred: finish building a house, buy a new house, or have your wife pregnant."

Pins & Needles. Such wry comments do not go unheard in the home office, and many big companies these days go out of their way to make the uprooting process as painless as possible. They not only pay all moving costs, often including temporary hotel quarters in the new town for two months or longer, but frequently pick up the tab for new drapes. Many even buy up an executive's old house if he has difficulty getting the price he wants in a hurry. But even with company backing, the search for a new house is a pins-and-needles operation for the whole family.

So arduous is the search—and so many are searching—that a new service industry is growing up to assist the migrating executive. In less than two years of operation, San Francisco's Executive Home Counseling, for example, has advised 20 families per month on where to live in the Bay Area, classifying communities by price range, cli-

matic differences, tax rates, and quality of school systems. Executive Home Counseling directs the new arrival to a broker and, if he buys, receives 20% of the broker's commission. Manhattan-based Homerica, Inc., performs a similar service on a nationwide basis, has helped relocate more than 40,000 families in some 4,000 communities across the U.S.

Narrowing the List. Figuring that nowhere is the executive traffic heavier than in New York, home office for a fourth of the nation's 500 biggest corporations, Robert and Betty Stahl set up Area Consultants, Inc., three years ago to make househunting easier. After thoroughly researching 550 surrounding communities in 22 counties in three states, they narrowed their list down to 230 towns, each of which they have profiled by age, income and education level, mortgage rates, racial and religious balance, commuting time and cost.

Thus, when Shell Oil Transportation Analyst David Brannan, 31, arrived from his last post in Denver a month ago for a 21-hour interview with Area Consultants, he came away with a list of three towns to look into and the name of a good real estate broker in each. Three days later, Brannan had his house in Yorktown Heights, N.Y., and last week, along with his wife and two children, was busily moving in. Area Consultants' fee: a flat \$150 billed directly to Shell and no commission at all from the broker. "If we'd been left to our own devices, it could have taken us until Christmas," says Brannan. For the Stahls, such swift successes are particularly gratifying. Seven years ago, when Bob Stahl was transferred to New York, his wife spent six weeks inspecting 138 apartments before finding one that was suitable. She cried every night.

FADS

And Now the Shoop Shoop

Nothing is deader than yesterday's fad, or so at least moan merchants who have been stuck with unsaleable stocks of Yo-yos, Davy Crockett hats and Batman costumes. Until six weeks ago, the same could have been said of Hula Hoops, which in a profitable six months in 1958 racked up worldwide sales of 70 million. But Wham-O Manufacturing Corp., which started the first craze, had a hunch that hoops were good for another twirl. The novelty that was needed was noise. So Wham-O put half-a-dozen 1-in.-diameter ball bearings inside each hollow hoop to give it a whirly sound, brightened the plastic colors, and called it the New Shoop Shoop Hula Hoop. Test-marketed this summer in Miami, the hoop caught on with a new moppet generation too young to have been in on the first fad. Right after Labor Day, Shoop Shoops went national. Manhattan stores have sold 400,000 of them. Chicago 225,000, and nationwide sales have already shot past 3,000,000.



BETTY STAHL WITH CLIENTS

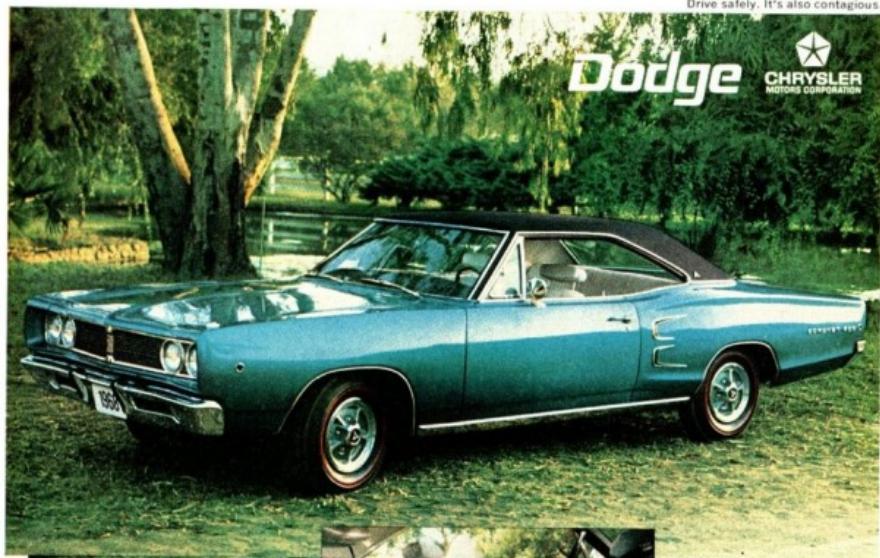
Never a chance to get in a rut.



BRANNANS MOVING IN

Drive safely. It's also contagious.

Dodge



and a great place to enjoy it.

A brand-new kind of excitement

Even great to be near.

Watch out. You're getting

DODGE fever

**'68 Dodge Coronet...your kind
of beauty at your kind of price.**

And you said, "It can't happen to me." Don't feel alone. You're with friends. Lots of them. That's how it is when you find a car like Dodge Coronet 500. It's more than just a new car . . . it's a new car with more.

Like more good looks. More extras. More safety items. More than you can resist. Strong V8 power. And deep-pile

carpeting. Padded instrument panel. In front—foam-padded, vinyl-trimmed bucket seats. Standard. (Optional on convertible and wagon models.) Or, if you wish, you can pick the optional fold-down center armrest-seat that makes room for three. (Three isn't a crowd in this one.)

Want to know more? Coronet comes

in a full line of body styles—wagons, hardtops, convertibles, sedan, and new coupe. With a choice of 16 colors. And the power range goes from a 225-cubic-inch Six to a 440-cubic-inch Magnum V8. All at a price that won't strain your budget a bit. Now aren't you glad you've got Dodge Fever? With Coronet, it's easy to cure.

**There are 30,000 ways
to use Goodyear rubber.**



ways to cut costs with engineering



Longer lasting rotary drilling hose—engineered by Goodyear—helps prevent \$1,000-an-hour downtime for offshore oil rig.

Previous hose failed too quickly under pulsating loads of corrosive mud at 5000 psi. Eight hours of downtime cost \$8,000. Goodyear recommended FLEXSTEEL® Rotary Hose. It resists salt water, ozone, oxidation, drilling mud additives—constant flexing, banging and scraping against derrick.

After more than six months on the job, FLEXSTEEL is expected to give 40% longer life than previous hose.



Goodyear can help you cut costs: with rubber products that work harder, last longer. Goodyear has engineered rubber products to meet 30,000 different specifications. The right one could cut your costs. Call your Goodyear distributor. He's backed by a rubber engineer who understands your business—the G.T.M. (Goodyear Technical Man). Or write: Goodyear, Industrial Products, Akron, Ohio 44316.

GOOD  **YEAR**
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS

We re-invented the bell jar.

With the old one, you could create enough vacuum to boil ice water. Remember high-school Physics?

But we wished to vaporize metals — part of our new vacuum-coating process for mass-producing special-performance glass — economically.

It calls for a very different bell jar.

Ours is one of a series of huge vacuum chambers. We air-lock 10'x 12' sheets of glass through them until we reach the vacuum astronauts find 125 miles straight up. Here in "outer space" we vaporize metals by electronic bombardment and direct their atoms or mole-

cules onto the glass, give it coatings which control light and heat transmission. The process is continuous.

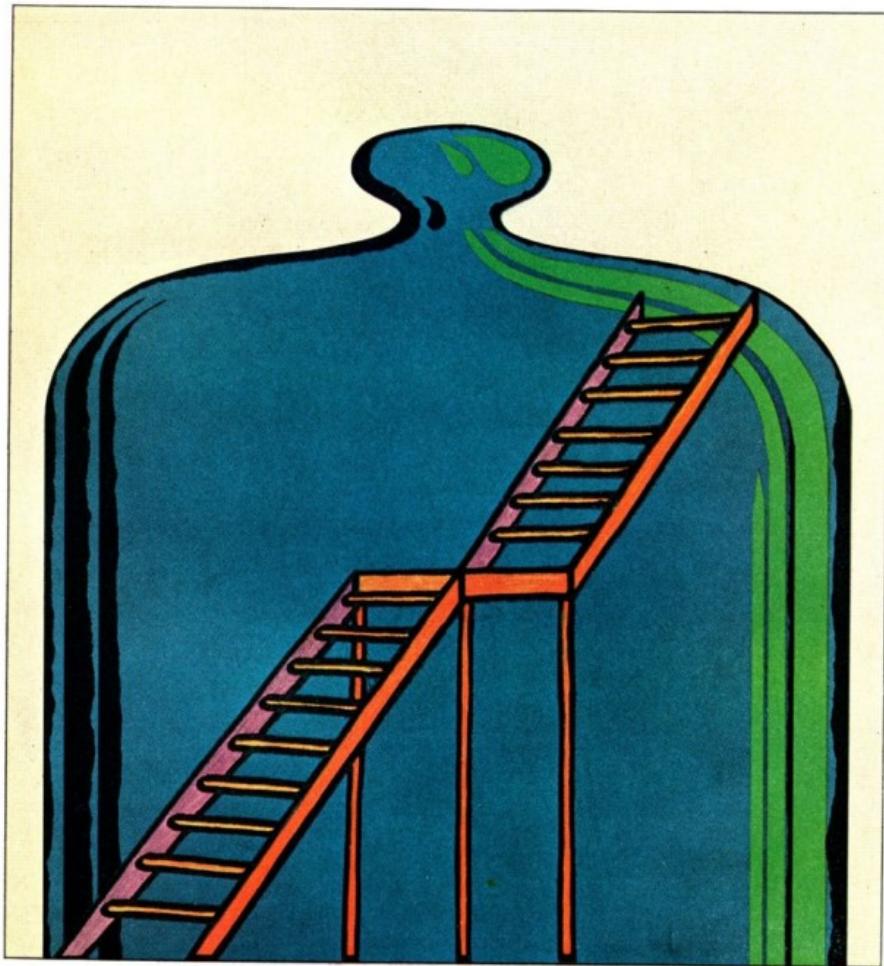
So now we can mass-produce glass with the degree of transparency, reflectivity, heat conductivity desired.

We call our process *StratoVac*. Its implications are staggering . . . not just to our industry . . . but to all present and potential users of glass.

Think of it in terms of your business.

Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

Toledo, Ohio



SPORT

YACHTING

The Line Forms

Who's next?

That was the only question at Newport, R.I., last week as Bus Mosbacher sailed *Intrepid* to a fourth straight triumph over Australia's *Dame Patti* and made sure that the America's Cup will remain at the New York Yacht Club for at least three more years. The ease of *Intrepid's* victory did not discourage other challengers. No sooner were the races over than two challenges for 1970 were received—from Britain's Royal Dorset Yacht Club and France's Yacht Club d'Héyles.

There was talk of runoff races, on the order of tennis' Davis Cup eliminations, to determine which country will compete against the U.S. Whatever crew it is will have its work cut out. *Intrepid's* architect, Olin Stephens, is brimming with ideas for an even faster 12-meter. Its sails, naturally, will be made by Ted Hood. And who will sail the boat? Said Mosbacher: "Given the same team, I would consider another Cup defense."

HUNTING

No End of Game

*The pigeons in such numbers we
see fly
That like a cloud they do make dark
the sky;
And in such multitudes are some-
times found,
As that they cover both the trees
and ground;
He that advances near with one good
shot,
May kill enough to fill both spit and
pot.*

John Holme (1686)

Hunters like to dream of what it must have been like in the old days, when herds of buffalo grazed the Western plains, when virgin glades were thick with elk and wild fowl. Game, they complain, is disappearing in the face of pollution, deforestation—and competition from the 17,999,999 other Nimrods out there blazing away.

It is true enough that the passenger pigeon has been hunted to extinction (the last bird of that unfortunate species died in a Cincinnati zoo in 1914), and the only buffalo most people see are on well-worn nickels. But even so, never in U.S. history has game been as bountiful—or as varied—as it is right now. As the 1967 fall season got under way last week, the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife offered the welcome news that no fewer than 8,500,000 mallard ducks will take to the flyways this year. For those with a palate for venison, there are 16 million deer roaming the U.S. countryside. The 110 species of game that hunters can now lay their sights on include scores

of creatures that their grandfathers never even heard of.

Civilized Deer. Gone are the days when brutish nature and greedy hunters combined to decimate American wildlife. In 1905, Elers Koch, a federal forest inspector, spent an entire month on a pack trip through Montana's Sun River country and saw just one game animal in all that time—a scruffy mountain goat. "Today, if you want a deer or an antelope or a moose," says Cliff Rumford, a Great Falls sporting-goods dealer, "you just go get one."

The abundance is not only the result of official seasons, bag limits, stocking programs and predator controls; much of it is the animals' own doing. Many species have learned to live all too comfortably with encroaching civilization,

Africa & Kashmir. Importation of foreign game has also played a big part in the burgeoning wildlife. In the Smoky Mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, hunters can flush a European red stag or a spotted axis deer, whose native habitat is India. The descendants of 14 wild boars from Prussia, which escaped from a private preserve in 1920, roam by the thousands in the forests of North Carolina. New Mexico is not only home to the cottontail rabbit; it is the adopted residence of kudu from Africa and oryx from the Arabian desert.

The ring-necked pheasant was originally brought to the U.S. from China in 1881; it now is a permanent resident of 34 states, and its numbers are estimated at upwards of 80 million. Hungarian and chukar partridges from Europe and India thrive so well that stocking experiments are being conducted with the black francolin from Pak-



MIGRATING DUCKS IN CALIFORNIA FLYWAY
Learning to live with man, and like it.

"Deer are creatures that thrive in a disturbed environment," says Ben Glading, a California game official. "It seems that the more man upsets the natural environment, the better the deer like it." California, the nation's most populous state, also supports the nation's second biggest (behind Texas) deer herd—1,000,000. Pennsylvania has more deer today than when William Penn founded the colony. And in New York, where deer were extinct in 1915, the whitetail population is 400,000.

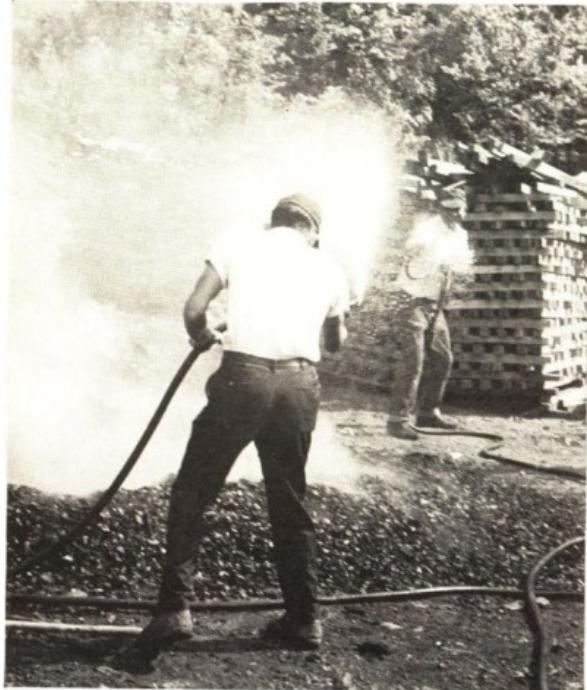
Wild fowl have been even more prolific. Although hunters bagged 3,000,000 mourning doves in California last year, the birds now number 20 million, up 50% in 50 years. Even the wild turkey, wariest of all game birds—and therefore one of the first harmed by the shrinking wilderness—is making a comeback: Pennsylvania's turkey flock alone is estimated at 75,000.

istan, the red jungle fowl from Kashmir, and the Himalayan snow cock.

With all that game, the only thing that stands between a hunter and the pot is his shooting. This year, according to the National Safety Council, at least 600 U.S. hunters will kill the wrong animals—themselves or other hunters.

FOOTBALL Mites for Openers

No one who happened past the practice field in Dallas last summer would have figured that there was anything special about a couple of junior high school kids tossing a football around. Even the obvious fact that one was Mexican and the other Negro would have excited little interest—unless someone informed the passer-by that Ines Perez, the 5-ft. 4-in., 149-lb. Mexican passer



WE CAN'T BLAME THE BOYS for having a water fight now and then. If you worked in Jack Daniel's rickyard, you'd start one too.

Looking after a burning hard maple rick is a hot job. But it's one we can't do without. You see, we take the charcoal that results and use it to help smooth out our whiskey. That's done by seeping it down through vats packed 10 feet deep with this charcoal. What comes out is only the sippin' part, ready for aging. Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, and you'll agree it would be worth a water fight or two.



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DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

and Jerry Levias, the 5-ft., 10-in., 175-lb. Negro receiver, were not junior high schoolers at all. They were members of the Southern Methodist University varsity. The reaction to that news might well have been utter disbelief.

But college football is a game that frequently defies belief. The 33,000 fans and 18 million TV viewers who watched those mites from S.M.U. upset Texas A. & M. in the opening game of the season will not be surprised if the rest of the season is anticlimax.

So small that half of his jersey number (16) runs down into his pants, Substitute Quarterback Perez came off the bench in the second half to complete ten out of twelve passes for 107 yards. He seemed to be throwing out of a hole. But he managed to get the ball



S.M.U.'S PEREZ CALLING SIGNALS
Hero in a hole.

away; coolly he turned the last 43 seconds of the game into the longest moments of the afternoon. With his team behind 17-13 and Levias glassy-eyed from a tackle, Perez made those hot summer practice sessions pay off.

No Memory. Halfback Levias was operating on instinct. Earlier, with his incredible agility, he had been largely responsible for keeping S.M.U. in the game. Accelerating, turning, shifting speed with deceptive ease, he ran the Texas defenders into angry exasperation. But at the end he was so exhausted that he cannot remember any of those final seconds. No one who saw him can forget. He ran a kickoff back 24 yds. to the A. & M. 42 and caught a pass from Perez that was good for 29 yds. more. Finally, with S.M.U. on the A. & M. six, and only four seconds left, Levias ran a "curl-in" pattern that he and Perez had practiced "about 1,000 times" last summer. He sprinted into the end zone, jumped higher than two defenders, looked back—and there was the ball. Final score: Southern Methodist 20, Texas A. & M. 17.

No more apologies.

Last year we ran an ad that said, "The Renault for people who swore they would never buy another one."

Take our word for it, you will never see an ad like that from us again. Ever.

We've got nothing to be apologetic about anymore. And the biggest reason for that is the Renault 10.

The Renault 10 has been in the hands of American drivers for over a year now, and it's holding up like the tough little car it is.

Naturally, we knew it was a rugged machine before we introduced it. It had to be. Our comeback depended on it. Only

now, we're not alone in that opinion.

The word about the Renault 10 is getting around. And for us, there's a kind of justice in that.

Back when things weren't so hunky-dory, the talking almost killed us. Now the talking is giving us a whole new life.

This past year, for instance, we sold 85% more cars than the year before. And there's no end in sight.

Frankly, we have no one to thank for all this but ourselves. We have gone at it with a vengeance.

We made sure the Renault 10 would deliver an honest 35 miles a gallon.

We made sure it would have seats as comfortable as cars costing \$5,000.

We made sure that 4 doors, 4 disc brakes, undercoating, and a lot of other things would be standard. Not optional.

We made sure every dealer in the country could get virtually any part within 48 hours.

We made sure the automobile would just plain stand up.

In short, **RENAULT** we made sure that we would never have anything to apologize for again.

And, so help us, we never will.



The Renault 10

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

A Coordinator for Cal

The restive University of California shifted from a visionary academic planner to a pragmatic scholarly manager last week in its choice of a new president. The regents unanimously selected Charles Johnston Hitch, 57, an economist who helped revolutionize money management in the Pentagon before moving to Cal as vice president for finance two years ago. He will take office on Jan. 1, succeeding Clark Kerr, who was fired eight months ago. Hitch survived the fine screening of a regents selection committee that started with 261 names, eventually worked down to six, including HEW Secretary John Gardner, Berkeley Chancellor Roger Heyns and U.C.L.A. Chancellor Franklin D. Murphy.

A cool, urbane intellectual, Hitch spent 13 years as a top analyst of military problems for the Government-supported Rand Corp., where he devised the "systems analysis" approach to military spending. In 1961, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara lured him to Washington as Comptroller and Assistant Secretary of Defense. During his five years in Washington, Hitch employed reasonableness and an instinct for diplomacy to coax skeptical Congressmen and scornful generals into accepting the notion that money should be assigned on the basis of military missions rather than service demands.

Preserving Initiative. Hitch grew up in Bonneville, Mo. (pop. 7,090), 100 miles west of St. Louis, earned a B.A. in economics from the University of Arizona.

LARRY LEE—P.T.



HITCH

Man to get things done.

na, and after a year of graduate study at Harvard, spent 15 years as a Rhodes Scholar and don at Oxford. He served with the Office of Strategic Services in World War II, taught briefly at the University of São Paulo in Brazil before joining Rand in 1948. He and his wife Nancy have one adopted daughter.

Hitch is obviously equipped to cope with the need for squeezing the most out of the university's tight operating budget (\$251,500,000 this year). A prime reason for choosing Hitch, some regents indicated, was their feeling that what the nine-campus university needs most is a coordinator who can get the strong chancellors of each campus to work together, without squelching the initiative of each.

Hitch's biggest initial handicap is that he is a relatively unknown quantity to students and faculty. "Before his name came up," said Allan Mann, editor of U.C.L.A.'s Daily Bruin, "99% of us had never heard of him." Yet U.C.L.A. Student Government President Joseph Rubinstein considered it "a healthy sign that the regents have chosen an administrator—now we'll get things done." A faculty advisory committee reported that it was "happy" about the selection. No stranger to contentious factions in Government, Hitch has little apprehension of the potential frictions he will have to contend with at Cal. "If you find a university that is not striking some sparks, you can assume that it is dead," he says.

Builder in a Hurry

In his 20th year as the first president of Brandeis University, Abram L. Sachar, 68, announced last week that he plans to retire as soon as a successor can be found. A passionate, strong-willed administrator whose phrasemaking flair and public charm raised \$160 million to build the school from scratch, Sachar told the Brandeis trustees that the university needs a "reappraisal that new leadership can provide." The board voted to create for Sachar the advisory post of chancellor, in which he will continue to exercise his fund-raising talents. Sachar insists that his new job "will not impinge on the authority of the new president—I don't want to exercise an inferiority complex."

Sachar, a historian of Judaism who formerly taught at the University of Illinois, took over a defunct medical school campus in Waltham, Mass., in 1948 and personally pushed Brandeis into the top score or so of U.S. private universities. He did so largely by courting Jewish philanthropists, even while insisting, not quite accurately, that Brandeis is "no more Jewish than Princeton is Presbyterian." Although the university has no administrative ties with any of Judaism's religious organizations, the

BUTCHER-BERKLEY



SACHAR

Always the chastisements of love.

student body, which now numbers 2,460, more than a fourth of them in graduate work, is still about 70% Jewish. The faculty is particularly strong in biochemistry, bacteriology, chemistry, physics, English, history and math. Brandeis' experience, contends Sachar, proves that it is possible to build a quality university in a hurry if "you do the best right from the beginning—you don't bridge a chasm in two leaps."

Sachar's intense concern about every detail of the university's development has been resented by some restive students and professors, who regard him as an academic dictator. Sachar, who has never been known to walk away from a fight, blandly dismisses such criticism as "the chastisements of love." An academic presidency, he says, "is not a popularity contest—I believe in strength in governing a university." In the opinion of his peers, Sachar has not only been strong himself but has also provided most of the strength of Brandeis.

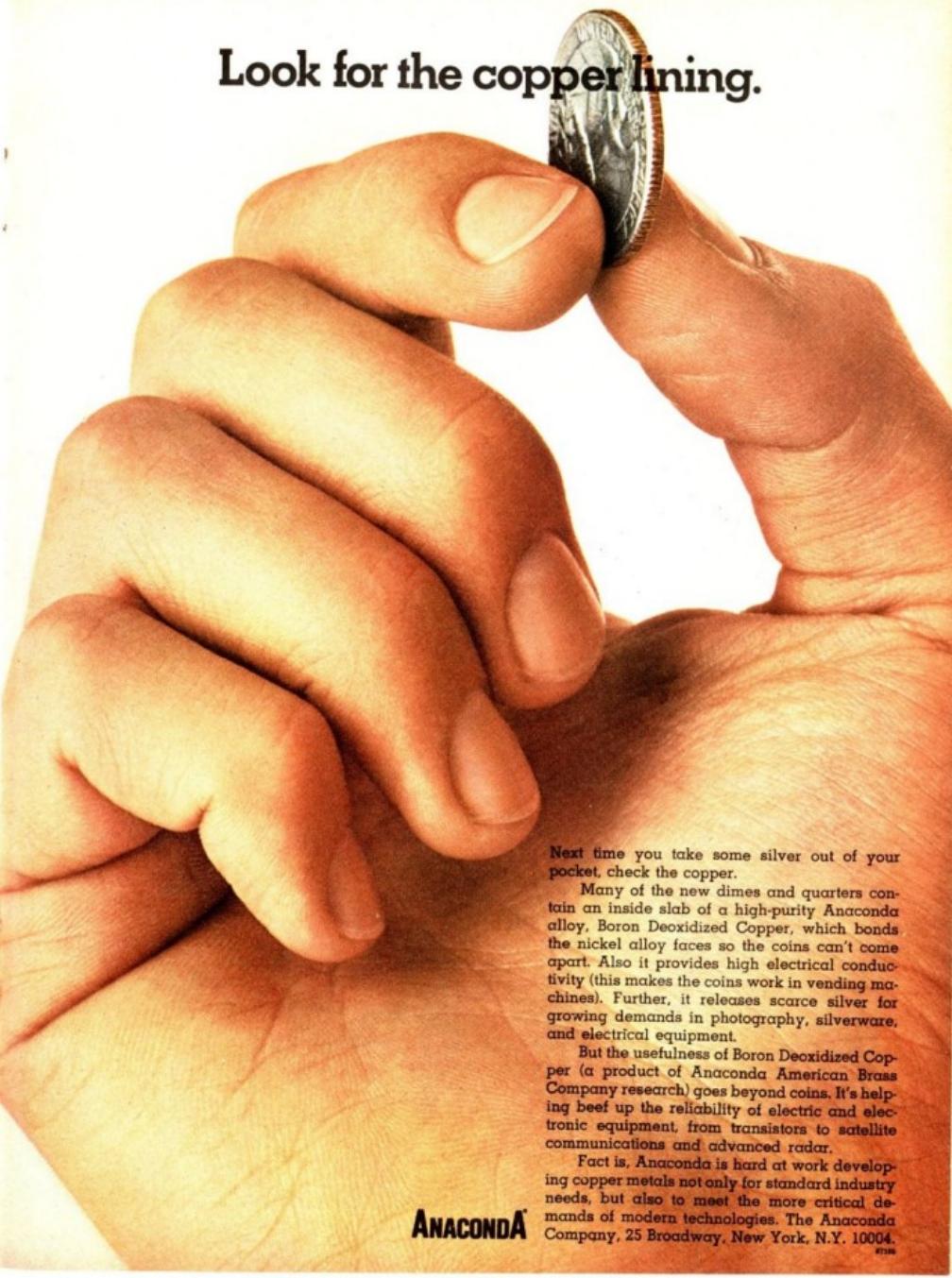
TEACHERS

Back to School, Bitterly

Teachers in Detroit and—barring a last-minute contract rejection by union members—New York agreed last week to go back to work. They won salary increases, broke through a few barriers on educational policy. But mostly they demonstrated their new political clout—and felt more than a little bitterness in the wake of their walkouts.

Some 11,000 Detroit teachers, including 6,400 members of the American Federation of Teachers, will get raises of \$850 annually for two years, work one week less a year, enjoy a bigger voice in textbook selection and curriculum changes. They also won a 30-child limit on class size in the first

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Next time you take some silver out of your pocket, check the copper.

Many of the new dimes and quarters contain an inside slab of a high-purity Anaconda alloy, Boron Deoxidized Copper, which bonds the nickel alloy faces so the coins can't come apart. Also it provides high electrical conductivity (this makes the coins work in vending machines). Further, it releases scarce silver for growing demands in photography, silverware, and electrical equipment.

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Fact is, Anaconda is hard at work developing copper metals not only for standard industry needs, but also to meet the more critical demands of modern technologies. The Anaconda Company, 25 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004.

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We changed the Skylark from front to rear, we gave it a whole new look, simply because we believe you want a car like this. In other words, we're talking your language.

We thought you'd like to have a little easier time parking. So we shortened the wheelbase of the two-door Skylark down to 112 inches.

talking your language.



The engine is new, too. A 230-hp., V-8 power plant. It's standard on all Skylark Custom models.

We also refused to limit your choices. Skylark Custom comes in four models, 15 colors and 32 trim combinations. So talk to the man who talks your language, your Buick dealer.

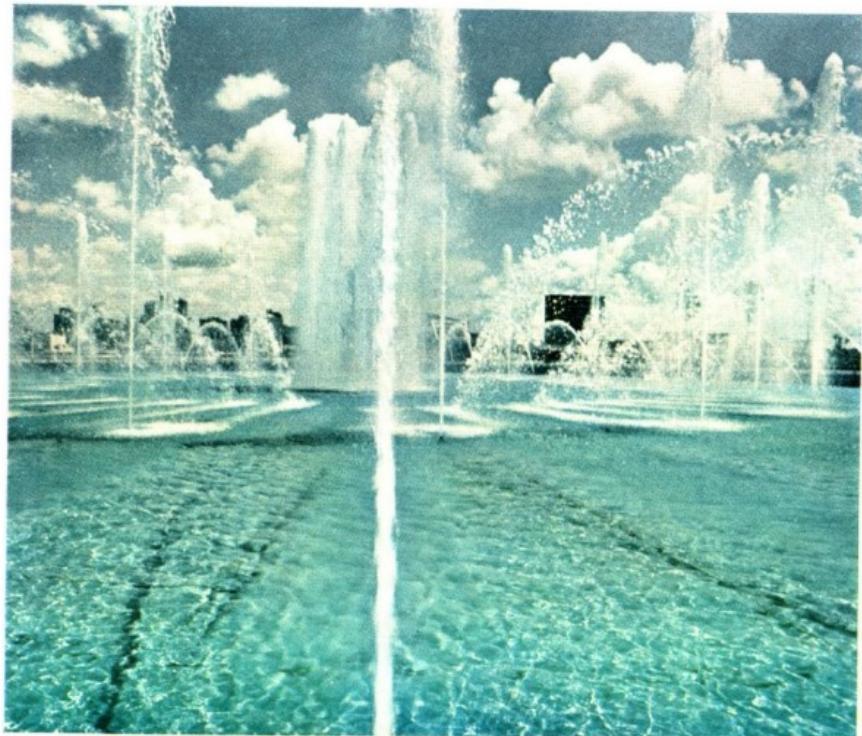
All Buicks have the full line of General Motors safety features as standard equipment. For example, seat back latches and padded windshield corner posts. Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



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This is the world's largest fountain.

Our tiny scrubbers make the water so clean it can shoot 10 stories high.



We've been solving filtration problems for over 50 years. With tiny scrubbers called Celite® diatomite filter powders.

Which is one reason engineers chose them for the world's largest fountain, in Jacksonville, Florida.

Celite filtration keeps even the tiniest particle from ever reach-

ing the fountain's 63 small jets. So they never clog. And water can soar 10 stories high. At 17,000 gallons a minute. Day and night.

The evening spectacle has an extra sparkle. Because multicolored floodlights enhance the clear scrubbed water's natural beauty.

But whether you're filtering

a fountain, a swimming pool—or wine, beer, or soda fountain syrup—you can't do better than Celite filtration. **JM**

Johns-Manville

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three grades of ghetto schools and a 39-student limit in all other classes. Unhappy school-board members could only shrug their shoulders when asked where most of the \$18.7 million for pay raises will come from, nor hopefully toward the state legislature.

In New York, the United Federation of Teachers, an A.F.T. local, managed to keep most of its members out of class despite the coaxing of top school officials. As teacher and student absenteeism grew, Mayor John Lindsay and the school board came up with a \$135 million package of pay and benefits spread over 26 months, an \$11.9 million increase over their original offer. It will mean at least \$1,200 more for some 55,000 teachers. In frantic bargaining, the union won an extra weekly hour of classroom preparation time for teachers in ghetto elementary schools, but allowed its demand for more power over disruptive students to be turned over to a study committee. At week's end the union threatened to prolong the walkout when fresh disputes broke out over the contract wording of some of the oral agreements, such as for special programs in ghetto schools.

The New York dispute left Negro and Puerto Rican groups angry over union attempts to enforce more discipline in the classroom, and they threatened to bar the return of teachers at some schools—a move that would suddenly push the school board and the teachers back together as allies against such pressure. At the same time, the financial headache for the city was painful. Noting that other unions of city employees will soon begin contract negotiations of their own, Lindsay cried: "I don't see how big-city government is going to survive."

LEARNING

School for the Senses

The instructor dangled a sheet of paper between his fingers, asked the student to imagine that he was that paper. The student, concentrating, felt thin, flexible, fragile. *Crunch!*—the instructor crumpled the paper into a wad. The student winced. Then both smiled—the student had become "sensitized."

The curious lesson in feeling took place at California's Esalen Institute, 35 miles south of Carmel in the Big Sur country, where a staff of uninhibited social scientists are engaged in the new technique of "sensitivity training." Their aim is to make business executives, doctors, lawyers, Peace Corpsmen and assorted self-searching women more aware of themselves and of their "authentic" relations with others through sensual and physical rather than verbal experience. Such sensitivity training is suddenly in vogue across the nation to help community leaders, clergymen and businessmen in their dealings with people. Some 350 officials of the State Department, including ambassadors, have taken sensitivity classes at Washington's NTL Institute for Ap-



BODY-AWARENESS CLASS AT ESEN
Hero sandwiches and a hug for a "Go to hell."

plied Behavioral Science. About 150 trainees at the federal Job Corps Center in Clearfield, Utah, hope to improve their "interpersonal relations" with the same technique.

Listen to the Body. As practiced at Esalen (named after an extinct Indian tribe), sensitivity training draws upon elements of the inner-directed meditation of Eastern religions and the interaction emphasis of Gestalt psychology. On the theory that modern urban man smoothes his feelings under layers of intellectual abstractions and thus loses his sense of wholeness, Esalen President Michael Murphy, 37, a Stanford psychology graduate, also accepts emotional release and an awareness of the body. "We have to learn to listen to our bodies if we are ever to enrich and expand our life of feeling," he says. No far-out cultist, Murphy has attracted such top academic psychologists as Harvard's B. F. Skinner and Abraham H. Maslow of Brandeis, who is also president of the American Psychological Association.

Classes on body awareness are run by Bernard Gunther, a sometime weight lifter and yoga student, in order to "get people to let go of an excessively verbal image of themselves." After having his students stand barefoot on a sheet and feel the grass under it, he pairs them off, asks them to "converse" by slapping each other's arms and shoulders. In "the Gunther sandwich," one student lies face-down on a sheet; two others kneel beside him, pound his legs, buttocks and back with their hands. Then the three stretch out and cling to each other. Gunther's "hero sandwich" has the entire class of 35 people cuddled in one tight row, regardless of sex.

Off with the Girdle. Social Psychologist William Schutz holds workshops on "joy" aimed at "the realization of one's potential." He asks students in these "encounter groups" to act out

their inner feelings rather than talk about them. A man who feels psychically "up tight" may be put inside a circle of classmates and asked to break through this human barrier. The University of California's George I. Brown, an associate professor of education, employs charades in his creativity workshops: he gets a woman to go through the motions of taking her girdle off, a man to pretend to release a balloon.

A group of 20 business executives recently attended a two-day workshop at Esalen in which they played "blindman's buff," one man with eyes open leading another who shut his eyes and contacted his surroundings through touch and smell. At one session, an apparel manufacturer hinted that he really resented his business, wanted to leave it. An Esalen girl staffer then sat opposite him, coaxed him into pretending that she was his business, finally got him to tell her "Go to hell!" He smiled broadly, conceded that he was "proud I could say it." "I am proud of you too," said the girl, who gave him an affectionate hug. Although the man returned to his factory, he felt less enslaved by it.

Now five years old, Esalen's appeal is so broad that a Jesuit moral theologian from Loyola University of Los Angeles and a curriculum expert for the State University of New York are among its 21 resident fellows, who pay \$3,000 for nine months of study. Most Esalen students attend short-term workshops and seminars. More than 1,000 people heard a lecture this month by Maslow at the First Unitarian Society Church in San Francisco, where Esalen has just started a branch program. Also intrigued by the institute is the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education, which recently gave Esalen a \$21,000 grant to train five public school teachers, who will then try some of its techniques in their home classrooms.

MEDICINE

GENETICS

Mosaic in X & Y

"There's nothing like a dame," sang the Navymen in *South Pacific*. Not so, say physiologists. There are people who are something like a dame but are really men, or even a combination of male and female because nature has scrambled their chromosomes. Last week a star Polish athlete found "herself" in one of these anomalous categories and was barred on medical grounds from international competition.

Ewa Klobukowska, 21, born in Warsaw, was raised as a girl and always thought of herself as a girl. She grew to a lithe and powerful 5 ft. 7 in. Though she had negligible bust development she seemed, with shoulder-length blonde hair, sufficiently feminine to attract plenty of male dancing partners in Warsaw night spots. When she cropped her hair recently she looked a bit less feminine, but after the International Amateur Athletic Federation ordered sex tests for female athletes, she paraded naked before three women doctors last year in Budapest and was passed as a woman without question.

Irked by complaints that previous nets had not screened out all contestants of doubtful femaleness, the I.A.A.F. ordered chromosome tests for European Cup competitors at Kiev. Ewa, co-holder of the women's 100-meter world record (11.1 sec.), saw no need to duck the test and readily submitted to having a few cells scraped from inside her cheek for chromosome analysis. On the basis of the microscope's evidence, three Russian and three Hungarian doctors

gave the fatal verdict: Ewa is not a woman because she has "one chromosome too many."

Which chromosome, they did not say. A normal woman has 22 pairs of non-sex chromosomes, like a man, plus two x chromosomes to determine femininity. A normal man has one x, but his y chromosome is decisive and establishes maleness. A fairly common case of "one chromosome too many" is an xxy combination, but this is accompanied by external male genitalia and poor, nonathletic physical development. More probably, Ewa is a mosaic, with some xxy cells, and others containing a single x and nothing else.

CANCER

Advance Against Leukemia

Physicians who deal with leukemia are reluctant to talk in terms of "breakthroughs" and "cures." Their fundamental position is that acute leukemia, the most common killing disease among children aged 3 to 14, is still fatal. With that reservation, however, a group of first-rank U.S. medical researchers met in Boston last week to discuss a series of remarkable gains that are now giving leukemia victims progressively longer survival times with greater comfort. In a few cases, they reported complete freedom from evident disease for as long as 15 years. In cautiously double-negative terms, they admitted that they could not be sure that they did not have a cure for some patients.

Only 20 years ago, the victim of acute leukemia could expect to live, on the average, from four months to a year after his disease was diagnosed. Many doctors tended to give as little treatment as possible to avoid prolonging the patient's suffering. But Dr. Sidney Farber of the Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston was just then beginning the first tentative treatment of childhood leukemia with a drug called methotrexate that interferes with the metabolism of cancerous cells, in effect starving them of a vital nutrient. It was to commemorate the 20th anniversary of that occasion that the American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute picked Boston as the place to make their reports last week.

Ten-Log Kill. When it came to pinpointing the causes of leukemia, the researchers were still at a loss. But there was no doubt about effects. The National Cancer Institute's Dr. C. Gordon Zubrod reported that by the time a leukemia patient is ill enough for his disease to be diagnosed, he usually has 10^{12} (or 1 trillion) leukemic cells in his blood. His physician must try to kill all these abnormal cells without killing or damaging too many of the normal cells. In the trade, said Dr. Zubrod, each factor of ten in that trillion cells is called a log, and in the first few years after Dr. Farber introduced meth-

otrexate treatment, doctors found that they could knock off one or at most two logs, or zeros, from the cell count. This meant that more patients enjoyed longer remissions. Survival times began to creep up.

In 1953, Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute introduced another anti-leukemia drug, 6-mercaptopurine. Use of the two drugs in succession, along with prednisone (a cortisone-type hormone) raised the kill to three to five logs. Since 1963, with half a dozen new anti-leukemia drugs available for concurrent or consecutive use, the cell kill achieved in the best cancer centers has reached ten logs, reducing the leukemic-cell count to 100.

Since even these few cells can multiply and cause relapses, the obvious objective is a twelve-log kill—the elimination of every last leukemic cell. And the ultracautious Dr. Zubrod made what is, for him, a wildly optimistic statement: "I believe that in about 25% of patients with acute lymphocytic leukemia now starting treatment, the cell kill is approaching twelve logs."

Long Survivals. Despite remaining difficulties, the outlook for victims of acute lymphocytic leukemia continues to improve. Since 1964, the proportion of patients who gain complete or temporary remissions as a result of intensive treatment has gone up from 50% to 90%, said Dr. Zubrod, and the median survival time has stretched from 19 months to three years or more. A few patients have done still better, reported Sloan-Kettering's Dr. Joseph H. Burchenal. He knows of 87 children and 16 adults who are alive five years after first diagnosis, with no detectable

* Progress against another form of the disease, acute myelocytic leukemia, is less marked.



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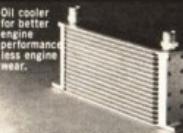
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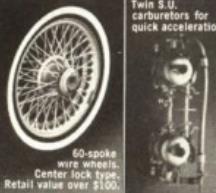
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September 19, 1967.

disease. Indeed, 29 of them have lived comfortable and normal lives for at least five years since their last treatment; ten of these have gone on for ten years, and five for 15.

Admittedly, said Dr. Burchenal, these cases represent only a fraction of 1% of the world's leukemia toll (the U.S. annually records about 18,000 new leukemia cases—about 3,000 children), and virtually all got intensive treatment in one of the few medical centers specializing in leukemia. But this does not mean that such care is limited to children living close to those centers. Dr. Zubrod urged his physician listeners to refer patients with suspected leukemia to the centers where, if the diagnosis is confirmed, they can be treated by a team of experts until the leukemic cell count has dropped below the critical trillion—a matter of weeks or months. Then they can go home, to be watched over and given further treatment by a doctor who needs no more resources than his own community hospital, provided he keeps in touch with the center's specialists.

OBESITY

Death at Rainbow's End

Several different types of drugs are prescribed for the overweight, and if they do little good, they usually do little harm because most reducers take only one kind. But from Oregon last week came a report that at least six and possibly eight women have died, apparently as the result of taking five potent drugs put up, along with a laxative, in a six-pill "rainbow package." Three physicians had dispensed the combination packages, said Dr. Russell Henry, Oregon state medical examiner.

Dr. Henry listed the drugs: one of the amphetamines, or "bennies"; phenobarbital, to reduce the nervousness caused by bennies; thyroid hormone, to increase metabolism; digitalis, the heart stimulant, for no discernible medical reason; and a thiazide diuretic to promote loss of body water. Each pill contained a safe daily dose of that particular drug, said Dr. Henry. But some of the dead women had taken several a day, and four of the thyroid or digitalis doses would be dangerous.

Worse still was the combination. Thyroid alone may make the heart more irritable. The thiazide diuretic and even the laxative reduce the body's store of potassium, and this definitely makes the heart more irritable. Then a heavy dose of digitalis would throw the heart into useless twitching. After a while the heart would stop. In all the cases studied, said Dr. Henry, the women were alone when they died. He sees confirmation of their cause of death in the cases of two women who were saved. One, who was about to be put in an iron lung, recovered dramatically after a dose of potassium. Another, with a racing, broken-gaited heart, needed only to stop taking the rainbow pills to recover.

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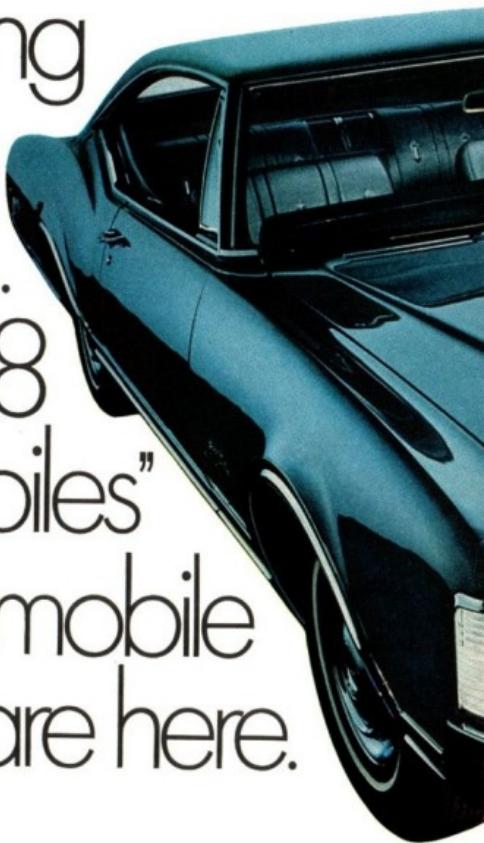


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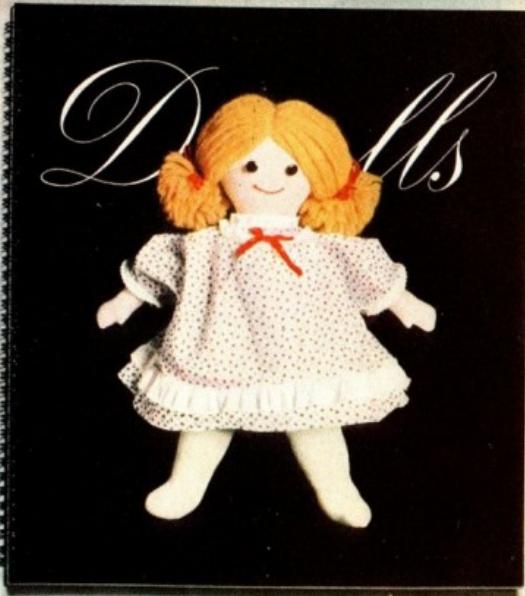
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THE LAW

LABOR LAW

Ineffective Injunctions

Few weapons of the law raise the hackles of organized labor faster than the antistrike injunction. In the early 20th century, most labor injunctions involved private industry, favored management and were enforced. Now they are being used in the public sector, favor state or city governments—and are ignored or appealed to death.

Strictly speaking, an injunction is simply an order by a court requiring that its interpretation of the law be complied with. Willful failure to comply is contempt of court, and fines and jail sentences can be imposed. Overuse of the device in the early days of trade unionism made "government by injunction" a burning political issue; by 1930, Felix Frankfurter and Nathan Greene, in a classic book on the subject, were proposing a new law and writing that "injunctions ought never to become routine." Two years later, the Norris-La Guardia Act virtually eliminated them in federal courts, and later Supreme Court rulings eventually curbed state courts as well.

Tried & Failed. As a result, employer-obtained labor injunctions largely disappeared. Even the Taft-Hartley Act, which gave the President power to seek an 80-day strike injunction when the national health or safety was imperiled, did not make much difference. In the 20 years since it became law, it has been invoked only 28 times.

All of this action, however, affected just the private sector. For public employees, it remains true that strikes are illegal and that any attempt to strike can be fought with an injunction. In a

famous 1946 case, a strike by John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers against coal mines then operated by the Government was smashed by a federal court order that eventually cost the union \$700,000 in fines and Lewis himself \$10,000. Nonetheless, work stoppages by Government employees are increasing phenomenally; there were 142 last year, more than three times the total of the year before. And in many cases, injunctions were tried and failed.

Two Remedies. In the recent spate of teacher walkouts across the country, injunctions have had little effect. Earlier this month, police and firemen on strike in Youngstown, Ohio, ignored an injunction to go back to work. In order to get around the legal ban against public-employee strikes, the unions have labeled their walkouts "mass resignations" and "professional study days." The courts have issued injunctions anyway, but the unions block the injunctions with appeals and indifference. They are rarely punished, the reason being that as part of the eventual settlement the unions obtain a promise that the government will help bury any legal consequences that might otherwise proceed from the strike.

Thus, after the illegal transport workers' strike in New York City in 1966, the state legislature passed a special law exempting the union members from the punishment that was their due under the law. Last week in New York, United Federation of Teachers Leader Albert Shanker had so far escaped penalties (see EDUCATION). Most labor-law scholars agree that there are only two ways to remedy the situation. Either strikes by public employees must be allowed, or tough penalties must be imposed and enforced against unions that call public-sector strikes. The choice could be made differently for essential personnel (police, firemen) and non-essential personnel (clerks, maintenance men). But it must be made, since the whetted appetite of public employees for greater benefits means that strikes will come with greater frequency.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Marijuana Before the Bench

The social value of discouraging crimes against others is clear; as a result, there is little resistance to laws that prohibit murder, robbery or rape. The social value of deterring crimes against oneself is more debatable—especially when there is no proof that the outlawed conduct causes harm. Most lawyers agree, therefore, that laws prohibiting private acts such as drinking are an unnecessary and unwarranted restraint on individual freedom, and little more than an attempt to legislate morality. Now that argument—and others—is being used in a major attack on federal and state laws against marijuana.

In Oregon, a pharmacy board has



LAWYER OTERI, WEISS & LEIS
No more a sin than a gin.

just completed hearings on whether to recommend exemption of marijuana from the state narcotics law, and will deliver a decision next month. In Rhode Island, testimony pro and con has been heard on the constitutionality of the state marijuana restrictions in the trial of three students for selling pot; a decision is due shortly. New York State is preparing to try Literary Critic Leslie Fiedler and his wife next week for maintaining premises where marijuana was used. In Michigan, a bill designed to make marijuana lawful was introduced at the last session of the legislature and is awaiting consideration.

Even Death. Last week the most publicized test case so far got under way at a pretrial hearing in Massachusetts. Mounting the attack was an outspoken, cigar-chewing attorney named Joseph Oteri. A 36-year-old ex-Marine captain who currently serves as counsel for the National Association of Police Officers, Oteri is not the sort usually expected to be behind such causes, but the marijuana law "gripes me," he explains. "The hazards of marijuana are a myth." As a means of proving it, he took on the defense of Ivan Weiss and Joseph Leis, two college dropouts charged with possession of marijuana with intent to sell it. In court last week, Oteri could not get their names straight. But otherwise, he gave them a painstakingly prepared defense—the product of six months of research.

The first marijuana law in the U.S. was passed by Congress in 1937. Use of the hallucinogen was then centered in New Orleans, and little was known about it. Scare stories about marijuana leading to a crime wave prompted Congress to provide stiff penalties: up to five years for any pot offense. Now the maximum is 40 years. No probation is allowed for second offenders and a minimum sentence of five years is mandatory. In most states, no difference was seen between pot and such other drugs



JOHN L. LEWIS AFTER BEING FINED IN 1946
Now buried in appeals and indifference.



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as heroin and opium; all were usually lumped under the same general narcotic law with the result that in Georgia, to take the most extreme example, selling marijuana to minors can bring the death penalty.

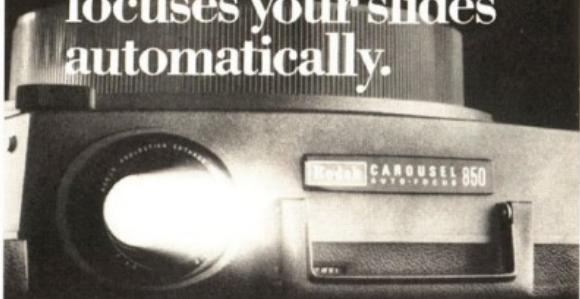
Old-Fashioned. Available medical knowledge, argues Oteri, makes such a lack of distinction hopelessly old-fashioned. For one thing, LSD, which was not around when pot was banned, will earn the user or seller far less of a sentence than marijuana, though LSD is known to produce dangerous and long-range effects and pot is not. Furthermore, said Oteri, pot is not really dangerous at all, and he introduced a series of expert witnesses to back up his contention. Almost everyone is now agreed that marijuana is neither a true narcotic nor addictive, but Oteri's experts went further. They absolved pot of causing practically any harm.

Dr. Joel Fort, a San Francisco psychiatrist and frequent marijuana defender, stated that the drug causes no basic personality change, does not lead to sexual excess, and does not lead to progression to other drugs. Dr. Nicholas Malleston, member of Britain's advisory commission on drug dependence and currently a visiting professor at M.I.T., agreed and added that it is not even psychologically addictive, "unless you would call my desire to go home after a day's work to have a gin and talk to my wife a psychologically dependent habit."

Reform, Not a Wipeout. Rebutting such pro-pot statements, Dr. Donald Louria, chairman of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction, testified that marijuana can induce various psychoses, undermine already unstable personalities, and cause acute intoxication. He also directly contradicted Dr. Fort and contended that pot does tend to lead to use of other drugs. Both sides plan to field at least a dozen more experts before the hearing is over. Only then will the judge decide on Oteri's motion to declare the Massachusetts marijuana law unconstitutional on grounds that it is "irrational and arbitrary," and that it goes beyond the regulatory power of the state. Oteri also contends that it infringes on the individual's right to privacy and that it violates equal protection of the laws since alcohol, tobacco and other similarly dangerous drugs are not similarly barred. Finally, he feels that it subjects citizens to "cruel and unusual and excessive punishment."

Whatever the finding on Oteri's motion, anti-marijuana laws will almost certainly not be wiped out by the current attack. In fact, only a few of marijuana's lawyer supporters favor untrammeled availability of pot. Most simply want to ease what they regard as Draconian penalties. Some reform does seem inevitable since even Food and Drug Administration Chief James Goddard agrees that the penalties for users are too severe.

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SHOW BUSINESS

CHORUS GIRLS

For 2¢ a Kick

Like many an out-of-towner visiting New York for the first time, pert Schoolgirl Linda Farmer headed straight for the cavernous Radio City Music Hall to see the big bash of a stage show. One gander at all those spangled chorines kicking away like a centipede with a hotfoot and she knew

MARTHA HOLMES



FARMER (CENTER) & SISTER ROCKETTES
Such a low life at the top.

that she positively had to be a Rockette. Her qualifications were typical: head cheerleader at Hampton High in Hampton, Va., winner of the local Junior Miss contest, solo tap dancer at the Elks Club benefit and, most important, possessor of a great pair of gams. At 17, right after she graduated from Hampton High, she auditioned for the job and got it. "This is it!" she exulted. "I've hit the top!"

Bunion & Shin Splints. Last week, two years older and a lifetime wiser, Linda helped lead the 49 Rockettes and 28 members of the corps de ballet in a strike that revealed how low life at the top can be. The girls, members of the American Guild of Variety Artists, are demanding a 40% raise in salary over the next three years; the management is offering only a 15% hike. A first-year Rockette currently makes \$99 a week, or \$26 less than the lowest-paid Music Hall stagehand. That breaks down to \$4.12 a performance or roughly 2¢ a kick. The dancers must rehearse 12 hours without pay for the nine new extravaganzas mounted every year at the Music Hall, perform four shows daily for 21 consecutive days followed by six days off. Even then they are on call as replacements, and friends of the Rockettes have learned to use a telephone code system (ring twice, hang up, and then re-dial) to let them know that it is not the Music Hall calling.

Typical of many of her sisters, Linda Farmer lives in a one-bedroom apartment with another Rockette on the city's unfashionable upper West Side, spends \$400 a year for makeup (\$80 of which goes for false eyelashes alone). Because of her long hours (from noon to 10:30 p.m.), she dates only sporadically; the most popular reading material in the Rockettes' dressing room these days is a dog-eared copy of *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Manhunting*. During their 90-minute break between shows, which one dancer wryly describes as "too short to do anything important and too long to do nothing," the girls sleep or nurse their bunions and shin splints.

Camel Droppings. After mastering the Rockettes' patented eye-high kick, explains Linda, the next most difficult task is simply learning how to survive on the Music Hall's big stage, a kind of block-long obstacle course with a jolting, linoleum-covered concrete floor. The three huge elevators that make up the sectional stage are so warped with age that they meet unevenly, varying as much as an inch in many spots. With that hazard, as well as puddles from a simulated *April Shower*, or droppings from camels in the Nativity pageant, or oil slick from a fleet of autos used to ferry the chorus pit, the girls are lucky to land on their toes and not their backsides. On one occasion a Rockette slipped in a cloud of steam hissing up through holes in the stage, plummeted into the orchestra pit and squashed a violinist.

Now that the Rockettes have stepped out of the chorus line and onto the picket line, they have won a host of sympathizers. At least one retired Rockette has joined them, and the Music Hall musicians have donated 25% of their salaries to pay for the girls' meals. Box-office receipts at the Music Hall, which has slapped together an interim show of flashing lights and music, have dropped by an estimated 15%. By week's end, the two sides were nearing agreement, but whatever else they accomplish, the Rockettes have made it clear to star-struck cheerleaders that, as Linda Farmer says, "all the glamour is on the audience side of the footlights."

ENTERTAINERS

Him Mingo

There is a fellow who plays the hero's faithful Indian companion in NBC's *Daniel Boone* TV series. On screen, he is an Oxford-educated part-Cherokee half-breed who goes by the name of Mingo. That's about all anybody needs to know about the *Daniel Boone* show. But Mingo—well, he's something special, even if the show is not. His showbiz handle is Ed Ames, he is the former baritone lead with the Ames

Brothers, and today he is surfacing as the most versatile talent to emerge from a singing group since the Rhythm Boys lost Bing Crosby.

In addition to a craftsmanlike acting talent, Ames has a voice that has made him a top nightclub draw (he is now at the Persian Room of Manhattan's Plaza Hotel) and an RCA Victor balladeer who has crashed the bestseller charts twice already this year. He has two TV specials coming up the same week next month—as host of NBC's high-rating annual *Ice Follies* show and as Ferrovius in a Richard Rodgers musical adaptation of *Androcles and the Lion*. There are offers to appear with a Utah Shakespeare company and the Santa Fe Opera, and RCA Victor is preparing a new record album called *Christmas with Ed Ames*.

"**Uncreative Life.**" Ames (real name: Edmund Dantes Uriek) grew up in Malden, Mass., where he and three older brothers formed a singing team called, at first, the Urick Brothers. They entertained World War II troops in Boston, and by 1955 had become America's top vocal combo. Such hits as *Rag Mop*, *Sentimental Me* and *The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane* sold 25 million records (despite the titles), and the brothers were well on their way to their first million dollars. But in every other respect, recalls Ed, "it was a very



ED AMES IN "DANIEL BOONE"
Special, even if the show is not.

unrewarding, uncreative life. At 30, I found everything stagnant and saw nothing in the future but a repetition of well-paid nothingness."

He split off in 1960 to study acting. Though he had earned \$5,000 his last week as one of the brothers, he took a \$4,960-a-week cut to work off-Broadway in a revival of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, jumped later to the lead in national companies of *The Fantasticks* and *Carnival*. Next came a stint on Broadway in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

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Unfair.

Our Javelin has more leg room, more



The 1967 Mustang

the Mustang and the Javelin.

head room, the backseat is a good 5 inches wider.

Unfair.

Our Javelin has a bigger gas tank, a roomier trunk, a more powerful battery.

Unfair.

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American Motors

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The 1968 Javelin SST



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PALM SPRINGS, Calif.

PHOENIX Phoenix

PORTLAND, Ore.

Portland

SAN FRANCISCO San Francisco

San Francisco

SEATTLE Seattle

Seattle

SPOKANE, Wash.

Spokane

TOLEDO, Ohio

Toledo

WICHITA, Kan.

Wichita

VANCOUVER, British Columbia

Vancouver

VIENNA, Austria

Vienna

WILMINGTON, Del.

Wilmington

MEXICO CITY Mexico City

Mexico City

MONTREAL Montreal

Montreal

NEW YORK New York

New York

PHILADELPHIA Philadelphia

Philadelphia

ST. LOUIS St. Louis

St. Louis

TORONTO Toronto

Toronto

WICHITA, Kan.

Wichita

WILMINGTON, Del.

Wilmington

WYOMING Cheyenne

Cheyenne



Buenaventura, Colombia

Buenaventura

GUATEMALA City

Guatemala

HONG KONG Hong Kong

Hong Kong

MANILA Manila

Manila

MOSCOW Moscow

Moscow

MONTEVIDEO Montevideo

Montevideo

MONTERREY Monterrey

Monterrey

MONTREAL Montreal

Montreal

MURCIA Murcia

Murcia

NEARLY 60 HOTELS

Nearly 60 hotels

PARIS Paris

Paris

QUADRILLE Quadrille

Quadrille

QUINCEY Quincey

Quincey

QUINCEY Quincey

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Quincey

oo's Nest, which was set in a mental hospital and featured Ed as a schizophrenic Indian.

The show lasted only long enough for Ames's agent to get a call for an 8-by-10 glossy picture of Ames in swimming trunks. The request was from the producers of the upcoming *Daniel Boone* TV series. This is Ames's fourth—and probably last—season in the show. Fess Parker, who plays the title role, co-produces, and owns a 30% piece of *Boone*, is chafing in his buckskins because Ames pulled more fan mail last spring. In any case, Ames wants out of the noble-savage bit. "Television series are a great hazard," he explains. "The more successful the show, the more identified with the characters you become."

Cowboy Cutout. Still, it is likely that at least 10 million people will persist in remembering him as the Mingo who threw the Johnny Carson *Tonight* show into an uproar in 1965. Ames, a dead-easy natural athlete who can hit a bull's-eye from 20 paces with a bowie knife, went on the Carson program as a guest. According to the script, he was to fling a tomahawk at an eight-foot-high cardboard cutout of a cowboy; during rehearsal, he hit the target in the heart 19 times straight. On the air, old Mingo took aim, let fly and ripped the cutout right in the crotch. Carson, his crew and the audience broke into a hysterical orgy of laughter that ran 3 min., 45 sec. on the tape—probably the longest sidesplitter in television history.

HOLLYWOOD

Stars' Cars

It was one of those slow afternoons in a Beverly Hills auto showroom, and Burt Sugarman, 28, the smoothly pompadoured proprietor, noodled at his desk. In the window reclined a long, low, old-fashioned jobbie with running boards, bicycle fenders and blindingly chromed supercharger exhausts curling out of the hood. Suddenly, an ill-clad geek with long hair popped into the shop. Sonny Buono, of Sonny and Cher, pointed at the glittery relic and asked: "What's that?" "Excalibur," replied Sugarman. "I'll take it," chirped Sonny.

The two-seater Excalibur, custom-made in Milwaukee, is a fiber-glass replica of the 1927-29 Mercedes-Benz SSK, fitted onto a Studebaker Cruiser chassis and propelled by a 350-h.p. Corvette engine. Sonny's model set him back about \$10,000, which is cheap considering that the Excalibur is the car-of-the-month in Hollywood, and that, furthermore, owning the car-of-the-month wins nearly as many prestige points these days as punching Frank Sinatra in the gush.

Curtis' Kicks. Phyllis Diller owns three Excaliburs, in yellow, silver and grey—presumably rotated to match her



THE MARTINS WITH GHIAS & THE "WEASEL"

hair. Bobby Darin, Eddie Albert, Actor James Darren, Batman Adam West and Writer Rod Serling have one apiece. Steve McQueen got one for his wife. Dick Van Dyke and his wife wear raccoon coats while tooling around in their yellow model; when people yell hello, Dick and Marjorie wave little pennants that say "HI." Tony Curtis sold his two Excaliburs. He's got four other cars anyway, and besides, Tony gets his kicks now by restoring authentic antique cars. "I suppose it's something like the satisfaction a man got in the old days from keeping his horse in shape," he says. "There's something masculine about it."

When a star is not projecting his masculinity and just wants transportation, there is always the Rolls-Royce. Andy Williams, Bill Cosby, Milton Berle, Peter Falk, Lucille Ball, Liberace, Jerry Lewis, David Janssen and Jack Benny all own Rolls. Red Skelton has two Rolls. Phyllis Diller, when her Excaliburs are sheathed, gets by with one. Bob Hope, true to his longtime TV sponsor, sticks to a 1967 Chrysler Crown Imperial hardtop.

Diamond Dust. The sportier types go Ghia. The classic is the 1962 Dual Ghia L6.4. There are only 26 in the world; Sinatra has one and Dean Martin and his wife Jeannie have His & Her models. The Martin household, in fact, runs a fleet of ten vehicles including a World War II "Weasel" personnel carrier. Young Dino, 16, is planning to ditch his 1965 Ferrari and get a Lamborghini Miura P-400, which cruises at more than 200 m.p.h. Dean's mother-in-law has Jeannie's old 1961 Continental, which became *déclassé* in Hollywood when pressagents began driving them. The Martins' housekeeper drives only a Cadillac.

The real problem is how to find one's car in the parking lot at the five and dime. The answer is to add a homey little touch-up. Tony Martin's Rolls has a special \$1,000-plus finish called "pearl metallic," but it is really ground-up fish scales. The late Marie Macdonald had platinum-dust paint on her Caddy, but Elvis Presley has diamond dust on his. For further easy identification, Presley's car sports a yacht-style rear-seat lounge, portholes, gold lamé drapes, gold curtains, gold



CHER, SONNY & EXCALIBUR
But how do you find it in the parking lot?

mouton carpeting, gold-plated telephone and 24-carat hubcaps and tail pipes. The hubcaps on Ursula Andress' BMW, on the other hand, sport medallions that depict Ursula emerging from a swimming pool.

RADIO

Overkill

In radio, ya gotta mind your gimmick. Last month WFBM, Indianapolis' "Fun in Radio" station, got bored with giving away cows and staging scavenger hunts. So it declared a \$5 bounty on every mosquito brought in to the studios by listeners. The station figured that the promotion would cost only about \$100.

Throughout the day for several weeks running, a WFBM executive in the guise of a Spanish-accented, used-mosquito dealer drummed up entries for the competition. Last week the results, and corpses, were in—the office, to be exact, of WFBM Promotion Man Charley Rogers. One housewife had uncovered a mosquito mating ground near her suburban home; she bug-bombed it, netted 73,225 of the critters, mounted them on toilet tissue, and got \$3,661.25. Total kill for all contestants was 225,481 mosquitoes. All told, the station was stung for \$11,274.05.

* Jeannie, Sons Dino and Ricci, Dean, and Daughter Gina.



To determine whether your insurance man is a true, honest, genuine, independent agent...

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

First, ask him if he works for an insurance company or for you. Is he an *employee* of that company or an independent businessman? (If there is any hesitation on this vital issue, press on.)

Next, ask him whether he has his choice of policies and companies. Can he shop around for you? Compare prices and policies from several different insurance companies? Or, does he sell only what *his* company has to offer? (At this point, watch for facial twitches and beads of perspiration on his brow.)

Finally, if your insurance man has answered these questions to your satisfaction, invite him to step over the burning coals, grasp a tall glass of lemonade, and join you in a toast to INDEPENDENCE.

P.S. If your agent *fails* this test, extinguish coals and share your lemonade anyhow. Actually, it's not the good guys versus the bad guys, or anything like that. It's just that only *independent* insurance agents sell insurance from The St. Paul, and we think they can do a little more for you.

*This ad is dedicated to the
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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

The Specter & the Substance

Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler was as blunt as he was gloomy. Failure to enact a 10% income tax surcharge, he told Congress last week, would leave the U.S. with "an economy in shambles." Without higher taxes, insisted Fowler, the nation faces "the biggest deficit since World War II, an overheated economy and spiraling inflation, sky-high interest rates and tight money for all borrowers."

Economists, business, labor and financial leaders have all been sounding the same theme—but mostly in a quieter key. Abruptly and decisively, coping with inflation has become the prime concern of U.S. businessmen. What was only a nagging specter short months ago is a fast gathering ominous substance. Automakers have joined the parade of summer price increases that now reach across the economy from food to steel, from appliances to plastics. General Motors raised the average price of its 1968 autos by \$110, or 3.6% above the 1967 level. Strikebound Ford lifted its car prices by \$114 (3.9%), Chrysler by \$133 (4.6%). Inventory liquidation by businessmen, one of the principal drags on the economy this year, is dwindling, and housing and industrial production are up. "A business acceleration is no longer a forecast," said Chairman Gardner Ackley of the White House Council of Economic Advisers last week. "It is a fact."

On the Brink. Propelled by rising wages, employment and overtime, personal income climbed in August for the third month in a row. Retail sales kept pace. They rose in August for the third straight month, and are likely to rise even more as U.S. families, which have been saving 7¢ of each dollar, begin to spend some of what they have squirreled away. "As far as we're concerned," says Walgreen Drug Chairman Charles R. Walgreen Jr., "the public is on a buying spree." Adds Chairman Edward Hanley of Allegheny Ludlum Steel: "We're in an inflationary period now, and it's very serious."

Part of the fuel for the surge comes from the Federal Reserve Board, which has been pumping credit into the economy so fast that it has expanded the money supply at an annual rate of 7.7% so far this year, against only 2.2% during the 1966 tight-money squeeze. Looming inflation should impel the Fed to tighten up soon, but if it does many financial men fear the Treasury will be hard put to borrow \$10.6 billion before year's end to pay the nation's soaring bills. "I think the Fed has been had," said former Chief White House Economist Raymond Saulnier last week. "We're on the brink of a financial crisis."

REAL ESTATE

Thistles in the New Towns

By the time it turned five years old this spring, Sunset/Whitney Ranch was supposed to have grown into a thriving city-in-the-country, with a blend of homes, stores and factories and a population well on its way toward an ultimate 100,000. So far, the place has attracted only two plants and 1,200 inhabitants; lack of sales halted home building two years ago at the 12,000-acre site 25 miles northeast of Sacramento, Calif. Now "For Sale" signs dot Sunset's vacant lots—also some of

\$7,000,000 to \$14.5 million, construction has slowed to a near standstill at six-year-old El Dorado Hills, a 10,000-acre new town 25 miles east of Sacramento. Ross Cortese, one of the nation's foremost developers of self-contained retirement villages, was forced to suspend sales and refund some down payments recently at four of his "Leisure World" communities in Maryland, New Jersey and California. To reduce his heavy land-carrying costs, he is also trying to sell the developments. Despite brisk business (1,000 houses and 600 rental units in five years), Joppatowne, Md., a 1,400-acre community

JIM WELLS



DEVELOPER SIMON



CLUSTER OF HOUSES AT RESTON, VA.

Without calculating the cost of the dream.

its occupied homes spotted here and there amid the expanse of thistles.

Despite a \$25 million investment, Sunset has flopped—leaving Sunasco, the Los Angeles-based oil-finance-realty company that started the project, with a continuing debt of \$1,500,000 a year. "We can't do anything with it," admits Sunasco President Bruce Rozet. "We can't even find a buyer to take it off our hands."

Similar woes afflict all too many of the nearly 300 large-scale planned communities and "new towns" that have sprung up across the U.S. Their troubles are a source of particular concern because architects and developers alike feel that the best of the projects could teach the whole country how to surround homes with a more pleasant environment. Moreover, planners consider new towns a promising antidote to the suburban sprawl. Such haphazard building, they say, could wreck the countryside as the U.S. doubles its stock of housing over the next 30 years.

Suspended Sales. Even though John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. has just increased its underwriting from

near Baltimore, ran out of cash this spring; and Developer Leon Panitz filed for a bankruptcy reorganization.

This month, misfortune of another kind hit Robert E. Simon Jr., the mild-mannered millionaire developer of Reston, Va., best-known and by far the most architecturally visionary of the new towns. In a corporate reshuffle, Gulf Oil Corp. took control of the financially ailing project, kicked Simon upstairs from president and chief executive officer to a consulting role as chairman of a newly formed subsidiary, Gulf-Reston Inc. As the new boss, the oil company named Robert H. Ryan, a Pittsburgh realty consultant and one-time vice president of Boston-based Cabot, Cabot & Forbes, itself the developer of the floundering new town of Laguna Niguel between Los Angeles and San Diego.

Urbanity in the Boondocks. Reston, which lies on 11 sq. mi. of wooded fox-hunting country 18 miles west of Washington, D.C., has long been strapped for funds. In its zeal to create a town of beauty, Simon, heir to a Manhattan real-estate duchy, plunged

ahead with construction in 1962 without calculating how much his dream would cost—or even securing a loan, Simon recalls that "Reston never recovered" after the collapse of an oral deal with the Washington Gas Light Co. to supply \$6,000,000 at a low interest rate. Gulf bailed him out with \$15 million only five days before lack of funds would have halted building in 1964.

Still cash-shy despite Gulf's investment, Simon borrowed \$20 million more in 1966 from John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.—and surrendered title to most of Reston's land, for which he had paid \$13 million. But expenses mounted while house sales (only 582 so far) lagged behind. Many of Reston's starkly modern town houses proved too costly (\$35,000 to \$47,000)

zona desert along the Colorado River. Humble Oil's Clear Lake City, which is on 23,000 acres of oil and gas-bearing grassland near Houston, shows promise of success after suffering some fumbles at the outset. Against more difficult odds because of recent costly land acquisitions, Shipping Tycoon Daniel Ludwig's Westlake Village near the San Fernando Valley and Mortgage Banker James W. Rouse's Columbia near Baltimore are also making a quick start. "The worst that can happen to us," insists Rouse, "is that we'll get rich slowly."

Even Simon, who retains a minority interest in Reston, figures that he will recoup his \$1,800,000 investment in time, if only from soaring realty values. On land that cost \$1,900 an acre in 1961, Reston industrial sites already are bringing as much as \$40,000 an acre.

ment and flight procedures to take effect over the next two years.⁶ They involve not only planes already in service but the supersized air buses and supersonic jets that will soon be hauling more passengers than ever. Some minor changes will be mandatory as soon as next month: seat backs, for instance, must be straight up and not tilted back during approaches and takeoffs, and stewardesses must be stationed near exits at those times to provide faster assistance in the event of an emergency.

Two Abreast Unseating. More difficult and expensive changes will be put into effect over the next two years. Fuel lines will be shrouded from electric power lines to cut down the possibility of fire; 75% of cabin lights will be designed to remain lit even though a fuselage is broken open, and cabin interiors will be built of "self-extinguishing" materials. Airplane manufacturers—who have, after all, been overcrowding cabins only because "high-density" seating is what the airlines demand—will have to prove to the FAA that all passengers can be evacuated from a new design in 90 sec., rather than the 120 sec. presently required. If necessary, Jumbo planes will do it by means of 72-in. by 42-in. exits, through which passengers can escape two abreast.

Seats next to emergency exits are already required to fold forward to make the exits reachable. After investigating 18 survivable accidents, however, the FAA discovered that few passengers were aware of the fold-down procedure. From now on, areas adjacent to emergency exits will be kept completely clear of seats. The FAA estimates that total seat space will be reduced 4% by this change, and by another order that clear space must also be provided for stewardesses to station themselves beside the doors. The cost, say the airlines, may be as much as \$700,000,000 less in passenger revenue. But Deputy FAA Administrator Clifford Walker is unconcerned. "I put no dollar sign on this," he said as he announced the changes. "It's a program to save the lives of passengers."

COMMODITIES

Booming Brimstone

Brimstone has been a hot commodity ever since it was used to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah. Today the ochre-colored mineral is in greater demand than ever. This year's free-world production of sulfur, as the stuff is commonly



BURNING 727 AT SALT LAKE CITY (1965)
To make the survivable ones really so.

to lure buyers. In an effort to assure full occupancy of the 15-story apartment tower that makes Reston a symbol of urbanity in the boondocks, rents were set too low to repay the mortgage loan. As Gulf took over, Vice President William L. Henry estimated that Reston would need an injection of \$12 million more cash by 1970 to move out of the red.

Promise of Riches. Despite their immense cost, some new towns are prospering, often because the developer acquired strategically placed land decades ago at a bargain price. Around Los Angeles, not only the Irvine Ranch (TIME, Sept. 22) but also Valencia and Janss-Thousand Oaks are being transformed into cities by the families that once only farmed them. Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. is converting its one-time cotton farm outside Phoenix, Ariz., into Litchfield Park, a planned town for 100,000. McCulloch Oil Corp. has attracted more than 2,500 settlers to its resort-and-industry town of Lake Havasu City in the sparsely inhabited Ari-

AVIATION

Safety First

To oldtime pilots, a good landing was any one from which they could walk away. The trouble with today's passenger-crammed jets is that too many people do not get a chance to walk away—even from crashes that the Federal Aviation Administration classifies as "survivable." Six years ago, for example, when a DC-8 with hydraulic-pressure trouble swerved off the runway at Denver's Stapleton Field and hit a concrete obstruction, 16 persons suffocated because the emergency exits clogged after fuel from ruptured lines fed a fire in the cabin. Two years ago, another 41 died in a similar accident that involved a 727 jet in Salt Lake City. Since 1961, in fact, more than 270 persons have been killed in survivable landing or takeoff accidents.

Last week the FAA announced some stringent new regulations aimed at improving passenger safety. In all, the agency spelled out 39 changes in equip-

⁶ In another air-safety move, President Johnson requested \$7,000,000 from Congress to hire and train 900 additional FAA air-traffic controllers to help sort increasingly heavy airplane traffic and prevent mid-air collisions. The President also asked Transportation Secretary Alan S. Boyd to draw up a long-term safety program, whose estimated \$5 billion cost for "facilities, equipment and personnel" would be largely financed out of user charges.

WHY DAN CARSON USES 3 PITNEY-BOWES MACHINES TO HELP MAIL JUST 12 LETTERS A DAY.



Six years ago, Dan Carson and his wife sat down at their kitchen table and started compiling a list of prospects for a store in their town of Baldwin, New York. Today, Dan's list has grown into Carson's List of Brides-To-Be.

Every week, names and addresses of newly-engaged girls are clipped from newspapers, compiled into lists and mailed to subscribers such as bridal shops and photographers.

In their own ways, three Pitney-Bowes machines help Dan meet his deadlines with time to spare.

One of our mailing scales weighs outgoing lists exact to the fraction of an ounce. (Which is important since subscribers can buy lists covering anywhere from 1 to 62 areas and the

weights of the lists are rarely the same.)

Our desk model postage meter neatly prints the postage—and only the postage the scale says is needed—on each piece of mail that's sent out. Letter by letter, the meter keeps count of how much of Dan's budget is spent in postage. The meter eliminates, too, the bother of keeping a stock of stamps along with the stocks of lists.

Besides saving time by printing each subscriber's name and address on every list mailed, our 701 Addresser-Printer has become a permanent record of pertinent data on each of Dan's subscribers. The plates hold not just the subscriber's name and address, but also his billing number and area code letters that tell which lists to mail

and how much to bill him at the end of the month. As Dan told us, "The Pitney-Bowes' plate was the only one large enough to hold all the data we need."

There's another machine that helps Dan with his work. One that has nothing to do with outgoing mail. A Pitney-Bowes LH mailopener. It just has everything to do with getting incoming mail quickly opened and out of the way.

Even if you mail less than Dan Carson's average of just 12 letters a day, a Pitney-Bowes representative can show you how any one of our machines can oil the wheels in your business. No matter how small they may be.



Pitney-Bowes

For information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 1219 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904. Postage Meters, Addresser-Printers, Folders, Inserters, Counters & Imprinters, Scales, Mailopeners, Collators, Copiers.

known, will amount to 15.6 million tons, a critical 300,000 tons short of needs. In the U.S., which accounts for more than 50% of the output, once vast stocks have shrunk to a 35-year low, leaving the nation with a bare 15-week supply.

The shortage has been reflected in higher prices, which have risen nearly 33% since 1964. And now there is even rationing of the disappearing element. Manhattan-based Freeport Sulphur Co., which is the world's biggest producer (4,000,000 tons a year), has increased its output 70% over the past five years, but has had to limit its customers to 90% of their usual orders. Only two weeks ago, second-ranked Texas Gulf Sulphur (nearly 3,000,000 tons) began telling its buyers that they would have to settle for just 75% of their normal quotas during the next three months. It appears that the relatively sudden squeeze has caught almost everyone by surprise. "Like the toothpaste ads say," comments one Commerce Department official, "we wonder where the yellow went."

Phenomenal Popularity. Where it went is into just about everything that is manufactured or grown. In various forms, including sulfuric acid, the nation's most widely used chemical, sulfur is used for such chores as tanning leather, cleaning steel, pigmenting paint, making plastic and paper. Mostly, the shortage is the result of sulfur's phenomenal popularity down on the farm. Its use as a fertilizer ingredient has doubled since 1961, and agricultural needs now command nearly half of total production.

Sulfur producers are hard pressed to expand their sources in Texas, the U.S. Gulf Coast and Mexico, where the only minable deposits exist. Last year several companies rushed to pick up land leases in Texas' Pecos County on the strength of a promising 1927 geological survey. Outside Houston, Texas Gulf Sulphur reopened its Old Gulf mine, a relic that the company had worked for 13 years before closing it in 1932 when it was thought to be no longer profitable. Freeport has turned to offshore deposits that were once considered prohibitively expensive. It has one Gulf of Mexico operation already under way, will start production in its new \$25-million Caminada mine six miles off Louisiana early next year.

Other sources also seem promising. Increasing amounts of sulfur are being reclaimed from "sour" natural-gas pools in Canada and in France. Elcor Chemical Corp., of Midland, Texas, has hopes of gleaning sulfur from gypsum. And the U.S. Bureau of Mines, Monsanto Co. and others are hard at work to find ways of turning the old fire-and-brimstone villain into a new hero. Those pollutants that belch forth from factory smokestacks can, they insist, be scrubbed to yield a surprising amount of salable sulfur.



FRED LAZARUS JR. & SON RALPH AT CINCINNATI STORE
All the new generation has a hunting license.

RETAILING

Shuffling the Lazaris

Looking forward to his 83rd birthday next month—and backward on a 65-year career in merchandising—the chairman of the U.S.'s largest department store group announced last week that he was relinquishing his title. Fred Lazarus Jr. will turn full command over to Son Ralph, 53, and will keep only the honorary assignment of executive committee chairman of Federated Department Stores Inc. The man succeeding Ralph as president of the Cincinnati-based organization is J. Paul Sticht, 49, a one-time Campbell Soup Co. executive who joined Federated in 1960 and has been serving as a vice chairman, along with Maurice Lazarus, another of Fred's sons. Sticht will handle operations of the 97-stores while Ralph Lazarus will concern himself with planning and expansion.

In Transition. The changeover is anything but abrupt. "We have been in transition for about five years," explains Ralph. As part of the transition, the younger Lazarus began taking on more and more of his father's responsibilities, logged 150,000 air miles annually, checking on Federated stores from coast to coast. Last year he formally became chief executive. "Ten years ago," says Ralph, who became president in 1957, "if we disagreed, his decision would prevail. Now I guess mine would."

The Lazarus family, which has been in merchandising for four generations and has built Federated from a single store in Columbus to a group with sales of nearly \$1.5 billion a year, has been adding non-family experts to its corporate staff as part of the transition. The most significant addition was Sticht, who worked his way through Grove City (Pa.) College as a steel-mill laborer and campus odd-jobber. Sticht

got his management experience at TWA and Campbell's, where he was head of the international division when the Lazaris—as Cincinnatians call the merchandising family—persuaded him to try his skills at retailing.

Big in the Suburbs. Under the tandem supervision of Fred and Ralph Lazarus, Federated has grown at a breathless pace. The company, which includes Bloomingdale's and Abraham & Straus in New York, Burdine's of Miami, Filene's of Boston, Foley's of Houston and Goldsmith's of Memphis, has built so many suburban stores that last year, for the first time, branch sales exceeded those of big downtown stores. In 1964, in its latest acquisition move, Federated took over Bullock's of California, which includes I. Magnin & Co., a Bullock subsidiary with 20 stores that set styles all over the state—even in sophisticated San Francisco.

Bullock's will be the last department store addition for a while. As part of the transaction, Federated agreed with the Federal Trade Commission that it would not buy any more such stores for a five-year period. Expansion-minded Ralph Lazarus, therefore, is looking for other opportunities. The company is about to open a string of discount stores under the name "Gold Circle," has borrowed \$20,000,000 to invest in European retailing if an opportunity comes.

A fifth generation of Lazarus is preparing to enter the company, but the new chief executive of Federated is bending backward in order to avoid even the slightest hint of nepotism. "All they have is a hunting license," explains Ralph Lazarus. "They'll have to do 20% better than anybody else just to stay. We're not running a family business any longer, but a publicly owned concern which must be managed by professional management."

Death of a traveling salesman

You've just landed in
a city that gets only
7 inches of rain a year.
All on the day you
arrive.

You have a meeting
at 659 Washington Street,
which is right across
from the Civil War Monument,
and everybody knows
where that is. Except you.

You're waiting in line to
return the car you rented.
So are a lot of other
people. But they don't have
to catch a plane
in five minutes.

You've locked your suitcase
and you've tried to
pick the lock with a paper
clip. Now where
can you find a
locksmith
to remove the
paper clip?



You've run out of money.
Your shoeshine boy does
not accept
major credit cards.

A business trip is often one minor calamity after another.

Add them together and they produce a traveler who mostly wants to travel home.

But long before he sees home, he's likely to see a Hertz counter. And, as fellow humans, that gives us some obligation to do what we can for him.

And we can do more than rent a car.

For instance, if you don't know how to get where you're going, we'll give you a map and diagram the route.

If you run short of money, we'll lend you \$10 cash. (Just show us your Hertz charge card and we'll tack the loan onto your rental.)

If you get caught in the rain without a raincoat, we'll give you a raincoat.

If you're a stranger in any of 33 cities, we'll give you a survival manual that tells where to find anything else you may need—from a decent hotel room to dental work at 2 a.m.

If you're in a hurry to return one of our cars, we won't make you stand in line. If you're charging your car, our express check-in lets you toss the rental agreement on our counter and run.

And if none of these solutions solves your problem, we'll work out one that does. Or at least give you a shoulder to cry on.

Of course, we haven't forgotten the most obvious reason why people come to Hertz.

So we constantly check our Fords and other cars to make sure that whatever else may undermine your travels—they won't.

Hertz
We can help a little.



WORLD BUSINESS

EAST GERMANY

Of Meissen Men

When they packed up their displays at the end of this month's Leipzig trade fair, most East German companies found themselves with virtually empty order books. One state-owned company had an altogether different problem. The famed Meissen chinaware, which was the hit of the show, wound up with six months' worth of new business. The company's popularity was so striking that its managers were already finding it embarrassing: the "People's Own Plant, State China Factory, Meissen" had been running far behind in filling orders even before the trade fair began.

The backlog can only be blamed on success—not Communist inefficiency. Aside from putting Red bosses in charge of the operation, Walter Ulbricht's government has refrained from tampering with Meissen's time-honored techniques. As a result, Meissen continues to demonstrate its 257-year-old knack for producing exquisite china. The translucent, ornately decorated product commands capitalist prices: a twelve-piece dinner service, in the famed blue and white "onion" pattern sells for around \$900, and more elaborate patterns can run \$4,500 and up. And even though few, if any, East Germans can afford to spend that kind of money, the demand for Meissen still outstrips the supply. The china is one of the country's most valuable export items.

Tails & Top Hats. Meissen dates back to the early 18th century, when it became Europe's first true china manufacturer. Alchemist Johann Friedrich Böttger was employed by Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, to find a way to turn base metal into gold; instead he discovered an ancient Chinese method of making porcelain. Augustus set Böttger up in a medieval castle in the cathedral city of Meissen. There the factory turned out its china until 1865, when it was moved to its present site on a slope overlooking the town. Because Meissen (pop. 47,000) is just 15 miles from Dresden, its chinaware has also come to be known as "Dresden china."

Though standards inevitably slipped during the Nazi regime, today's quality is consistently high. If Meissen's artisans no longer wear tails and top hats to work, its 1,000 employees (150 of whom are Communist Party members) can nonetheless take pride in their plant's well-preserved tradition. Still working a single shift, Meissen's chinamakers fire their pottery to over 2,500° F. in antiquated, three-story-high ovens that hold 5,000 pieces at one time. Its painters, trained by long apprenticeships, continue to do all their work by hand—and earn an average \$150 monthly. In addition to its present line of 5,000 basic designs, Meissen has kept the forms for all the chinaware it has ever made. It will reproduce any piece for buyers willing to pay the price.

FRANK LERNER

Daughter's Dowry. All together, East Germany has 150 china companies. Though Meissen accounts for only 4% of the output, its high prices make it by far the best hard-currency earner of the lot. Since few of its wares are sold in other Iron Curtain countries—"They need their money now for other projects," is the explanation of one East German official—Meissen's eyes are fixed on the West.

China-loving West Germany, where few well-heeled families would think of omitting Meissen from a daughter's dowry, accounts for perhaps \$2,000,000 in annual retail purchases. Now Meissen hopes to expand its outlets in the U.S., where exports have been severely limited by restrictions on East German travel and trade. Having pried into the U.S. market with a trade visit last spring, Meissen Director Rudi Richter hopes to get permission to send another delegation next year. "After all," says he, sounding almost like a capitalist, "you can't really properly develop a market in a country you can't visit."

BRITAIN

For the Yankee Dollar

U.S. corporations have often found it difficult to recruit top foreign talent for their overseas executive suites. Lately, however, laboring for the Yankee dollar has begun to lose its stigma. Last week, in one of the year's more remarkable personnel coups, International Business Machines landed the Earl of Cromer, former governor of the Bank of England, as chairman of its subsidiary IBM United Kingdom holdings.

"What attracted me," said Lord Cromer, 49, "was the international aspect of the company. My job will be concerned with the broader policy issues." On both counts, the prescription fits his talents. As the youngest head of the Bank of England in two centuries, Cromer earned a reputation as an acerbic critic of Tory and Labor governments alike during his five-year (1961-66) governorship. His stature among bankers was enormous—and helped to raise the rescue funds overnight when eleven nations, including the willing U.S., came to the defense of the British pound at its moment of greatest peril in 1964.

After leaving the Bank of England, Cromer returned to his first love, as a managing director of Baring Brothers, oldest (established 1763) and among the most powerful of British merchant banking dynasties. Cromer will keep that job, and his new associates should profit from the Establishment connection. Though IBM dominates computer-making in the U.S. and the rest of Europe, it has snared only about a third of the British market.



DISPLAY OF MEISSEN'S "ONION" PATTERN
By far the fairest of the fair.



The exciting new cars of 11 years ago. Where, oh where, are they now?

They're only 11 years old, but they don't get around much anymore.

11-year-old Volvos, on the other hand, have a reputation for getting around.

In Sweden (where Volvos are made) there are over 70,000 miles of unpaved roads, winter days that can hit forty below zero, and 11-year-old Volvos all over the place.

And in America, where being a car is no picnic either, Volvos don't do badly. 95% of all the Volvos sold in the U.S. in the last 11 years are still on the road.

Another nice thing about Volvos: they don't change much. The Volvo pictured at right isn't new and exciting for 1968. So it won't be old and funny-looking for 1969.

As a result, you can keep a

Volvo a long time without being self-conscious about it. And instead of putting all kinds of money into car payments, you can put money into all kinds of other things.

Like banks.



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BOOKMAKERS AT LONDON'S LADBROKE GROUP LTD.

Hardly anything at Epsom pays as well.

Making Book on a Sure Thing

For wagering Britons, London stockbrokers last week offered as much sporting activity as the Grand National Steeplechase and the World Cup soccer championship together. Shares of Ladbroke Group Ltd., Britain's premier bookmaking house, were offered to the public, and thousands queued for days in advance at banks in London's City and West End to pick up prospectuses and put in orders.

On the big day, all Britain seemed determined to buy the bookmaker lock, stock and tout sheet. Priced at an initial \$1.40 each, the 1,350,000 shares were grabbed up in a fraction of the 60 seconds it took Ladbroke's harried brokerage house to announce that the issue had been "very heavily oversubscribed." Altogether, investors came running with enough cash to buy the issue 100 times over. So great was the crush that it will be days before brokers can figure out who was first-come and ought to be first-served, thus delaying the opening of regular trading in the stock on the London exchange until this week.

6-to-4 & 13-to-8. The punters obviously figured that betting on the house was a sure thing. Not only did Ladbroke's raise a cool \$1,800,000 in new capital, but future trading is sure to send its 2,466,000 shares of unissued stock soaring well above their total \$3,400,000 par value. Few long shots at Epsom ever paid as well. But Ladbroke Chairman Cyril Stein, 39, figures that he and his house have always been odds-on favorites to succeed. "Bookmaking was in my blood from the first," he says. "I was weaned on the difference between 6-to-4 and 13-to-8."

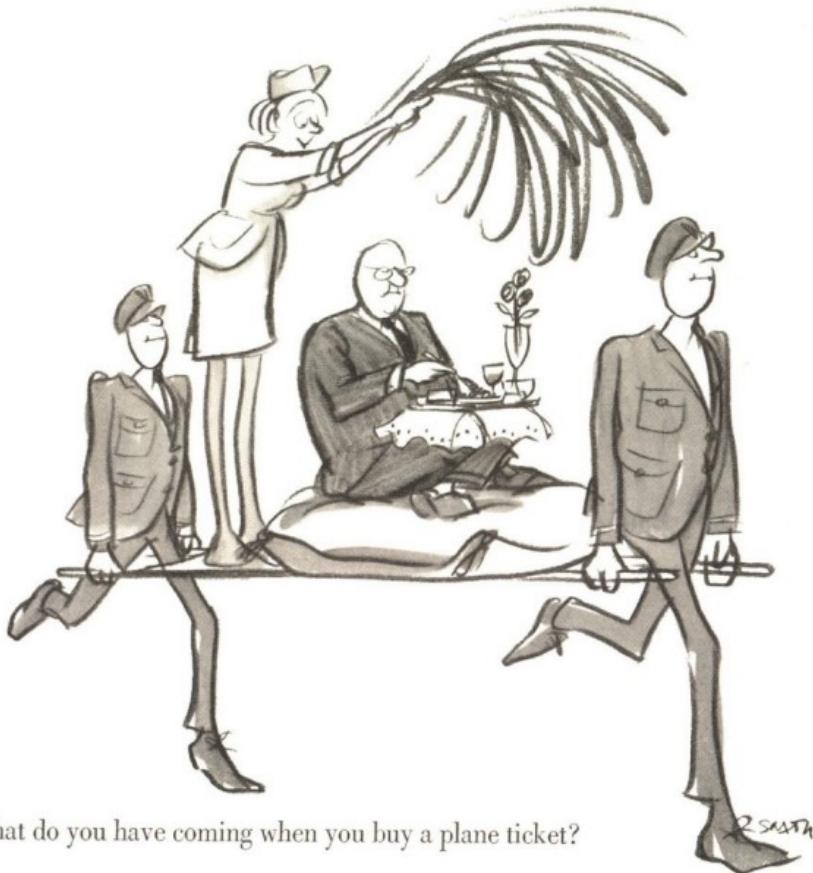
Stein's sense of the odds has made Ladbroke's the leader of Britain's \$3 billion-a-year legalized bookmaking business. Founded at the turn of the cen-

tury and long famed as the "bookmaker to the Establishment," the snobbish West End-based firm had all but faded away along with its blueblooded patrons when Stein's uncle bought the entire outfit in 1956 for a paltry \$700,000. The son of a prosperous London horse-parlor and turf-news-service operator, Stein himself became Ladbroke's top man in 1958 at age 30. Last year he turned \$1,700,000 profit from a total of \$100 million in wagers.

To do that, Stein modernized what had once been a credit operation for the titled few. He brought data processing to Ladbroke's Dickensian clerical department, broadened its roster of clients by including many newly rich who formerly "would not have been welcome even if they usually lost." Noting that in credit betting, "the heavy money tends to come down on the top two or three" favorites in a race—which can put a bookmaker on the short end of the odds—he also began buying up cash "betting shops" (120 to date), the type patronized by smaller bettors who are more apt to take on the long shots.

Golf & Astronauts. Though horse racing still accounts for 90% of Ladbroke's take, Stein has eagerly diversified. He now books greyhound racing and football, began posting odds on golf in the early '60s when Arnold Palmer made the pro game popular in England. In 1963, he pioneered the making of book on elections. Current special: 10-to-1 odds on an astronaut's landing on the moon next year.

For all that, Ladbroke's sometimes goes to the cleaner's itself. Four years ago, when an unusually severe winter cold snap snuffed out sports events for eleven weeks running, the books closed with a chilly \$80,000 annual profit. As a hedge against such disasters, Ladbroke's bankrolled a new casino and hotel complex (run by Sheraton) on Malta. Completed only last July, it is already returning a steady 10.5%.



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R. SARGENT

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(And if you've brought the

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American Airlines

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ART

SCULPTURE

Anatomy of an Assassination

A presidential assassination sends a shock wave of horror across a nation. Contemporary artists and writers called upon to depict or describe it all too often resort to mauldin bathos or tight-lipped understatement. Years may pass before it can be viewed with anything like objectivity—and then the initial, highly emotional reaction may fascinate the historian as much as the event. On display in Manhattan's Dintenfass Gallery last week was an exuberantly witty and challengingly mordant display of 52 paintings and collages anatomizing an assassination. Its extraordinary impact derived from the fact that the

DAVID GARR



FRIEDENSOHN & "ASSASSINATION MACHINE"
Bridge between spectator and event.

artist, Elias Friedensohn, 42, had chosen to examine the hysteria attendant on the death—not of John F. Kennedy in 1963, but of President William McKinley in 1901.

Like the Last Supper. McKinley was shot, while shaking hands in a receiving line in Buffalo, by a mentally unstable anarchist from Cleveland named Leon Czolgosz (pronounced khol-gosh). The trial ended with the prisoner's confession that he and his alone had done it; he was subsequently electrocuted. What fascinated Friedensohn was that "in every assassination, so many of the same elements recur. People always ask, 'Was there an accomplice?' 'Was the operation performed properly?' 'Were enough safety precautions taken?' And, after the assassination, there's usually a great deal of adulation for the dead President."

Employing a purposely florid Victorian style, Friedensohn has painted a

series of pictures that re-create the crime, diagram the paths of the bullets entering the body, offer a stiff-necked portrait gallery of the prisoner's—or possibly the victim's—family. Inaccurate and overwrought newspaper accounts of the murder are evoked by distorted and double-image pictures of it (one on a giant television screen). Doctors presiding at the operating table are shown poised over the body like apostles at the Last Supper. "Assassination," explains Friedensohn, "is like patricide, deicide. It provokes a religious awe in us."

Shoot the President. The courtroom, occupying half a gallery room, surrounds the spectator on four sides. Three of them are dark, oak-framed panels on which are painted the small robed figures of judge, jury, prosecuting and defending attorneys. The juridical figures are fitted out with identical, frog-like ceramic masks. Only the spectators, on the fourth wall, have a variety of normal human faces. In the center of the courtroom stands an ordinary old-fashioned oaken chair. "I want to make a bridge between the spectator and the event," says Friedensohn, "but an indeterminate one. I want him to think, 'Shall I sit in it or not? So he'll be on the fence.'"

Visitors to the gallery are also invited to put a quarter in Friedensohn's gaily red- and gold-trimmed "Assassination Machine." They sight through a peephole into its interior, where a puppet President declaims, and pull the trigger of a cap pistol pointed at his tiny, bloody chest. Bang! goes the pistol. Why? asks the viewer. "Because," says Friedensohn cryptically, "it gives you a thrill."

PAINTING

The Vagabond Vedutista

Warsaw emerged from World War II with 85% of its buildings, including virtually all of its historic landmarks, in ruins. After clearing away the rubble, architects, town planners and structural engineers decided that rather than build anew, they would try to restore the city's historic sections to their original appearance. The job has taken a long time. But the rebuilders have been cheered by the knowledge that their most valuable assistant is an artist who waited even longer for recognition. He is Bernardo Bellotto, a Venetian vedutista, or landscape painter, whose views of 18th century Warsaw are the most perfect record of the city to survive the war. And though Bellotto lived from 1720 to 1780, it was only this summer at a major exhibition of vedutista in Venice that the Italian public at long last realized that Bellotto had been a painter of the first rank, worthy of being mentioned in the same breath with his more famous uncle, Canaletto.

Crystalline Visions. Bellotto learned his trade in his uncle's Venetian studio. Canaletto was then one of the most illustrious and successful artists in Europe, leader of the school whose detailed panoramas of Venetian fiestas and parades hung in castles and mansions from Italy to England. In his youth, Bellotto aped his uncle's style and signed his canvases "Bernardo Bellotto Canaletto," a quirk that has caused confusion among collectors ever since. But as he matured, he developed a colder, moodier, darker technique all his own.

After wandering to Dresden, Vienna and Munich, Bellotto settled in Warsaw in 1767. He spent the next decade recording 26 views of the city for King Stanislas Augustus of Poland. It was to Bellotto's crystalline and chillingly immobile visions of Warsaw's palaces, churches and streets, crowded with 18th century Poles of every class, that the city's postwar reconstructionists turned for aid in rebuilding dozens of bombed-out structures. "Bellotto's use of the camera obscura made him able to achieve complete precision of proportions," points out Ministry of Culture Engineer Henryk Wasowicz. "The technique yielded pictures as precise as any technical drawing."

A Vow Remembered. The results can be seen in the reconstructed Old Town district and along Krakowskie Przedmiescie, a popular promenade. Nowhere perhaps is the correspondence between art and life more striking than in the New Town Market Square (see color opposite). There stands the lovely baroque Church of the Nuns of the Holy Sacrament, completed in 1687 in fulfillment of a vow made by Queen Maria Kazimiera as her husband, King John Sobieski, rode into battle against the Turks (he won). In August 1944, during the Warsaw uprising against the Nazis, the entire church and its adjacent convent were leveled by bombs and artillery shells, burying 35 nuns, four priests, and 4,000 civilian rebels under the wreckage. Today, newly roofed with copper that sparkles in the sun's autumn rays, the church is at last receiving its final coat of paint.

EXHIBITIONS

Shape for the Future

For years, the São Paulo Biennal, held in odd-numbered years in Brazil's largest city, has played poor relation to the more prestigious Venice Biennale, which is held in even-numbered years. Nonetheless, the ninth São Paulo Biennal, which is beginning its three-month run in the city's Niemeyer-built exhibition hall, this year bids fair to rival Venice. It is bigger, more brilliant, jampacked with virtuosity, and more outrageous than ever before.

No fewer than 65 countries, ranging from Trinidad-Tobago to the Soviet Union, sent 4,132 works of art. The U.S.'s lavish convocation of nearly 20 pop artists' work, called "Environment

WARSAW REDIVIVUS

Bernardo Bellotto, 18th century landscapist, depicted Warsaw's Church of the Nuns of the Holy Sacrament so faithfully that after its destruction in World War II, the church was rebuilt, with painting as model for reconstruction.



NATIONAL MUSEUM, WARSAW

ERIC SCHAL





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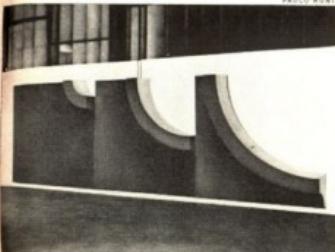
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SMITH'S SHAPED CANVAS AT SÃO PAULO
The masses are in the bag.

U.S.A." was selected by Brandeis University's William Seitz and bankrolled by the Smithsonian; it is easily the biggest crowd pleaser of the lot, although only one American, Jasper Johns, won a minor (\$2,220) award. The U.S. exhibit, with its garish colors, ghoulish assemblages and grotesque figures, comes across as an eerie, lunar, angst-filled anti-advertisement for the Great Society. It also shows what dozens of artists representing other nations at São Paulo have begun to imitate.

The Argentines weighed in with a giddy show, which includes Julio Le Parc's kinetics, David Tametas' 20-ft.-high minimal cubes, and poppish plastic nudes by Juan Carlos di Stefano so obscene that one local official threatened to expel them. Poland's Tadeusz Kantor shows that the Iron Curtain has long since popped wide open with his portrait collage of a stuffed shirt (with shirt). France's Baldaccini César took another of the ten minor prizes with his sculptures of Mobil Oil cans and plastic. He disdained it, snorting "Ask Pablo [Picasso], or Sartre, or Fidel Castro. They will tell you whether I should be insulted."

At least part of César's ire was occasioned by the fact that Richard Smith, 35, an Englishman who divides his time between New York and London, won the \$10,000 grand prize. His particular bag is the shaped canvas, in which the aluminum frame is turned up at one corner to give the stretched canvas the smooth curve of a semi-relief. There are six such squares of canvas, each painted in light, bright acrylic color. The series bears the Beatlesque title, *A Whole Year and Half Day*, and seven of the nine critics on the international jury voted for it. Explained one, Mexico's Ida Rodriguez: "His is the art for a mass society. It can easily be reproduced." Added Per Remfeldt, organizer of Norway's exhibit: "The jury has selected wisely because it has chosen in terms of the future."

As for Grand Prizewinner Smith, he was understandably "surprised and delighted," will use the money to buy a house in London. "It was a good year for me," he adds, "because no country was showing a living elder statesman."



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CINEMA

Festival Attraction, Side-Show Action

Most film festivals give prizes—which is why they seem to resemble the kind of raucous television M.C. who calls more attention to himself than to those he introduces. Lincoln Center's New York Film Festival, which opened last week, has always been more seemly than its European counterparts, because it gives no awards; thus there are never any egos jockeying backstage for the coveted Silver Palm or Golden Frog.

This year that policy seems wiser than ever. In the past, Lincoln Center featured new films by the creative experimenters of the art-house circuit—Buñuel, Resnais, Kurosawa, Losey. The 1967 scene offers an old and a new Godard (*Les Carabiniers, Made in U.S.A.*) and a sluggish Rossellini (*The Rise of Louis XIV*), but otherwise gives itself over to cinematic unknowns. Unfortunately, few entries rise above mediocrity. Among the strongest:

Young Törless is a painstakingly accurate re-creation of life in a military school of imperial Austria. Törless (Matthieu Carrière) is a sensitive boy—the despair of his father and the overweening pride of his mother—who begins his scholastic career at a noted academy. Hardly has he buttoned up his tunic when he begins to sense that military intelligence is a contradiction in terms. His professors are interested in order, not in knowledge; most of his fellow students are toadies and bullies who pervert the authority over them by victimizing those under them. In Törless' class, the chief victim is Basini (Marian Seidowsky), a dim-witted boy who steals some money and then finds himself blackmailed into blind obedience by his discoverers. Nightly, in an attic over the dormitory, the two young extortionists sadistically beat Basini, who submits to every indignity with the passivity of a pack horse.

Törless never engages in the brutality, but he becomes a pliant onlooker—revolted by sadism, yet unwilling to murmur a word to the authorities. Eventually, the boys' nocturnal brutality cannot be contained in an attic; during one hysterical afternoon, the entire student body participates in an orgy of cruelty and hangs Basini by the heels.

At times, Director Volker Schlöndorff tries all too obviously to point up parallels between the violence of the academy and life in Hitler's Germany—as when Törless rather ponderously testifies at a school-board inquiry into Basini's death that "there is no boundary between a good world and an evil world; they run together and very normal people can spread terror." Otherwise, *Young Törless*, adapted from the novel by Robert Musil, is a perfect—and perfectly chilling—evocation of the underside of a vanished era.

Elvira Madigan is an elegiac pastoral based on the true story of a Swedish cavalry officer (Thommy Berggren) who deserted his wife, children and career for a hopeless liaison with a circus tightrope walker (Pia Degermark). Abandoning their past, ignoring their inevitably tragic future, the two flee to Denmark to spend one delirious summer of happiness. Like stars that burn most brilliantly just before they are extinguished, the couple are renewed by simple pleasures—their bodies, the heady summer air, the wide riverbanks and the small, disciplined forests.

All too soon, their pitifully small supply of money runs out, and they are reduced to scavenging those forests for edible berries and mushrooms, stealing eggs and bread from farmhouses and bars. As the weather turns against them, so do other circumstances. Their pictures are widely circulated in newspapers; recognized everywhere, they eventually come to realize that life can only drive them apart, death alone can keep them together.

As spare and elegant as an Isak Dínesen tale, *Elvira* is marred by photography that lingers too long and drunkenly on sun-dappled fields and windswept shores. But not since Jean Renoir's *Picnic on the Grass* has any film shown such sensitivity to texture, color and fluid light. Moreover, Director Bo Widerberg—who made the film for less than \$200,000—has augmented his simple story by scoring it with Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 21*, an oddly appropriate 18th century accompaniment to a 19th century story that speaks lyrically to the 20th century and beyond.

Le Départ was directed by Poland's Jerzy Skolimowski, 31, who first made his mark as a scriptwriter for Roman Polanski's *Knife in the Water*, the hit of the 1963 Lincoln Center Festival. The new movie, filmed in Belgium, is a piece of pop-agenda about a boy in love with a car. His romance takes the form of occasional thievery and masquerades, as when he gets a friend to dress up like an Arab sheik in order to con a Porsche from a showroom for

an afternoon of wild driving. A hairdresser, The Boy spends his waking hours fussing over women until he finds himself bored by anything in a tress. All he lives for, he claims, is a rally that he is too poor to enter. Yet when he meets The Girl, who is willing to sell her possessions in order to get him a car, he discovers that there is more to life than shifting gears.

A fair premise for a comedy, and *Départ* is augmented by the beaky, cheeky performance of Jean-Pierre Léaud as the hairdresser. But Skolimowski's direction slows down at the corners and frequently fails the film. He moves his camera around in obvious debt to the screwball antics of Richard Lester, the inspired improvisations of Godard, the static compositions of Antonioni. *Le Départ* soon becomes less Skolimowski than his teachers, a set of acknowledgments, like a novel composed entirely of quotations.

The Battle of Algiers. "Algiers opens to the sky like a wound." So wrote Algeria's most famous native son, Albert Camus. In the 1950s, that wound bled copiously, as the Arab *Front de Libération Nationale* fought for the country's independence from France. Italian Director Gillo Pontecorvo has re-created the bitterness and ferocity of those terrible days in a two-hour film that has the impact of a *bombe plastique*.

The movie begins with a major defeat of the F.L.N. guerrillas in 1957, then flashes back to the early days of the strife, when the Arabs began to organize terrorist gangs, which roamed the streets of Algiers killing Frenchmen and bombing their cafés. On the boulevards where Pépé le Moko once swaggered, the murderous explosions sounded almost daily; just as regularly, Arabs were rounded up and tortured into giving evidence against themselves.

Pontecorvo presents both sides of the Algerian conflict with little comment. His newsreel-like studies of the F.L.N. underground could serve today as a blueprint for revolutionaries; yet his portrayal of a French colonel sent in to quash the rebellion is both agonized and tragic. At film's end, it is the French who win, blasting into bits the final survivors of the once-widespread revolution.



HAGGIAG IN "ALGIERS"

Pictorial truth can be more powerful than fiction.

SY FRIEDMAN
CHILD & STAFF MEMBER IN "WARRENDALE"

DAVID CAIRN



SEIDOWSKY IN "TÖRLESS"



BERGGREN & DEGERMARK IN "MADIGAN"

No jockeys for the Golden Frog.

tionary council. An epilogue, however, acknowledges that history later proved too much for the French, who granted Algeria its independence and moved out. Pontecorvo's achievement is in making that epilogue understandable simply by showing the Arab faces of Algiers—intense, fierce-eyed men and women cold-blooded enough to blow up a restaurant full of innocents to prove a point, courageous enough to undergo the most inhuman tortures rather than betray their comrades.

As an illiterate, rebel leader, Brahim Haggiag displays the fanatic intensity that the F.L.N. must have had, and Jean Martin as the French colonel supplies an intelligence and wit that are not written into his role. When a journalist informs him that Jean-Paul Sartre has written a tract on the Algerian question, he asks rhetorically: Why are the Sartres always on the other side? It is the film's only editorial, but Martin makes it sum up an epoch.

The festival this year also offers a compelling sideshow entitled "the Social Cinema in America," consisting of 15 documentary films actively concerned with contemporary issues. Not so long ago, the term documentary signified a ten-minute break for popcorn while the screen celebrated sunsets in Tahiti or toured an automobile plant in Detroit. There were occasional exceptions to the rule of somnolence, notably Robert Flaherty's pioneering ethnological studies and the vivid battle vignettes that came out of World War II. In an age of the hand-held camera

and the portable mike, however, the documentary has come into its own. Admittedly, some of the festival's choices are as downright bad, in their own way, as any Fitzpatrick travelogue. Among the films on Viet Nam, for example, are a finger-wagging polemic against pacifism (*While Brave Men Die*) by Far-Right Commentator Fulton Lewis III, and a bumbling bit (*Victory Will Be Ours*) of anti-U.S. propaganda made by the Viet Cong. Nonetheless, the best of the documentaries demonstrate that pictorial truth can be more powerful than fiction in exploring some of the questions and dilemmas facing modern man.

Warrendale is the most remarkable documentary in the showing—and perhaps the most unusual film in the entire festival. Produced and directed for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. (which never aired it) by Allan King, the film portrays life at Warrendale, a home for emotionally disturbed children in Toronto. The story begins as the patients' day starts, showing them in bed, resisting the morning rays of light. Soon the seemingly normal environment explodes with tantrums and shrieks. Each child is shown to be living in an emotional fortress bristling with hostilities: a small boy answers every question with a curse; others seethe with body-shaking fears and hates. With monumental patience, the young Warrendale staff tries to disarm the children, holding them during their emotional storms, constantly preventing their retreat into themselves with physical force as well as emotional empathy.

The film's climax occurs when a member of the staff calls a meeting of the children to announce that a beloved cook has unexpectedly died. Some are stunned into silence, others burst out in self-destructive rage; two girls rend the air with mourning wails that continue into the night. The catharsis of tears signifies that the children, unable to separate reality and fantasy, now feel guilty for the death, as if they had willed it. In the film's most subtle and affecting sequence, *Warrendale* focuses on the grieving faces of children at the cook's funeral. There is a hint here that these innocent, awkward, suffering creatures are at last inching closer to normal human response—thus providing this powerful movie with that

most elusive of cinematic conclusions, the truly happy ending.

The Titicut Follies shows that, unhappily, not every institution for the mentally ill is as enlightened as Warrendale. Some are trapped in traditions as old as Bedlam, and one such is seen in this raw, poorly edited report on Bridgewater Hospital for the Criminally Insane in the Titicut area of Massachusetts. As filmed by Frederick Wiseman and John Marshall, who had the cooperation of the institute's authorities, the life of the patients seems like an echo of *Marat/Sade*, an existence bereft of dignity or honor. Old men are paraded naked to their cells and taunted by guards who make them rage impotently until the patients beat the walls of the cages they can never leave. A psychiatrist orders a man to be force fed, then smokes a cigarette, dangling the ashes inches away from the funnel that is emptying food into the victim's stomach. A boy who claims that the institute is making his condition worse is answered with evasive jargon from a Kafkaesque staff. The 85-minute film offers no comment and no solution, but in its relentless exposé of a present-day snake pit, it deserves to stand with works like Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* as an accusation and a plea for reform.

Lay My Burden Down. The plight of the rural Southern Negro and the riots in the Northern ghettos are as related as a rifle to a bullet in the view of this hour-long documentary produced for National Educational Television. In lucid, evocative photography reminiscent of Walker Evans' *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, it weighs Selma, Ala., a year after the Freedom March, and finds it wanting. There still are no Negroes on the police force or the board of education or at city hall—except for the janitor. Living on white-owned land, Negroes are caught in a cycle of debt, their per capita income less than \$1,000 a year. When S.N.C.C. workers prod them to screw up their courage and enter the voting booths, their candidate still loses—even in Negro districts.

In the end, the film implies, the rural children sense the doom of their existence and flee north to the cities where, lacking the skills for employment, they become targets for Black Power nihilists. The Federal Government has done little for the cities, says the movie, and even less for the grass roots of the problem. Summing up the story best is the blackboard motto at a shabby backwoods Negro school: "We Have Climbed the Hills, but the Mountains Are Still Before Us."

Despite occasional lapses of information or taste, the documentaries, in contrast with the festival's more conventional feature films, seem to be where most of the real cinematic action is. "The obscurest epoch is today," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson. In capturing the present as it passes, the skilled new documentary makers are attempting—and in large part succeeding—to make it a little less obscure.



INMATE IN "FOLLIES"

THE PRESS

PUBLISHING

Newsbook on Privacy

Some of today's best journalists do not appear in daily papers or on TV or in magazines. Major issues are often so complex that the only way to deal with them is in book form, and book publishers have been concentrating more and more on lengthy treatment of topical matters. *Privacy and Freedom*, a thoughtful assessment by Alan F. Westin of the growing threat to the traditional American right to be left alone, is a case in point.

Westin, a 37-year-old Columbia University lawyer and political scientist, is regarded by many as the leading U.S. specialist on privacy. His writings on



AUTHOR WESTIN



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"I'M ASKING EACH OF US TO PLACE HIS POCKET BUGGING DEVICE ON THE TABLE
FOR THE SECRETARY TO GATHER UP AND HOLD UNTIL AFTER THE MEETING."

Only a few more years of lead time.

the subject have been cited by the Supreme Court and used as a basis for legislation. In his new book, published by Atheneum, Westin insists that the right to privacy must no longer be taken for granted. The mounting psychological and electronic assault on private lives poses a threat that cannot be exaggerated, he points out, and "we have only a few years of lead time before the problem will outgrow our capacity to apply controls."

Mechanical Spies. Sponsored by the Association of the Bar of the City of New York and financed by \$75,000 worth of Carnegie Corporation grants, *Privacy and Freedom* took four years to write. It involved Westin in hundreds of interviews, thousands of hours of research through newspapers, court records and books, ranging from Robert Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative* to Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*. Just as thoroughly, Westin has compiled a catalogue of electronic bugging devices, videotape and mechanical spies that will surprise even those who think they are up on the subject. Items currently available: TV cameras small enough to fit in a vest pocket with an

"eye" the width of a cigarette; sniper-scopes that can spot a man at 700 yards in the dark; cameras and recorders that turn on when anyone enters a room or starts talking; an ultrasonic wave that can snoop on a conversation by picking up dim voice vibrations in window glass.

Many of the surveillance devices are in extremely wide use. Businesses spy on assembly-line workers and executives alike. Colleges listen in on dormitory rooms. Blackmail-minded brothel owners look in on their customers. Police hunt homosexuals with ceiling cameras installed in men's rest rooms. Cops also bug hoods, while hoods bug cops. Some towns have experimented with closed-circuit TV cameras on the streets;

There are ways to fight back, of course, and Westin discusses several, including the development of anti-bugging devices (which is lagging) and executive action (which has been led by President Johnson's restrictions on wiretapping in all federal agencies). The most progress probably has been made in the courts. Though Westin accurately predicts a landmark Supreme Court decision, the book was already on the presses when the court struck down the New York eavesdropping law and barred electronic bugging in all but the most narrowly described circumstances (*Time*, June 23).

New legislation is the ultimate solution, in the author's opinion. Though he rejects suggestions of a constitutional amendment, he proposes laws carefully drawn to limit access to personal-data computer banks, to end both public and private use of lie detectors and personality tests unless the subject freely consents and to confine surveillance to what can be actually seen and heard with the unaided human eye and ear. Well aware that society sometimes has legitimate reasons for snooping, Westin would allow exceptions under specific conditions.

Westin would like to believe the time is ripe for such laws, and he says in conclusion that "American society now seems ready to face the impact of science on privacy." He points with hope to the fact that both far left and right share a distaste for the electronic invaders. But his reliance on the public may be too optimistic. As he indicates elsewhere in the book, public concern has blown hot over subliminal advertising, but has been only lukewarm in other areas. It shows no real sign of having changed.

MAGAZINES

Which Eye Has It?

"Eye," said the full-page ad, "will respect, enlighten, titillate, lead, leaven, captivate, iconoclate young America. Eye will roar, jar, warble, throb. Eye will be salubrious, dissatisfied, and groovy just like its young audience." The first issue of the new Hearst magazine, said the small type, will be out Feb. 20, 1968.

No if David H. Hughes, president of the Yale Arts Association, can help it. At least not under the title *Eye*. It seems that just last June the association published Volume I, No. 1 of its new journal of the visual arts. Its title: *Eye*.

Hughes noticed a story about the forthcoming youth magazine in a newspaper advertising column last August, immediately informed the second *Eye* through Yale lawyers that his association owned the rights to the name. Apparently all ready to iconoclate and jar, Hearst ignored the notice and proceeded to launch its pre-publication advertising campaign anyway.

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Main Line of Mid-America **ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD**

*How can we encourage the young writers of Illinois?
How important to a writer is winning a Pulitzer Prize?
If you want to be a writer, is Chicago the place for you?*

We asked Gwendolyn Brooks



Illinois Bell commissioned Paul Angle (above), noted Illinois author and historian, to talk with Gwendolyn Brooks, Pulitzer Prize winner, about her development as a writer and her relationship to her environment.

Whether published or not

Angle: How did you happen to become a writer?

Brooks: I always enjoyed reading when I was a child. Pretty soon, I suppose it occurred to me that it might be wonderful if I could create something, too. I began putting rhymes together when I was seven, so I'm told by my mother. I was encouraged by both my mother and my father.

Angle: At what stage in your life, if you can identify it, did it appear to you that you could become a professional writer?

Brooks: I have never liked that phrase, "professional writer." I haven't thought of writing in that sense. Indeed, one who chooses to become a poet does well not to think of money or even making a living via the writing of verse. I wrote because I wanted to. I knew I'd always compose poetry whether it was published or not.

Angle: And do you still write because you want to?

Brooks: Yes, but there is a difference now. Recently, I confided to friends how much more fun writing was in those years of youth, when I had no publishing prospects. I was free. If things were not right, what difference did it make? But now, when I have pretty good prospects of having what I write published, I'm very

concerned. I want to be sure that everything is "good," and this imposes a constraint.

A decent baby

Angle: Do you think that the fact that you are a Negro has placed you under any handicap in a writing career?

Brooks: If it has, I don't know about it. Certain things might have happened that I don't know about, but I can't say that I have been hindered because of my race in the field of writing. I am not aware of this being true. I have written poems. I have submitted the poems to editors and publishers. When they were poor, they were returned. When they were other than poor, they were published. And for many years I have had writing invitations from editors and publishers.

Angle: Do you think there has been real progress in the last twelve or thirteen years toward civil rights? Toward equality of status, toward equality of opportunity?

Brooks: There has been progress, yes, with most of the advance initiated or stimulated (pleasantly or unpleasantly) by the black man himself, but the thing that is stressed by the people who have their hearts and bodies on the line is that progress a little more each year, is not enough. The point is that people are people and they have "inalienable rights." The civil rights situation is like a pregnancy. It will get worse, I believe, before it gets better. What the usual pregnancy comes to is a decent baby. That is what we all hope will be the end product of the stress.

Two colors in the room

Angle: A decent society in which no distinction is made between people of color. Is this the end or goal of the civil rights movement?

Brooks: In so far as I know. But I must "announce" that there is an auxiliary problem. I must "announce" that many Negroes (they prefer to be

called blacks, simply: for where, they ask, is Negroland) no longer want any part of even *wonderful* whites. They have suffered so many crushes, that now they are turning to themselves ("finding white" there too and feverishly scraping it out) and they love blackness. They make a banner of blackness. What will be "the end," as regards this intensifying compulsion? I am not able to tell you. When White and Black meet today, sometimes there is a ready understanding that there has been an encounter between two human beings. But often there is only, or chiefly, an awareness that Two Colors are in the room.

Personal vision and society

Angle: Is the poet affected by today's social unrest?

Brooks: The poet first and foremost is an individual with a personal vision, who is also a member of society. What affects society affects a poet. So I, starting out—usually—in the grip of a high and private suffusion, may find by the time I have arrived at a last line that there is quite some "public" clamor in my product.

Angle: Are there feasible ways to encourage and stimulate writers both in Chicago and the state of Illinois?

Brooks: I feel that awards and fellowships are very encouraging to writers. They offer a writer the most important asset of all-time in which to write—and I feel that these advantages might be fostered by the state or by such organizations as the Illinois Arts Council, the Mayor's Cultural Committee, and by the schools.

With care and precision

Angle: How important do you think that the correct use of the English language is for a writer?

Brooks: Language should be used with care and precision.

Angle: Is there anything further you'd like to say on this?

Brooks: Well, here are answers to other questions I am often asked. (1) Why do you write poetry? I like the concentration, the crush; I like working with language, as others like working with paints and clay, or notes. (2) Has much of your poetry a racial element? Yes. It is organic, not imposed. It is my privilege to present Negroes not as curios but as people. (3) What is the significance of the Pulitzer Prize? I would say that it is a pleasant salute. It is a smile, usually accepted.

Angle: For the awakened writer, is it important to get as much of an education as possible?

Brooks: I feel that a writer should get as much education as possible, but just going to school is not enough; if it were, all owners of doctorates would be inspired writers; but you and I know that many a Dr. Puffanblow writes a duller piece than does Susie Butterball the high school sophomore. A writer needs to read almost more than his eyes can bear to know what is going on, and what has gone on, not only in his field but

in related fields. And a writer needs general knowledge. And a writer needs to write. And a writer needs to live richly, with eyes open and heart, too.

From a second floor apartment

Angle: Do you find environment—and let's use the term in a broad sense—is encouraging, thwarting, or of no significance?

Brooks: I have to say that I find I am not disturbed by my environment. But in my twenties, when I wrote a good deal of my better-known poetry, I lived on 63rd St. and there was a good deal of life in the raw all about me. You might feel that this would be disturbing, but it was not. It contributed to my writing progress. I wrote about what I saw and heard in the street. I lived in a small second floor apartment at the corner, and I could look first on one side and then on the other. There was my material.

No flowers in her hair

Angle: Is the Chicago environment conducive to a writing career? Or does

it have any effect on you one way or another?

Brooks: I've always lived in Chicago, so I have no good basis for comparison. When I was a child I used to think that I would write better if I lived in the country. I'd see movies where children were running in the country and picking flowers. I'd meet people who knew the names of flowers and the names of birds. That was fine. But I feel now that it was better for me to have grown up in Chicago because in my writing I am proud to feature people and their concerns—their troubles as well as their joys. The city is the place to observe man *en masse* and "in his infinite variety."

Angle: And this city furnished you an environment which you find entirely satisfactory as far as your own career is concerned. It does not impede you as a writer.

Brooks: It nourishes.

Angle: So you would have no desire to follow the example of so many writers and head off to New York.

Brooks: No, I intend to live in Chicago for my "forever."

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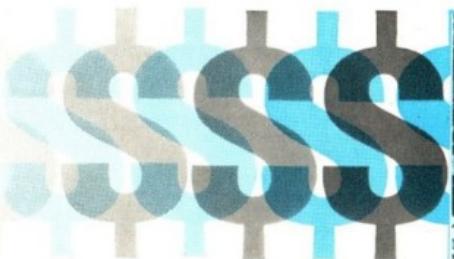
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MILESTONES

Born. To Princess Joan of Luxembourg, 32, younger daughter of former Treasury Secretary C. Douglas Dillon, and Prince Charles, younger brother of Grand Duke Jean, monarch of the pocket principality: their first child, a daughter, prematurely and by caesarean, while Joan was visiting her parents in Manhattan. Name: Charlotte, after Charles's mother, the grand duchess.

Married. Margaret Elizabeth Rusk, 18, the Secretary of State's only daughter; and Guy Gibson Smith, 22, second lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserve (see *THE NATION*).

Died. Martin Block, 64, radio's original platter and patter man; during heart surgery; in Englewood, N.J. "It's Make-Believe Ballroom time," purred the theme song. "Put all your cares away." And millions did—to the tunes of Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore. For the Ballroom's affable host, the recorded performers always came alive. "Great job, Benny," Block would applaud. "You never sounded better." The make-believe began in 1935 at New York's WNEW when Block's boss told him to pad news bulletins from the Lindbergh kidnapping trial with music. After that, it was all music, and he spun his records for New York stations almost until his death.

Died. Hans-Christoph Seehoem, 64, longtime (1949-66) West German Transport Minister; of a lung clot; in Bonn. As a public servant, Seehoem swiftly rebuilt and expanded Germany's war-ravaged railroads, autobahns, ports and waterways. As a politician, he was significantly less successful. His incessant clamor for the return of the Sudetenland—yielded to Hitler in 1938 and handed back to Czechoslovakia in 1945—was a constant embarrassment to the Bonn government.

Died. George F. Ferris, 65, master builder and boss of Raymond International Inc., construction firm since 1953; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. A specialist in the big and bold, Raymond International built the Strategic Air Command bases in Spain, the major government buildings in Brasilia, Chesapeake Bay's awesome 17½-mile bridge-tunnel and, most recently, in combine with several other firms, the vast complex of airfields and harbors in Thailand and South Viet Nam.

Died. Sir John Cockcroft, 70, dean of British nuclear physicists; of a heart attack; in Cambridge, England. In 1932, Cockcroft and his research partner, E.T.S. Walton, were the first to release atomic energy by splitting the atom with proton "bullets" in a linear accelerator instead of using naturally ra-

dioactive particles, the previous technique. That breakthrough led to the development of the atom bomb and won the partners the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1951. By then, Sir John was director of the Harwell atomic-research center, pointing Britain's nuclear capability toward peaceful applications, including her first nuclear-power station.

Died. Bernard Goldfine, 76, Boston businessman and central figure in the Eisenhower Administration's only major scandal; of a heart attack; in Boston. An 1899 emigrant from Russia, Goldfine became a wheeler-dealer in real estate and textiles, and a friend of important people. Trouble was, some of the most important of those people, notably Chief White House Aide Sherman Adams, accepted expensive gifts from Goldfine while federal agencies were examining his tangled finances. The Justice Department eventually uncovered enough evidence to convict him of tax evasion in 1961; after six months in prison, he emerged sick and dishonored to see his fortune vanish in back taxes and penalties.

Died. Lieut. General Geoffrey Keyes, 78, planner and combat leader in World War II's North African and Italian campaigns; of leukemia; in Washington. After the Sicily landing, Keyes led a makeshift provisional corps 200 miles straight across the island's mountainous interior in only three days. He caught the Germans by surprise at Palermo and captured that vital seaport almost without a shot.

Died. Matilda Dodge Wilson, 83, heiress and philanthropist; of a heart attack; in Brussels. Widow of Automaker John Dodge (who left her some \$44 million) and wife of Millionaire Lumberman Alfred G. Wilson, she was a director of numerous companies and a trustee of Michigan State University (then a college) from 1932 to 1938. Her most munificent gift was a \$10 million package of land and cash donated to M.S.U. in 1957 for the founding of a new school: suburban Detroit's Oakland University, which now has an enrollment of 3,800 students.

Died. Robert E. Woodruff, 83, boss of the Erie Railroad (now Erie-Lackawanna) from 1939 to 1956; of cancer; in Delray Beach, Fla. "The scarlet woman of Wall Street" was the name for the four-times bankrupt Erie in 1939 when Woodruff, then one of the road's few able executives, took over as a court-appointed trustee. He needed only two years to get the company out of receivership; a year later, as president, he was able to announce a \$1 common-stock dividend—first for the hapless Erie in 69 years.

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BOOKS

Witness to Evil

TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND by Svetlana Alliluyeva, translated from the Russian by Priscilla Johnson McMillan. 256 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

She lived in a castle and her father was a loving but stern king. Then her mother, like a beautiful young queen, suddenly died. All the jolly relatives disappeared. The nice servants left, and the new ones carried guns. Gradually she grew up, puzzled and estranged. The king turned into a distant ogre, the castle into a dungeon, and life into hell. Much later, no longer a princess but still a little girl at the age of 37,

fascination of domestic detail mixed with horror and history—for instance, the dining room table around which her father habitually gathered the Politburo. Svetlana's mother shot herself after a trivial quarrel with Stalin. Her mother's relatives and intimates were victims of her father's paranoid suspicions, and "the life of almost everyone was cut short in some tragic fashion"—prison, firing squad, madness. When the Germans captured Svetlana's half brother Yakov during the war, Stalin refused to exchange him for a Nazi general and Yakov was executed. Svetlana's brother Vasily, an air force lieutenant general at 24, became an alcoholic and an embezzler and died



WITH VASYL & FATHER (1935)



WITH BRAJESH SINGH (1965)

Surely the darkest princess story ever told.

she tried to remember what had happened. She wrote it all down in 35 days as a group of letters. And it was surely the darkest and most poignant princess story ever told. For never before was there a king like evil Joseph Stalin and a princess as sweet and troubled as Svetlana Alliluyeva.

"Maybe when I've written it all down," Stalin's only surviving child says, "an unbearable burden of some kind will fall from my shoulders at last and then my real life will begin." What she has written down is a family chronicle of sorrowful revelations and pastoral reminiscences, a series of personal footnotes to a convulsion of history. Now 41 and living in the U.S., she will be remembered as one of the great witnesses to loneliness amidst power, to innocence amidst corruption.

Natural Eloquence. Despite the serialization and advance publicity that detailed much of Svetlana's story, there is a cumulative impact in the book that compels renewed attention. It has the special effect of a child describing some monstrous crime accidentally observed and only half understood, the special

ruin. In telling all this, she shows a natural eloquence only occasionally marred by sentimentality.

Her isolation was brutal. Stalin surrounded his "little housekeeper" with NKVD agents and made her a prisoner shifted between Kremlin and countryside. The description of her first love affair at 17 becomes an episode in the life of a girl who for the first time since her mother's death feels the pull of approval by another human being. The man was a 40-year-old film director, Alexei Kapler. When Stalin had the whole story—telephone transcriptions, letters, trysts—he ordered Kapler arrested as a British spy, had him sentenced to ten years of exile and prison.

Devil Found. Svetlana's first child, Josef, was three before Stalin saw him. Five of his eight grandchildren he never met at all. Barely noting Svetlana's existence, he lived like an ascetic misanthrope in his dacha at Kuntsevo, the walls covered with blown-up magazine pictures of anonymous children. It was, she recalls, "A house of gloom, a somber monument. Not for anything in the world would I go there now!" And she

adds, with a characteristic touch of superstition, that Stalin's soul, "so restless everywhere else," may still haunt that gloomy refuge. Svetlana last saw him two months before his death in March 1953. Trusting no doctors, he took quack remedies; he was to die of a massive stroke. As she records her father's death, the full meaning of her ambivalence toward him rises from the page: she felt her "heart breaking from grief and love"—this after having characterized Stalin's "cruel and implacable nature."

What went wrong for the little girl whose earlier "cloudless years were a fairy tale"? Svetlana has two explanations. One is the death of her mother, for which Stalin in rage and grief punished everyone she knew. Yet Svetlana concedes that Nadja could not have lived with Stalin through the years of terror that followed 1932. Svetlana's other explanation is still more doubtful. She finds a devil. His name is Lavrenty Beria, Stalin's last and most infamous secret policeman. "A good deal that this monster did is now a blot on my father's name," she says. She admits that Stalin and Beria were often "guilty together," but calls Stalin's support of Beria "inexplicable," due to Beria's "cunning." The truth must be that Stalin needed Beria to consolidate his rule of Russia during the trembling 1930s, and toward that end Beria murdered tens of thousands. Svetlana's narrative coincides with the bloodiest reign in history. She almost misses it and remarks with startling naïveté, "People shot themselves fairly often in those days . . . People were a lot more honest and emotional in those days. If they didn't like life the way it was, they shot themselves."

Odd Details. It is on this point that *Letters to a Friend* stumbles, falls, and exposes Svetlana's limitations as a chronicler. Infinitely valuable as semi-history and a source for Stalin biographers, the book really dominates its reader as a psychological study of Svetlana Alliluyeva. Torn by unresolved feelings, she is divided between apologizing for Stalin and indicting him. "I spend all my time thinking over what's happened and trying to make sense of it all. It's the kind of thing that can drive you out of your mind." She selects details oddly, noting explicitly that her mother's gun was a Walther automatic but remarking about her first marriage only that it ended "for reasons of a personal nature." Neither her exile nor her last husband, Brajesh Singh, whom she loved and mourned, are mentioned in the book. She says she "cannot live without God . . . the ultimate triumph of good over evil." Yet her theology finds no object in her story.

Even so, judgment of Svetlana's book, and of the personality that produced it, must carry a measure of admiration. The real wonder is that, given her heritage and surroundings, she was able to write it at all and face the horrifying truths it implies about her father.



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A Cry from Quixotic Exile

RESISTANCE by Georges Bidault. 348 pages. Praeger. \$6.95.

There is an echo of classical tragedy in the career of Georges Bidault. For two decades, beginning with his leadership of the French Resistance in World War II, his countrymen regarded him as a hero. The diminutive onetime history professor and Catholic moderate was twice Premier and nine times Foreign Minister in the Fourth Republic. He had the satisfaction of helping to write the U.N. Charter and to launch European economic unity; in Geneva in 1954, he also had the unhappy task of negotiating France's retreat from Indo-China. It was he who invited De Gaulle to take power in 1958 in order to keep Algeria part of France.

Once firmly ensconced in the Elysée, though, De Gaulle granted Algeria its independence. Most Frenchmen have by now accepted the fact; not Bidault, who fled France in 1962 to organize a second resistance movement—this time against De Gaulle. Bidault disclaims any responsibility for the terrorism that accompanied the *Algérie Francaise* campaign; nevertheless, he was charged with treason, and for five years he wandered in quixotic exile in Europe and Brazil. Now living in Belgium on the understanding that he will not engage in politics, he still hopes to negotiate his return to France. This book, subtitled "Political Biography," is the keening, embittered tirade of a man without a country. At 67, says Bidault in the words of Victor Hugo, he has only the "injustice of his fate and the justice of his cause."

Self-pitying and venomous toward De Gaulle, Bidault does his cause little good in this book. As he tells it, granting Algeria its independence was a spiritual defeat for France comparable to the military defeat of 1940—hardly a rational conclusion. "If there are fascists in France today, they are De Gaulle's men," Bidault insists. "The present French regime, which some call a 'monocracy,' is basically a dictatorship."

Here and there, Bidault does hit his mark: De Gaulle bases "his decisions on reports, gossip, memories—chiefly grudges"; "A great actor has been touring around a world he used to ignore, looking for applause at the end of his career, but I know that the curtain is about to fall."

What the book shows most clearly and painfully is the decline of Bidault, betrayed by the courage of his own futile convictions. And at least one of his statements is certain to set swivel chairs spinning in Washington. According to Bidault, during the siege of Dienbienphu in 1954, France asked the U.S. for military aid against Ho Chi Minh's army, then poised on the brink of victory. In reply, says Bidault, John Foster Dulles asked him "if we would like the U.S. to give us two atomic bombs." It is curi-

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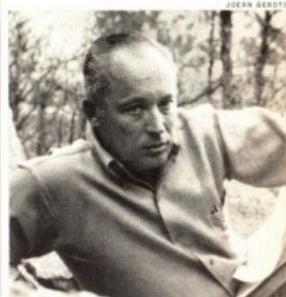


ous that Bidault alone of the many participants in that troubled time, including Sir Anthony Eden, Allen Dulles and President Eisenhower, should recall such an unlikely proposal.

Commercial—Just Barely

TOPAZ by Leon Uris. 341 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$5.95.

The formula for a contemporary spy thriller almost always starts off with a supply of beautiful, pliant women. Crafty agents of a world conspiracy have to put in an appearance, and then, in varying combinations, there are likely to be urban vignettes from Copenhagen to Washington to Havana, stolen state papers, harried Red defectors, ominous confrontations between great powers. Finally, a suave but implacable



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intelligence officer can be counted on to save the West from its own follies.

Not one of the ingredients is missing from this new novel by the author of *Battle Cry* and *Exodus*. The men are a bit on the wooden side, the women and all the subplots largely unbelievable, but once again the West is triumphant—just barely. Unfortunately, for his purposes Uris finds it necessary to portray France's Charles de Gaulle as a fatuous numskull, and though *le grand Charles* has his share of faults, congenital stupidity is not one of them. Besides, a writer of Uris' commercial talents should think twice before trying to put words in the mouth of one of the master rhetoricians of the age.

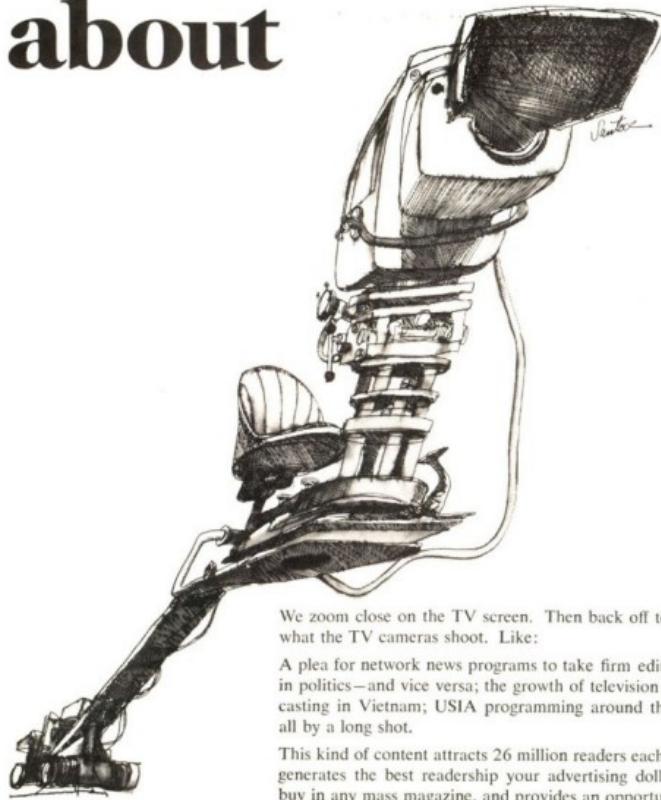
Theological Yardstick

THE SPANIARD AND THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS by Fernando Diaz-Plaja. 223 pages. Scribner's. \$4.50.

"For many years, we Spaniards have done nothing but praise ourselves. Maybe it's as well, after so much flouting of our virtues, for us to meditate on our sins." Author Diaz-Plaja, after due meditation, decided that Spanish sins are very human sins, and, when practiced by Spaniards, almost virtues.

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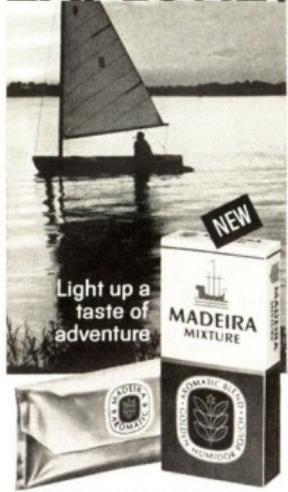
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the Spanish Academy of Letters, Diaz-Plaja uses as his yardstick the seven deadly sins of medieval theology. His countrymen, he says, are completely free of the sin of avarice, largely because it conflicts with their dedication to the sin of pride—"The man who is obliged to keep up appearances shows off first and then counts the pennies." Spaniards, he says, are openly lustful ("There is nothing clandestine about Spanish appreciation of sex"), but not particularly gluttonous: they consider clothes more important than food, talk more important than wine. Spaniards are lazy, but mostly because they regard work as an indignity. They are envious to the point where they find it almost impossible to praise anyone else. And they are usually angry, explosively so, at injustices, real or imagined.

To Diaz-Plaja, the origin of all Spanish sins is the sin of pride. Spaniards have never forgotten that in the 16th century even stable hands wore swords and boasted family shields. They are convinced, he says, that they are the equal of any man, even if they happen to be shining his shoes. No government, not even a dictatorship, can impair their basic dignity, which often reaches the point of anarchy, because "the Spaniard always adapts the laws to his personality and never the other way around." Diaz-Plaja, in fact, sees his countrymen's pride as so overbearing that, for all its wit and insight, his book might have been better if he had not even bothered with the Spaniard's subsidiary sins.

Background for a Boy Scout

MAFEKING by Brian Gardner. 246 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$5.75.

Even at this distance in time, to say anything less than laudatory about the founder of the Boy Scout movement may seem like sneering at motherhood, or burning draft cards. But now that historians are forwarding overdue accounts to the once-Empire, it probably had to happen. Brian Gardner, a young Englishman who has given up journalism for history, deserves a merit badge for his neat hatchet job on Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell.

The world's first Boy Scout, who won his original fame for his defense of Mafeking during the Boer War, turns out to have been a very shrewd operator indeed. At a time when one benumbed British generalissimo after another was getting his cavalry pants shot off by those hairy, puritan Dutch farmers in South Africa, Colonel Baden-Powell turned himself into just the sort of hero his country was yearning for. His own reports about his stand at Mafeking gave the folks at home a rare excuse to dance in the streets, get patriotically drunk, and sing *God Save the Queen* round the pub piano.

There was not really all that much to shout about. In October 1899, by his own inept leadership, Robert Ba-

den-Powell, commander of two regiments of a mobile "frontier force," succeeded in getting himself bottled up by Boer Commandant-General Piet Cronje. But if he was no military genius, Baden-Powell was an unquestioned success at public relations. During 217 days of siege, the dispatches from Mafeking were masterpieces of jocose understatement. Baden-Powell wrote some himself and censored those written by war correspondents. Either way, the adoring British public swallowed the stories avidly. They read of the jaunty commander braving the "inconveniences" of the siege, and they imagined horrors worse than the siege of Lucknow. Over the long weeks, as 2,000 shells fell among the widely dispersed



COLONEL BADEN-POWELL AT MAFEKING (1899)
Merit badge for hatcheting.

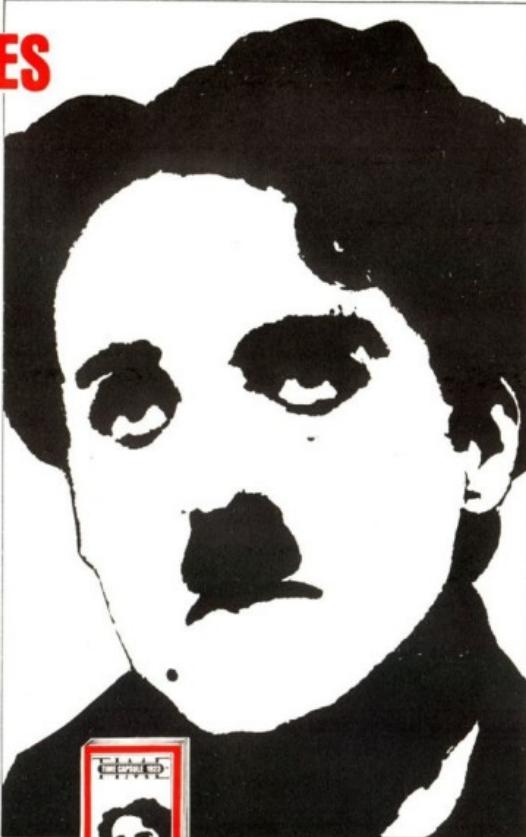
and well-dug-in defenders, Baden-Powell thoughtfully changed the figure to 20,000, and his admirers at home worried all the more.

Extravagant for Alexander. Now and then, Baden-Powell ventured into the Boer lines to reconnoiter their positions. Much of the time he engaged in games, sketching and composing his fanciful reports to London. It seemed almost a pity when a column under Colonel Bryan ("The Mahout") Mahon rode into town to effect the celebrated relief. The whole Empire went gaga. In London, "Mafeking Night" lasted five days. It was, writes Gardner, "a vast and apparently uncontrollable upsurge of joy, nationalism, and mended pride."

Thanks partly to Baden-Powell's own gift for projecting a heroic image and partly to the ineffectual tactics of Boer General Cronje, Baden-Powell was made the youngest major general in the British army. His military prowess was acclaimed in terms that would have been extravagant for Alexander of Macedon. He retired in 1910 after an otherwise uneventful military career. But no matter, he made a swell founder of the Boy Scouts.

TIME CAPSULES

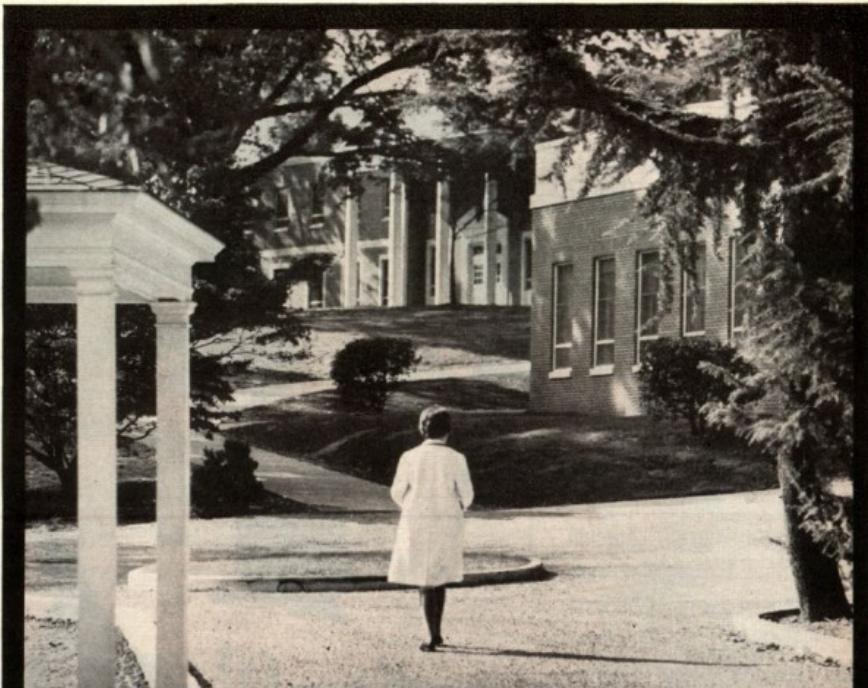
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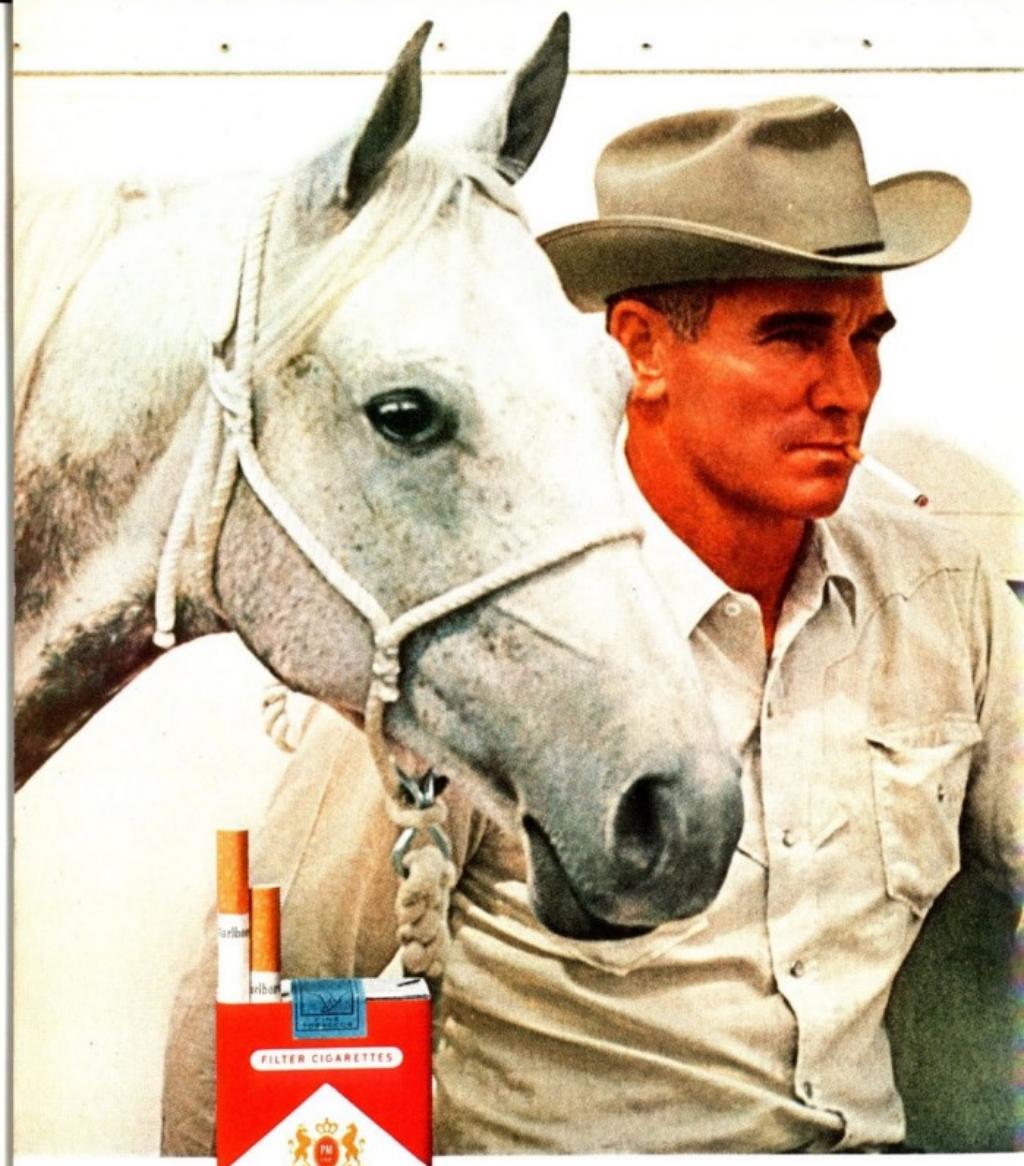
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